THE PHELPS-DODGE

David Low Dodge (1774–1852) m. 1798 Sarah Cleveland (1780–1862)

William Earl Dodge (1805–1883)

2 daus. died in infancy

William Earl Dodge, Jr. (1832–1903) m. 1854 Sarah Hoadley (1832–1909)

Anson Greene Phelps Dodge (1834–1918) m. (1) 1859 Rebecca Grew (d. 1927)

David Stuart Dodge (1836–1921) m. 1860 Ellen Ada Phelps (1838–1880)

Grace Hoadley Dodge (1856–1914)

Wm. Earl Dodge, III (1858–1886) m. 1879 Emmeline Harriman 2 children

Cleveland Hoadley Dodge (1860–1926) m. 1883 Grace Parish (1858–1949)

Mary Melissa Hoadley Dodge (1861–1934)

Alice Clinton Hoadley Dodge (1865–1948) m. 1886 William Church Osborn (1861–1951) 5 children

Morris Jesup Dodge (1867–1875)

Elizabeth Wainwright Dodge (1884–1976) m. (1) 1916 George H. Huntington (1878–1953) m. (2) Dumont Clarke

no children

Julia Parish Dodge (1886–1965) m. 1911 James Childs Rea (1882–1943)

8 children

Cleveland Earl Dodge (1888–1982) m. 1919 Pauline Morgan (1893–1971)

3 children

Bayard Dodge (1888–1972) m. 1914 Mary Bliss (1890–1982)

4 children

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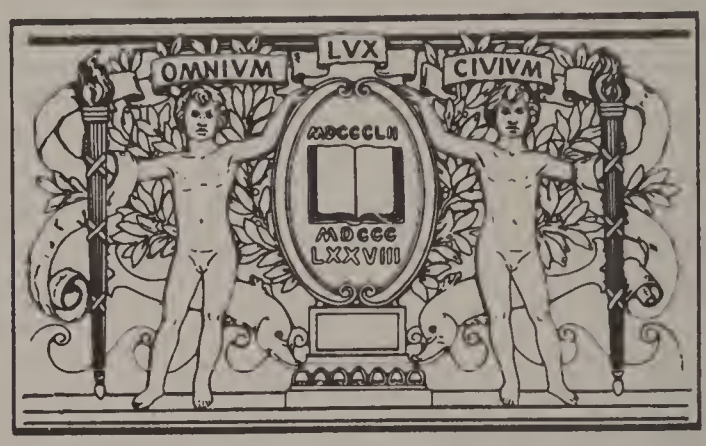
CONNECTION

Anson Greene Phelps (1781–1853) m. 1806 Olivia Egleston (1784–1859)

m. 1828 Melissa Phelps (1809–1903)

- Charles Cleveland Dodge (1841–1910) m. 1863 Maria Theresa Schieffelin (d. 1910)
  - Anson G. P. Dodge, Jr. (1860–1898)
  - m. 1880 he m. (2) Anna Gould A.G.P. Dodge III (d. young)
- Norman White Dodge (1846–1907) m. (1) Grace Gillette m. (2) 1880 Emma Hartley (d. 1881)
  - Ellen Ada Dodge (1862–1883)
  - Charles Stuart Dodge (1864–1948) m. 1887 Flora Bigelow, who m. (2) Hon. Lionel Guest
    - Lucy Dodge (b. 1890) m. Rosen
      - 2 children
    - John Bigelow Dodge (1894–1960) m. Minerva
      - 2 children
  - Marcellus Hartley Dodge (1881–1963) m. 1907 Geraldine Rockefeller (d. 1973)
    - Marcellus Hartley Dodge, Jr. (1908–1930)
- George Egleston Dodge (1849–1904) m. 1874 May Cossitt (1853–1911)
- Arthur Murray Dodge (1852–1896) m. 1875 Josephine Jewell (1855–1928)



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Tales of the Phelps-Dodge Family

The Dodge family circa 1860, left to right, back row: Anson G. P. Dodge, Sarah Hoadley Dodge, William E. Dodge, Jr., Charles C. Dodge, D. Stuart Dodge, William E. Dodge. Middle row: Rebecca Grew Dodge, Grace Hoadley Dodge, Sarah Cleveland Dodge, Melissa Phelps Dodge. Front row: George E. Dodge, Norman W. Dodge, Arthur M. Dodge.

Author's collection

Tales of the Phelps-Dodge Family

A Chronicle of Five Generations

※

By PHYLLIS B. DODGE
with a foreward by Arthur S. Link

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY
NEW YORK

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For Clee—
for his forebears and
for his forbearance

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FOREWORD

All history begins at home, and historians in large numbers, supported by the work of geneticists, psychologists, and cultural anthropologists, are writing about what may very well be the most important of all historical subjects—family structures and governance, child rearing, the nuclear family, the extended family, and genetic factors that determine family traits and characteristics.

This well-written and vivacious book is the latest and one of the best contributions to this *genre*. It chronicles the lives, fortunes, and misadventures of several illustrious American families that span seven generations from the eighteenth century to the present day.

The progenitors were Anson Greene Phelps (1781-1853) and his wife, Olivia Egleston Phelps (1784-1859), and David Low Dodge (1774-1852), and his wife, Sarah Cleveland Dodge (1780-1862). The Phelpses had three beautiful daughters. One, Melissa (1809-1903), married William Earl Dodge (1805-1883) in 1828. The second, Elizabeth (1807-1847), married Daniel James (1801-1876) in 1829. The third, Caroline (1812-1881), married James Stokes (1804-1881) in 1837. From these unions came a multitude of progeny. Their stories, in the hands of an inept historian, might well have plunged the reader into a sea of confusion. Not so in this book. With complete control and superb craftsmanship, Mrs. Dodge moves her account from one generation to another. Once the relationship between the Phelpses, the Dodges, and the Stokeses recedes in intimacy in the 1870s and 1880s, Mrs. Dodge appropriately concentrates upon William Earl and Melissa Phelps Dodge and their descendants.

The Phelps and Dodge families descended from early Massachusetts Bay settlers, moved to Connecticut in the seventeenth century, and then removed to New York City in the early 1800s. They went into the metals trade at just the right time, when New York was becoming the entrepôt of trade in southern cotton for the booming textile mills of England. In their business, they exported cotton and imported copper and tinplate. They used the profits from this commerce, successfully, as venture capital for investment in five of the great growth industries of the nineteenth century—New York real estate, railroads, banking, lumber products, and, finally, copper mining. They grew up with New York City, and they prospered mightily. Their story is another example of how the capitalistic system (as we now know it) began and matured in the nineteenth cen-

tury in the United States. It will be of great interest to economic historians of this country.

This book will also be a mine of information for American historians, especially social historians. The Dodges, in particular, frequently traveled for business and pleasure in the United States and Europe. They were intelligent, literate, and observant. And their letters, diaries, and journals (which together constitute one of the great family collections of this country) give us vivid accounts of many aspects of life in the ever-changing nineteenth-century United States. To mention a few: travel by rail, steamboat, stagecoach, and horseback in the 1830s, 1840s, and 1850s; solemn Sabbaths, as strictly observed as by Hasidic Jews today; New York without a central water supply and any sewerage system or public transportation; steamboat travel on the Mississippi; Louisiana sugar plantations; the slave market in Vicksburg; and the Dodge children growing up in New York and Riverdale with the children of the Roosevelt, Harriman, and other families.

Perhaps I have put too much emphasis upon Mrs. Dodge's contribution to our social and economic history. I think not. But I must say that the thing I like best about this book is that it is filled with people who live again in Mrs. Dodge's incomparable vignettes of them. They were, for the most part, deeply religious people, who lived out their Christian faith in an astounding number of good works unostentatiously done. There is such a long and strong history of charitable, religious, educational, and humanitarian impulses in the Dodge family, in particular, that one wonders what roles the genes and culture played.

However that may be, a few examples must suffice. The progenitor, David Low Dodge, one of the first prominent pacifists in this country, founded the New York Peace Society, the first of its kind, in 1815. The incomparable William Earl Dodge, Sr. (1805-1883) founded with Daniel Bliss the Syrian Protestant College in Beirut (now the beleaguered American University of Beirut) in 1862-1864, with which the Dodge family have had an intimate relationship to the present day. William Earl Dodge, Jr. (1832-1903) was elected president of the New York YMCA when it was reorganized after the Civil War; backed the evangelist Dwight L. Moody; and was one of the founders of both the American Museum of Natural History and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. William Earl Dodge, Jr.'s daughter, Grace, was an early social worker in New York, founded Teachers College of Columbia University in 1892, and was the first president of the National Board of the YWCA from 1906 to her death in 1914. Cleveland Hoadley Dodge (1860-1926), son of William Earl, Jr., was a benefactor of the American University of Beirut, of Robert College in Istanbul, and of Princeton University; he founded the Cleveland Hoadley Dodge Foundation in 1917, and was the founder of committees for Armenian and near eastern relief during and after the First World War.

Mrs. Dodge's account of the friendship between Cleveland Hoadley Dodge and Woodrow Wilson is one of the most important and moving portions of her book. Dodge and Wilson were members of the Class of 1879 at Princeton. The cement of their friendship was common religious, educational, and civic values, and it grew without a single interruption and ended only with Wilson's death. Dodge supported Wilson in various ways; for example, he was Wilson's chief financial supporter in 1912 and 1916, and Wilson might not have been nominated for president in 1912 or reelected in 1916 without Dodge's backing.

In early 1917, Wilson wrote to ask his friend whether he would consider appointment as Ambassador to Great Britain. Dodge's negative reply summed up the nature of his friendship for Wilson: "When I hitched my wagon to a star, long ago, I did so, as you well know, purely from love of you & my country, without any thought or desire for personal advantage. Four years ago I made a solemn vow that I would never ask or accept anything from you, except your friendship—that you have accorded me in rich measure, and it has been & is a priceless possession. . . . If you should offer me the richest plum in your gift, and I should accept it, the bloom would all disappear."

As the reader will soon discover, Mrs. Dodge is no hagiographer but an objective historian who knows that even the best of human beings have their defects, and her sturdy faithfulness to truth is evident on every page of this book. Here, for example, is the pacifist David Low Dodge, who is also an absolute tyrant in his household. Or, again, Grace Hoadley Dodge (1856-1914) "devout, earnest, and completely humorless." And about the eccentric, bizarre, and deviant members of the families, Mrs. Dodge writes not only candidly but in rollicking good humor. But if she writes wryly and with a nice touch of irony, she also writes out of love and appreciation for people who, for two hundred years, have done much good in this imperfect world.

Finally, I congratulate Judith Martin Waterman of Princeton University Press and Dr. James B. Bell, Director of the New-York Historical Society, for producing a book that does credit to its contents.

ARTHUR S. LINK
George Henry Davis '86 Professor
of American History and
Director and Editor of
The Papers of Woodrow Wilson,
Princeton University

AUTHOR'S NOTE

The origin of this book can be traced back to a plaid necktie. Ages ago, when I was a brand new in-law of the Dodge clan, staying at the old family house, "Greyston," in Riverdale, my husband appeared at breakfast wearing a Royal Stuart tartan tie. His mother looked at him across the table and said: "I see you're wearing the family plaid." By way of explanation, she added to me, "You know, the Dodges are all descended from Bonnie Prince Charlie."

I was simultaneously thrilled and skeptical. I had great respect for my mother-in-law, but also great respect for history. So I decided to investigate. The results of my investigations are embodied in the pages that follow.

I began in the upstairs hall at "Greyston," where there was a large glass-fronted bookcase full of genealogies and "bow-wow" biographies of some of the forebears. Next, "Auntie" (Elizabeth Dodge Huntington Clarke, 1884-1976), daughter of Cleveland H. Dodge, noted my interest and gave me her autograph collection, which contained a treasure-trove of old family letters.

The Bonnie Prince Charlie legend soon lay in shreds, but the real characters in the story began to come alive for me, especially as I began reading about the times in which they had lived. It was fascinating to see how, in some cases, they had affected history, and in others, how history had affected them.

As I progressed, other members of the family took an increasing interest in my project, particularly my father-in-law, Cleveland E. Dodge (1888-1982), and his twin brother, Bayard Dodge (1888-1972). I shall always be grateful to them and to my mother-in-law, Pauline Morgan Dodge (1893-1971), for help, encouragement, and material.

Eventually it became necessary to seek outside help, and with some trepidation I approached Professor Arthur S. Link and Dr. David W. Hirst, the editors of that vast project, *The Papers of Woodrow Wilson*. That two such erudite professional historians could be so gracious and helpful to a rank amateur was a wonderful revelation! They let me come to the Firestone Library at Princeton University to look at the correspondence between Woodrow Wilson and his friend Cleveland H. Dodge, and provided me with copies of many of the letters. Another academic, Professor James Angus of Lakehead University, Thunder Bay, Ontario, who is a historian of the Canadian lumber business, gave me a tremendous amount of help with the section on William E. Dodge's second son, Anson Greene Phelps Dodge. I am very grateful for this.

Up to then, I had concentrated almost exclusively on the Dodge family. But when the late Olivia Stokes Hatch, a great-great granddaughter of Anson G. Phelps, loaned me her collection of Phelps and Stokes letters and books, I realized how much I was missing. I kept them all one snowy New England winter, and they were the big factor in my decision to expand the book to include tales of the Stokes and James families.

Another circumstance that influenced this decision was the fact that my husband and I found ourselves spending increasing amounts of time in England. This gave me the chance for the wonderful "delves" into the Anglo side of the strong Anglo-American family connection. At first I concentrated on Mary Melissa Hoadley Dodge (1862-1934), who had spent most of her adult life in England. I was able to meet and talk to people who had known her well: Mary Lutyens Links, the late Lord DeLaWarr and the late Sir Francis Meynell, who were all most welcoming and hospitable. At the Royal Institute of British Architects, I was permitted to read many references to Miss Mary in the correspondence of the great architect, Sir Edwin Lutyens, and his Theosophist wife, Lady Emily.

The English magazine, *Country Life*, in 1982 published articles about a large Sussex house, West Dean Park, and its owners, Mr. and Mrs. William Dodge James. I wrote to the editor to correct the family background as set out there, and that led to a new friendship—with Noel Simon, then director of the Edward James Foundation at West Dean—and, thanks mainly to him, to many new discoveries about the James family. Also, John Bigelow Dodge's widow, Minerva, became a great friend and was a wonderful "raconteuse."

All the threads gradually began to pull together. Along the way there have been many to whom I am grateful for interest, encouragement, and valuable criticisms, especially Elizabeth Scherr, formerly assistant librarian at Williams College, and Williams Professor Emeritus S. Lane Faison. I must thank Constance Ellis, Helen Dean and Virginia Neil for typing the manuscript and Susannah J. Link for editing it. Nonetheless, the book would not be appearing now, were it not for the combined efforts of three very special people: the aforementioned Professor Arthur S. Link, who has so kindly written the Foreword; Dr. James B. Bell, Director of the New-York Historical Society, who agreed to act as publisher; and Judith Martin Waterman of Princeton University Press, who has taken great pains to oversee its handsome production.

PHYLLIS B. DODGE
Pownal, Vermont
February 25, 1987

PART I

※

New England Conquers Old New York

Anson Greene Phelps [*1781-1853*]
The New-York Historical Society

※ I ※

NEW YORK CITY 1825: A SABBATH AFTERNOON. The busy little port seems asleep; its streets are deserted, and there is no sign of the activity that keeps it bustling on weekdays. Cliff Street: here the tidy three-story brick houses appear to eye each other sleepily through their dormer windows, and all is quiet. Then, toward sunset, groups of somberly dressed young men begin to appear on the sidewalks. In their black broadcloth coats and tall beaver hats, they stride purposefully toward Number 32, the residence of Anson Greene Phelps, Merchant.

New York's Young Men's Bible Society is assembling for its weekly prayer meeting. Mr. Phelps is waiting to greet them. Inside his house, the doors between the front and back parlors have been folded back, and long smooth planks have been laid across chairs to accommodate a large gathering. He stands in the back to greet his guests as they enter. Phelps is of medium height, well-built, forty-four years old, with greying hair, a long nose, a firm mouth, and a squarish chin. His deep-set dark eyes have a slightly quizzical expression, and he seems to take in everything at once. He is the image of a successful New Yorker of that era, an image that the ambitious young clerks gathering for the meeting hope to emulate.

On this Sabbath, two students from Princeton Theological Seminary, embryonic Presbyterian divines, have been asked by Mr. Phelps to take charge. The young clerks sit shoulder to shoulder on the well-planed planks, gravely attentive to the exhortations of the Princetonians. It is safe to assume that at least some of them find their attention occasionally straying toward Mr. Phelps' lovely daughters, who are demurely seated at the back of the front parlor. The regular attendants at these Young Men's meetings know that, after the formal program has ended, anyone wishing to stay to talk more intimately about the state of his soul will be encouraged to do so.

Among the regular attendants at these Sabbath meetings were three young men who were more anxious than most of the others to stay on for further con-

verse, especially with the gracious and earnest Misses Phelps. One was a tall, fair-haired youth named William Dodge. He was only twenty years old, but he had been working since the age of thirteen in the dry-goods trade. His parents and the older Phelpses were old friends—had indeed known each other in Hartford at the beginning of the nineteenth century, before the two Connecticut families had moved to New York.

William found himself particularly attracted to Melissa, Anson Phelps' second daughter, a sixteen-year-old beauty who had recently finished her schooling. She and her older sister Elizabeth had been at a young ladies' boarding school in New Haven conducted by a Reverend Mr. Herrick. Now she was helping her mother with household tasks, visiting the poor in their homes, and teaching Sunday School—all things that a well-brought-up young lady of that day was supposed to be doing while she waited to embark on the sea of matrimony.

Another faithful meeting-goer who took every opportunity to stay on afterward was Daniel James, a budding wholesale grocer. He had his eye on Elizabeth, the oldest girl. Some years before, he had come down to New York City from an upstate farm at Truxton, walking barefoot much of the way in order to save wear and tear on his only pair of shoes. He was a hard-headed, cautious type of whom Anson Phelps later wrote: "Mr. James seems to be an able, industrious, prudent man, which is to me more pleasing than if he possessed great wealth without piety."[1]

The third youth, who was charmed by Caroline, the third Phelps daughter, was named Josiah Stokes. He was the son of Thomas Stokes, a merchant in the cloth trade and an associate of Anson Phelps in numerous enterprises to improve the moral and spiritual condition of New Yorkers. Josiah held a distinct advantage over the other two: he was Anson Phelps' so-called "confidential clerk," and as such lived in the Phelps household.

Having made the safe assumption that the eyes and attention of this trio occasionally strayed from the prayer leaders, it can be stated as fact that Anson Phelps and his ample, cheerful, easygoing wife looked with favor upon the young gentlemen. Within three years Melissa and William Dodge were married; Daniel James took Elizabeth as his bride some nine months after that, and it was not much longer before Caroline and Josiah Stokes became engaged.

※

WHO WAS THIS EMINENT MAN OF BUSINESS, this promoter of prayer meetings, this progenitor of beautiful daughters? Who was Anson Greene Phelps, of the metals-importing firm of Phelps and Peck at Burling Slip? Where had he come from and how had he achieved success? The answers to these questions constitute the beginning of this chronicle of a family connection.

Anson was in many ways a typical man of his time and place. Perhaps he was brighter than some at seeing and seizing opportunities to get ahead. He was more constant than many in his religious devotion, claiming to see God's guiding or chastening hand in everything he did. Certainly he was luckier than most in having such handsome daughters. But he was much like many another New Englander in realizing the commercial advantages of the bustling little port city of New York and deciding to move there at the end of the Napoleonic Wars.

Merchants such as Preserved Fish, Seth Low and his son Abiah, the Howland brothers from Norwich, the Aspinwalls, Grinnells, and Griswolds were all transplants from "down East," who joined the New York business community at about the same time as Anson Phelps. They all had Puritan backgrounds; their three times great-grandfathers, like Phelps', had come out from England to the Massachusetts Bay Colony in the 1630s and had worked to build and maintain settlements in the wilderness. It had taken two or three generations to clear the land and to build barns and houses, churches and mills and shops. Yet another generation had fought in the War of the Revolution and helped to establish the United States as an independent nation. It was only in Anson Phelps' own generation that he and the others felt the urge to stretch their commercial wings, so to speak, and saw New York as the natural entrepôt for the fast-growing, westward-expanding country.

The oldest New York families, those of Dutch and English and Huguenot descent such as the Van Renssalaers, the Livingstons, and the Jays, thanks to their vast holdings of increasingly valuable real estate, had long since abandoned trade for more gentlemanly pursuits such as the law and politics, or had taken up literature and diplomacy, as was the case with Washington Irving. Most of the established merchants—grandees such as the German John Jacob Astor and the Scotsmen James Lenox and Archibald Gracie—were fairly recent immigrants, though the sugar-refining Roosevelts and drug-importing Schieffelins had lived in New York for many generations. Though they at first resented the newcomers and their sharp Yankee ways, there was little they could do about them. By 1825, New England men, Anson Phelps among them, had in effect taken over the Port of New York and would dominate its commerce until after the Civil War.

※

THE FIRST OF THE PHELPSES to arrive in America—one "William Phelps, Gentleman"—had come with his family to the Massachusetts Bay Colony in May 1630 after a ten-week journey from England. They were put ashore on a barren neck of land south of Boston because the captain of the ship *Mary and John*, lacking charts or a pilot, had refused to try sailing up the Charles River. The

Phelpses after a few years decided that this unpromising settlement, named Dorchester, had little to offer. They moved southwestward through the forest to the Connecticut River Valley, where they helped to found the town of Windsor.

In addition to "Gentleman William," Anson Phelps could claim descent from three colonial governors: Thomas Dudley of Massachusetts, George Wyllys of Connecticut, and John Haynes, who was governor of both Massachusetts and Connecticut. Nevertheless, at the age of ten, in 1791, Anson was a parentless, penniless boy in Canton, Connecticut, the ward of the town's minister.

His unfortunate circumstances arose because his father, Timothy Phelps, had left his grist- and sawmill in Simsbury to serve as a militia lieutenant in the Revolutionary War. When he returned, he was ruined by the inflation of Continental currency that followed the conflict, and he died bankrupt in 1789. Anson's mother died two years later, so that from the age of ten until he was fourteen he lived with the minister in Canton, a town adjacent to Simsbury.

At fourteen, he was dispatched to Hartford and apprenticed to a Mr. J. Utley to learn the saddlery and tanning trades. Illness forced Anson to leave before his term of apprenticeship had ended. He went back to West Simsbury and worked on a farm until his health was restored. While there, he was so influenced by a religious revival that he made a public profession of faith and joined the established Congregational church. Shortly thereafter he returned to Hartford and soon opened a general merchandise store.

At this outset of his career, Anson Phelps adopted the export-import pattern of business—sending goods away for sale, buying more goods with the profits and bringing them home to sell. He began by sending saddles from Hartford to Charleston, South Carolina. They proved popular with plantation owners and brought a good price. With the proceeds, Anson bought cotton, sent it to New York and sold it there for shipment to England. In New York, he bought items that he thought would be popular in Hartford, as this advertisement in the *Connecticut Courant* in 1805 illustrates:

Anson G. Phelps
has just received from New York
a general assortment of
Groceries, Crockery, and Stone Ware
in the store lately occupied by
Talcott and Day
15 rods north of the church
which he will sell on Liberal Terms
N.B. Fresh flour New York inspection
Hartford, July 16th[2]

Anson soon was doing well enough to feel that he could afford to marry. His diary for 1806 recorded what he called "the most important transaction of my temporal life": his marriage in October of that year to Olivia Egleston of Hartford. A few days later in the diary, he praised God because "He has been pleased to join my hand with one of the best of women."

The Phelpses spent the next nine years in Hartford, Olivia busy with housekeeping and child rearing, Anson hustling about his commercial affairs, and both of them unfailingly attending church and prayer meetings. It was at these services and meetings that they met and became friendly with David Low and Sarah Cleveland Dodge, whose son would one day marry their daughter. Dodge, who was then proprietor of a dry-goods store, had come to Hartford from Norwich and was destined to move back and forth several times between Connecticut and New York City before settling finally in the latter place.

The phrase "deep religious devotion" hardly encompasses the profundity of the concern of Anson Phelps and David Low Dodge for God's role in their lives. They sought His guidance and saw His hand in everything they did, including their business affairs. They were constantly searching themselves, analyzing their own motives and trying to root out evil thoughts and actions in order to make themselves more acceptable to Him. Anson's diary and David Low's autobiography are filled with pages of excoriating lamentation on their own iniquities, of promises to repent, accounts of spreading God's word wherever they could, and of thanks to God alone for successes achieved. The concern was bred in them; they looked for it and recognized it in others wherever they went, and attempted to pass it on to all with whom they came in contact.

Anson's business prospered, and by 1807, in addition to running his store, he had branched into shipping. Another advertisement in the *Courant*, embellished with a woodcut of a small sailing ship, reads:

> For Charleston (S.C.)
> The Sloop *Mary-Ann*
> *R. Chase*, Master
> Will sail the 1st of October
> For Freight or Passage apply
> to ANSON G. PHELPS
>
> Hartford, Sept. 17[3]

In addition to passengers and freight, Anson's sloops on their southward journeys carried as ballast large numbers of Connecticut cobblestones, with which the streets of Charleston were paved.

Anson stayed in Hartford until 1815. The War of 1812, which once again in-

volved the fledgling United States against Great Britain, proved a frustrating time for a man of Anson's energy and ambition, as it brought trade almost to a standstill. The northward and southward travels of his sloops were restricted, if not halted, by the Royal Navy's blockade, and he had been forced to do whatever he could locally. There is a story that he was aboard one of his ships sailing from Hartford out to Block Island with a load of lumber when a British privateer was sighted. The sloop's frightened master wanted to turn back, but Anson sent him below and, taking the helm himself, sailed the ship safely to the island.

Shortly after the news arrived that the war had ended with the signing of the Treaty of Ghent, Anson Phelps and his family moved to New York. Once more an advertisement shows what he did:

> The Subscriber wishes to announce that he will open his Commission Warehouse on or about June 1st, 1815, at the stand No. 29 Burling Slip. His principal line will be the Metal Commission business, and he will offer a stock received by recent arrivals consisting of: 62 Boxes Tin-plate; 2,000 lbs. India Block Tin; 1,200 lbs. Old Copper; 800 lbs. Iron Wire for sale on liberal terms by
>
> Anson G. Phelps 29 Burling-slip
>
> P.S. All orders will receive expeditious attention, and Mr. Phelps hopes for a liberal share of your patronage.[4]

In 1817, Anson took another Connecticut man, Elisha Peck, as his partner. Peck went to Liverpool to handle the English end of their business. There he received cotton shipped by Phelps from New York, sold it to the mill owners of Lancashire, bought metals with the proceeds and sent them to his partner, who sold them throughout the fast-expanding United States.

Soon Anson Phelps repeated what he had done in Hartford and became a shipowner, this time on a larger scale. Early in the 1820s, he joined with several other merchants to form what came to be known as the Charleston Ship Line, a regular, scheduled packet-boat service between New York and the southern port. This project and others reflected Anson's commercial imagination—his ability to see opportunities and to seize them as they arose. He began to invest in New York real estate and in newly formed banks and insurance companies. Realizing that copper and brass products would find a ready sale and would provide a major outlet for his metal imports, he became the originator and founder of those industries in the Naugatuck valley of Connecticut. The town of Ansonia was named in his honor. He became extensively involved in lumbering operations in Pennsylvania. He also owned a bank, iron mines, and a foundry in northern New Jersey.

Above all, Anson Phelps was a shrewd judge of character. Nowhere did he show this more clearly than in choosing to take three of his sons-in-law into partnership, and in deciding what he wanted each of them to do.

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WILLIAM EARL DODGE, the first of the young men to marry a Phelps daughter, was, as we have seen, the son of old friends of Anson and Olivia. Born in Hartford in 1805, he had been brought up by David Low and Sarah Cleveland Dodge in the strong Puritan tradition of worship and work that characterized both families. His ancestry, like that of Anson Phelps, went back to the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Richard Dodge came to Salem from Somerset in 1638, while Moses Cleveland, a carpenter's apprentice, arrived at Boston from Ipswich in Suffolk in 1635.

William's father in his old age wrote a rather turgid but fascinating autobiography. Mixed as it is with pious advice to his descendants and reflections upon his own position of extreme pacifism, it contains the best available account of his forebears as well as the story of his own life.

In the book, he described how several generations of Dodges had lived reasonably prosperous but relatively unremarkable lives as farmers, cider- and gristmill owners, and teachers in and around Salem and Beverly in the Bay Colony. His own grandfather became financially "embarrassed," moved his family down to Pomfret, Connecticut, and took a commission in the state militia. The French and Indian War was being fought, and this Dodge went as a "Battoman" with a New England force under Governor William Shirley of Massachusetts to Oswego, on Lake Ontario.

A fleet of "Battos" (from the French *bateaux*)—large, flat-bottomed craft—had been constructed at Albany and carried three hundred miles across the wilderness to Oswego. The men went to work to build up the small fort situated there, but they were attacked and routed by the French General Montcalm in the summer of 1756. David Dodge, trying to escape down the falls of the Oswego River in a "Batto," was drowned in the attempt.

His widow, Anna Low Dodge, kept a "dame" school in Pomfret and boarded in the household of Colonel Israel Putnam, a doughty Indian fighter with Lord Jeffrey Amherst and later one of George Washington's generals. Her two sons were apprenticed to local craftsmen. One of them, David Low Dodge's father, became a housewright and wagon builder. In 1768, he married Mary Stuart Earl, also a Pomfret widow.

Mary had been orphaned as a young girl. Her mother came from Killingley, on the Rhode Island-Connecticut border. Her father, who first called himself

Gurk and later Stuart, had turned up in that village early in the 1730s. He was, by David Low Dodge's account, a mysterious and glamorous stranger, tall and sandy-haired with a light complexion and dark eyes, "of gentlemanly manners, remarkable for the richness of his dress." He spoke French better than English, wore "a shirt so fine it could be drawn through a ring," and amused himself by playing the violin.

When this elegant cavalier began to court Mary's mother, the Killingley neighbors were extremely suspicious of his aristocratic ways. However, he had a private talk with the local minister, telling him that his real name was Edward Stuart, not Gurk, and indicating that he was in some way connected with the royal House of Stuart, pretenders to the British throne. The minister agreed then to marry the couple, and their daughter Mary was born in 1735.

Soon after her birth, Edward told his wife that he must go to France by way of Havana. He was gone for so long that the villagers' suspicions were revived, but eventually he returned. Somewhat later he announced that he must be off again to France, and as he left he said to her that "if fortune favored him, she might rest assured she should share it." Unfortunately, after this second departure he was never heard of again. The grandson wrote that "this so grieved his wife that she soon fell into a decline and died."

Some of the more romantically inclined Dodge descendants like to claim that Mary's father was Bonnie Prince Charlie, the "Young Pretender." But chronology is not on their side. Had Edward Stuart really been Prince Charles Edward, he would have married at the age of thirteen and sired his daughter at fifteen, which seems rather precocious even for those days. Yet the time of his final disappearance, 1744, does coincide with an attempted invasion of England from Dunkirk by Stuart partisans, many of whom were shipwrecked and drowned in a great storm. This lends some credence to the belief that he died trying to help the Lost Cause. Furthermore, it is known that a number of Stuart-sympathizing Scotsmen fled to America after James Stuart, the "Old Pretender," failed in 1715 to wrest the throne from the House of Hanover. Many settled near Killingley, and Edward Stuart (many Scottish aristocrats bore the name Stuart) could well have come from French exile to join them there.

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THE ORPHANED MARY STUART'S LIFE was not a happy one. She married a Pomfret farmer, William Earl, and by him had two sons. They lost their house and all their possessions in a disastrous fire. Then William Earl went off with Israel Putnam on another colonial military adventure—this time an amphibious attack on Spanish-held Havana—and lost his life, dying of yellow fever

in Cuba. After her second marriage to David Dodge, Mary's fortunes looked up for a time, but then came the Revolutionary War. Her two Earl sons went off with the local militiamen. They, too, came under command of the old war-horse Putnam, who had switched loyalties and become one of George Washington's generals. Both boys—only fourteen and sixteen when they enlisted—died in active service. At the same time, Mary's husband, who had, at General Putnam's suggestion, hired extra workmen to build ammunition and supply wagons for the army, was wiped out financially by the ruinous inflation of state and Continental currency. Dodge lost all his property, and he and Mary had to start over again on a rundown, rented farm.

Memories of all these disasters obviously moved David Low Dodge toward advocating pacifism as the only way to advance God's kingdom on earth. In his autobiography, he put much emphasis on a childhood encounter he had with an eighteenth-century conscientious objector. His family's neighbor, a man named John Baker, "refused to take any part in the Revolutionary War. . . . He was drafted [but] declared he would die before he would serve as a warrior, and consequently fled to the woods in the fall of 1779." He was caught, but escaped a second time, David Low Dodge explained, and "secreted himself in a large, dense cedar swamp, about half a mile from our house. . . . There he remained, without fire, during the severe winter of 1780." He went on to tell how his mother had supplied poor Baker with "food, blankets, and other conveniences."

David himself was six years old at the time and knew nothing of the desperate man in the woods until one day, "as I was on a snow-bank in the rear of the garden, I looked over the fence and saw a man creeping along the side of the wall; as soon as he saw me he started and ran for the woods. I, with equal speed, made for the house . . . and screamed to my mother that the Indians had come, and fled into the back room and crept under the bed." He was only a frightened child at the time, but this confrontation and the nightmares he said it produced also served as an influence in later years.

A large part of David Low Dodge's autobiography is taken up with descriptions of how he struggled to gain an education. The so-called "District" schools of that period met in the winter months only, since children could not be spared from their parents' farms during the growing and harvesting seasons. Therefore, David was mainly self-taught. "I used often," he wrote, "when not at work in the carpentry shop evenings, to retire to the old kitchen fire-place, put my lamp into the oven, and sitting with my back against it, take my arithmetic, slate, and pencil, and try to cipher a little."[5]

Eventually he became a schoolteacher himself. In 1795, at the age of twenty-one, he was in charge of a school at Mansfield, Connecticut. There he found himself greatly attracted to one of his pupils, a sweet-faced, demure sixteen-year-old named Sarah Cleveland. Sarah was a descendant of the carpenter's apprentice

Moses Cleveland who had arrived in Boston in 1635. Her grandfather, Aaron Cleveland, a Harvard graduate and minister, had come to Connecticut at a call from the "Strict" Congregational Church of East Haddam. Whether he was too strict or not strict enough is unclear, but for one reason or the other, he left his pastorate and emigrated to Halifax, Nova Scotia. There he came under the influence of the Church of England and decided to take holy orders. As there was at that time no bishop in North America, he sailed to England to be ordained by the bishop of London. Assigned by his Anglican superiors to propagate the gospel in Delaware, he returned briefly to Connecticut to settle his large family in Norwich, then set out for his missionary post. The warden, vestry, and parishioners of Newcastle welcomed him eagerly, providing him with "a good house and glebe, and not less than twenty pounds sterling per annum towards his more comfortable support."[6] When all was ready, the Rev. Aaron Cleveland started back to Norwich to bring down his family. On his way, he stopped off in Philadelphia at Benjamin Franklin's house. That night he became very ill with fever and within a few days had died. He was buried in the cemetery of Christ Church, Philadelphia. The following obituary appeared in Franklin's newspaper, the *Pennsylvania Gazette*:

> On Thursday last (11 a.m.) died here Rev. Mr. Cleveland, lately appointed to the Mission at Newcastle by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. As he was a gentleman of pious and humane disposition, indefatigable in his ministry, easy and affable in his conversation, open and sincere in his friendship, and above every species of meanness and dissimulation, his death is greatly lamented by all who knew him as a loss to the Church of Christ in general, and in particular to that congregation who proposed to themselves such satisfaction from his late appointment among them.[7]

Sarah's father, also named Aaron Cleveland, was a hatmaker in Norwich. When his factory burned down, he and his family moved temporarily to Mansfield, where Sarah attended David Low Dodge's school, but they soon returned to Norwich. David preceded them there, having accepted an offer to take charge of a private school in the town. He and Sarah were married in the summer of 1795, and David rather abruptly switched from teaching to the dry-goods trade.

Two of Sarah's brothers—William, whose grandson Grover Cleveland became the twenty-second and twenty-fourth president of the United States, and Charles, who lived to be ninety-nine and was said to have died of a broken heart because he failed to reach one hundred—were engaged in dry-goods importation in Salem, Massachusetts. David spent a winter with them, learning all about "the names, the cost, the expenses of importation, and qualities of most kinds of East

The Reverend Aaron Cleveland [*1738-1815*].
The Cleveland H. Dodge Foundation, New York City

India goods." He went from there to another relative, the merchant Stephen Higginson of Boston, to learn about European goods, and then spent eighteen months as a Yankee peddler. In this capacity, he made his first visit to New York in order to sell "an entire invoice of India silk handkerchiefs." Although he was almost shipwrecked in a gale on Long Island Sound, his trip was successful. By

then, he wrote, he had "acquired confidence in my own judgment in most kinds of staple goods, and some knowledge of fancy articles." Therefore he "determined to give up an irregular business and open a regular dry-goods cash store."[8]

In August 1802, the David Low Dodge family—father, mother, and two little girls—moved to Hartford, where he set up shop under the sign "D. L. Dodge, Cash Store." He soon made the acquaintance of that other enterprising storekeeper, Anson Greene Phelps.

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WILLIAM EARL DODGE, the second son of David and Sarah, was born in Hartford in 1805 (his older brother, David Stuart Dodge, was born in 1802 and eventually became a physician). By then, the "Cash Store" was doing so well that David had opened a branch in Litchfield. He was on the road constantly, driving his "chaise" to Boston for goods and to Litchfield to oversee the business there. Fear of the hazards of the road caused him to buy a pair of double-barreled pistols for protection.

Once when he was carrying a large sum of money to Boston, he stopped overnight at a tavern in Providence. He asked for a single room, but was put into one with two beds, the landlord assuring him that he had plenty of beds to spare. "In the night," David explained, "a packet arrived from New York, with many passengers, who called up the landlord for lodgings. He, it seems, had wholly forgot his conducting me to bed, and came hastily to the door to open it, and gave it a sudden jar, and broke off the lock. . . . While yet half asleep, I seized my pistols, and by a kind providence I so far awoke as to recognize him by the light of his candle, by which means I just escaped taking his life." The experience so shook David that he began seriously thinking about whether or not Christians had a right or duty to arm themselves for self-defense—still another contributing factor toward the extreme pacifism he would soon champion.

Shortly after the incident in Providence, Sarah's Higginson cousins asked David to become a copartner and to open an "importing and jobbing" store for them in New York. The Dodges lived in New York from 1806 to 1812, when war with Britain commenced again, trade dried up, and the Higginson firm went bankrupt. They had a shop with living quarters over it at Number 221 Pearl Street, the center for the dry-goods trade.

It was during this period that David Low Dodge first began to express himself publicly on the subject of pacifism. His decision to do so came about in the following manner: New York in those days was struck nearly every summer by a yellow fever epidemic, and the Dodges had kept their Hartford house as a retreat to which they could escape when necessary. The epidemic of 1808 sent them there, but it was like jumping from the frying pan into the fire. David contracted

David Low Dodge [1774-1852] with his son,
William Earl Dodge [1805-1883].
The Frick Art Reference Library, New York City

smallpox and nearly died. Just as he was beginning to convalesce, little William came down with scarlet fever. The boy's care devolved upon the father, as Sarah was momentarily expecting another baby. William recovered, but David was so worn out by looking after him that he had a serious recurrence of the dread "spotted fever." At the worst of his illness, in a typical *quid pro quo* with his God, he vowed that if he recovered he would "bear public testimony against the anti-Christian custom of war." He did recover, and on his return to New York wrote

and published a dissertation entitled *The Mediator's Kingdom. Not of This World: But Spiritual.*

His tract began by condemning politics. David had been a zealous Federalist, but he now compared "political contentions and fightings" to "spiritual whoredom." He completely denounced all forms of war—offensive, defensive, even personal self-defense such as he had practiced in Providence.

His first edition of 1,000 copies was quickly sold out. It provoked a sarcastic retort from "three literary gentlemen." David responded with a rebuttal, in which he wrote: "Until it is proved from the Scriptures that destroying an enemy is consistent with forgiving him, we cannot admit the principle of war as a gospel doctrine."

Radical Pacifists in Antebellum America by Peter Brook, published in 1968 at the height of the Vietnam War, devotes a chapter to David Low Dodge as one of the pioneers of the peace movement. Speaking of *The Mediator's Kingdom*, Brook wrote that its style, "overloaded as it is with Biblical quotations and far-fetched interpretations of prophetic passages along with its almost apocalyptic tone, makes the work difficult reading—at least for later generations." Of the rebuttal, he noted approvingly that "Dodge had refrained from answering his critics in the sarcastic and ironic tone they had employed against him. Courteous and charitable in all his dealings, this respectable New York citizen patiently explained that he had not taken up an unpopular position simply in order to be different; it had, in fact, been a trial for him to have to disagree with so many of his respected friends, and only a strong sense of duty had driven him to persist in his course."

David Low Dodge throughout this time was heavily involved in business. Nonetheless, his sense of duty and his restless energy allowed him, in addition to his peace efforts, to found an organization "to publish and distribute free of charge useful sermons and essays." Many of these were written by his friend the Reverend Lyman Beecher, father of Henry Ward Beecher and of Harriet Beecher Stowe. He also helped to inaugurate the American Bible Society. He became an elder of the Wall Street Presbyterian Church, and he started the young men's prayer meetings that Anson Phelps later carried on.

The Higginson failure and the War of 1812 came as a double blow to David, especially as he and some like-minded friends were just on the point of founding the Peace Society. They felt that the time was not ripe. "We judged it not wise to form a peace society openly, until the public's mind was more tranquil," he wrote.

The Dodge family, which eventually consisted of five girls and two boys, moved from New York back to Norwich. David's Hartford and Litchfield stores must have gone in the Higginson crash, and he had apparently turned over his Hartford house to his father-in-law. Although his mind was "much perplexed in closing our late mercantile concern," it was in Norwich during the autumn of 1812 that he wrote his second and most important pacifist essay, *War Inconsistent*

with the Religion of Jesus Christ. He withheld its publication, however, until after the end of the war in 1815.

In this work, David marshaled his arguments *against* war with the skill and precision of a general aligning his forces *for* war. He set out three main contentions: "War is Inhuman," "War is Unwise," and "War is Criminal." To substantiate each, he drew up his arguments like Roman legions: I through VII for war's inhumanity, I through VIII for its unwisdom, and I through XI for its criminality. As a reserve force he aligned eighteen possible objections to his thesis and produced eighteen answers capable of demolishing them. In the center of his antiwar position stood the Gospels, chapter and verse, while on the flanks he brought up strong cadres of economic and sociological arguments. It was an imposing order of battle, strengthened by a clearer and simpler style than he had displayed in the turgid *Mediator's Kingdom.*

War's unfortunate effects upon so many members of his family, as well as his own recent business failure due to the Napoleonic Wars, had bitten deep into his consciousness. His mother had apparently lost her father, Edward Stuart, to a faraway, overseas war; her first husband, William Earl, had died in Cuba in the course of a military expedition; her two sons, William and Jesse Earl, had gone off to the Revolutionary War without her permission and both had died; and her second husband, David's father, had been financially ruined by the inflation caused by war. David's grandfather Dodge had taken an officer's commission in order to recoup his fortunes, but without gaining anything had lost his life. There was also the strong impression made on David by his encounter with the conscientious objector, Baker, hidden in the woods near his family's house.

It is possible to see reflections of these sad events in the long essay. David must have been thinking of his mother when he wrote, in the section on the inhumanity of war: "Perhaps a mother's heart is now wrung with anguish in the prospect that . . . the sons of her care and sorrow . . . are about to be called into the bloody field of battle." His memory of the loss of William and Jesse Earl came into focus when he wrote about young men "unaccustomed to great privations and severe fatigues" and said that "their habits and strength are unable to endure the hard fare, rapid and constant marches, generally imposed upon them in active service."

The failures of David's father and grandfather, as well as that of the Higginsons, were recalled in the strictures on the unwisdom of war when he wrote that "thousands of individuals, on sea and on land, lose their all, . . . ships on the high seas are taken, often burnt or scuttled and valuable cargoes sent to the bottom of the deep" and that "when nations wage war . . . prosperity declines. External sources of happiness are mostly dried up. Anxiety for friends, loss of relations, loss of property . . . great privations and the dread of conquest keep them constantly distressed." And his thoughts must have been on John Baker, conscientious objector, when he wrote: "If war does not permit the free exercise of con-

science, on Christian principles, then it is criminal for Christians to become soldiers."[9]

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DAVID LOW DODGE SPENT THE WINTER of 1812-1813 in New York, though his family stayed in Norwich. As he wound up his old business, he and several friends whose importing activities had also come to a standstill because of the war began to talk about their future. David was appointed "to visit manufactories and gain information on the subject." When he had been to see factories all over New England, he brought back his report, and, "after deliberation," they unanimously agreed to undertake a cotton establishment "on a moderate scale."

Thus the Bozrah Manufacturing Company, the first cotton mill in Connecticut, was built on the Yantic River in the town of Bozrah, six miles from Norwich, and Dodge became its manager. "We individually signed a kind of covenant," he wrote, "binding ourselves, by divine assistance, to maintain as a primary object . . . a moral and religious establishment . . . giving a preference, as far as practical, to religious artizans and operatives. . . . At an early day, we formed a code of laws, or rules, for the government of the establishment, had them printed, and gave a copy to every applicant, who was required to sign them as part of the engagement."

The code specified that "there should be an entire separation of the village from the surrounding country, where liquor was sold, and that nothing which would intoxicate should be allowed, except a small keg of brandy and a keg of New England rum and of gin, to be dealt out by order of the physician."[10] But the code applied to the mill hands and not to their superintendent. His son William, who eventually headed the American Temperance Union, noted that "the idea of the social disuse of everything intoxicating never entered my father's head."

William was an eight-year-old child at the time and remembered quite well how he and his brother, David, helped their father to make cider every autumn when the apples were ripe. "No one was more particular," he wrote, "in putting up his cider for the year. The best apples were selected, and after the cider had stood for some time, forty or fifty dozen of well-washed bottles were filled and corked—my brother and myself having first put in allspice and raisins. This cider, when ready, was like sparkling champagne."

William added that, when visiting ministers came to stay at the Dodges' house, they invariably found the sideboard supplied with the best madeira. "Guests were not asked whether they would take something," he reported, "but what they would take—brandy, wine, or this sparkling cider."[11]

Once, when one of these visiting clergymen was asked to give a blessing, he sought to include Sarah and prayed for "the united head" of the household. David rose from his knees and blazed, "Sir! There is but one head of this house, and *I* am the head; a united head would be a monster."

He was indeed not only superintendent of the cotton factory but something of a tyrant in his home. One of William's sisters wrote of him:

> My father was a man in every sense original: in mind, he measured head and shoulders above his peers; in character, his individuality was never questioned. Of a highly nervous organization, he of course was excitable in temperament—in temper even fiery. At times his smile was ineffably winning; while at other times, in other moods, he could look terrible, especially out of his eyes. Though of medium stature and weight, his whole bearing was that of one born to command, and his was an imperial will. . . . Unfortunately a Puritanical training by his parents tinctured his whole life with religious opinionism; and being by nature dogmatical, he was always intolerant of opinions differing from his own. An autocrat in his household, he was nevertheless tender in his affections, a devoted husband and father, though over-severe in parental authority. He had all the elements of popularity, was a remarkable conversationalist, and a profitable, as well as a delightful companion; so that as a man he was widely and enthusiastically beloved. Yet, his severity in family government, and his ever-living sense of man's superiority over woman, in short, of his kingly prerogative by divine right, made him more feared than loved in his family; while the gentle, beautiful wife and mother of us all naturally had more than even the usual mother's share of love from her children.[12]

William remembered that when the word arrived in Bozrah in February 1815 that the unhappy War of 1812 was over, "boys ran around the streets, writing with chalk on the fences the joyous word Peace! Peace!" Shortly thereafter David Low Dodge turned over the running of the factory to his "excellent, pious" assistant, Erastus Hyde,[a] and returned to New York to take up the dry-goods trade once more. The Dodge family rented a house on William Street, and their acquaintance with the Phelpses was renewed.

David was especially glad to be back in New York because he could now publish his *War Inconsistent with the Religion of Jesus Christ* three years after he had written it. He could also launch his pet project, the New York Peace Society. It was formed in August 1815 with about thirty-five members, including Anson Phelps, and with Dodge himself as its first president.

[a] Erastus Hyde was Sarah Cleveland Dodge's first cousin; in 1827 his daughter Caroline married the D. L. Dodges' eldest son, David Stuart Dodge, M.D.

David Low Dodge, from a portrait by S. L. Waldo and William Jewett.
The Frick Art Reference Library, New York City

Speaking of *War Inconsistent*, the author of *Radical Pacifists* has written that "it remained the most effective American statement of Christian pacifism for some decades," adding that "much of it still remains relevant today. . . . Dodge's sincerity and moral integrity and his concern for the welfare of his fellowmen shine clearly from its pages."

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WHEN WILLIAM E. DODGE WAS TWELVE years old, in 1817, he was sent over the Hudson River to Mendham, New Jersey, to spend a year studying with the Reverend Samuel Hanson Cox, the newly installed minister in that town. He was also William's new uncle, for he had recently married one of Sarah Cleveland Dodge's sisters.

This gentleman was a great character, and there are numerous stories about the things he said and did in the course of his long life. He was proud of his knowledge of Greek and Latin, and loved to show it off. "Oh Lord," he is supposed once to have prayed, "Thou art the *ne plus ultra* of our desires, the *sine qua non* of our faith, and the *Ultima Thule* of our hope."[13]

He had fifteen children, the eldest of whom deserted the Presbyterian for the Episcopal Church and eventually became bishop of Western New York. A family friend (a Mr. Frissell, who was for many years president of the Bank of New York) told of how this son, just before his consecration, "wrote to his father, signing his name Coxe, and inviting him to be present at the 'laying on of hands.' The father answered: 'I understand why you have changed the spelling of our name . . . the e stands for Episcopalian! If you, my son, had had more laying on of hands when you were young, you would not have needed it *now*!' "

Mr. Frissell also told of how old Samuel Hanson Cox, D.D., "used to come into the bank with William E. Dodge, Sr., who not withstanding his busy days, looked after this aged minister." He described how Cox's son the bishop invited his father to some ecclesiastical gathering in the western part of New York State. "He went out there, but not being an Episcopalian and lacking the laying on of hands, he could not be invited to sit in the Sanctuary. His son apologized and the father said 'that is all right.' However, at the luncheon when Samuel Hanson Cox, D.D., was asked to pronounce the blessing, he said 'O Lord, forgive me for begetting such a fool!' "

The year spent with Samuel Hanson Cox marked the end of William's formal

schooling, for his father had promised a pair of merchants, the Merritt brothers, that William would go to work for them. Since David Low Dodge had struggled so hard to gain an education for himself, it seems surprising that he let his son go to work at such a young age. Whatever the reason, the lad began his long business career at the tender age of thirteen.[b]

"Eighteen hundred and eighteen found me a boy in a wholesale dry goods store, No. 304 Pearl Street, near Peck's Slip, my employers two most worthy Quakers," William recalled many years later, adding that he was paid a salary of fifty dollars a year. He described his duties as the junior clerk: "I had to go every morning to Vandewater Street for the keys, as my employers kept them at home in case of fire in the night. . . . I used to be up soon after first light, and would walk to Vandewater Street and then to the store very early. It was to be sprinkled with water, which I brought the evening before from the old pump at the corner of Peck Slip and Pearl Street, then carefully swept and dusted. Then came sprinkling the sidewalk and street, and sweeping to the center a heap for the dirt-cart to remove. This done, one of the older clerks would come, and I would be permitted to go home for breakfast. In winter the wood was to be carried and piled in the cellar, fires to be made, and lamps trimmed."

Back at the store after breakfast, he and the other young clerks had to be ready to run errands, to fetch and carry goods around the town, or to pick up the mail at the post office. William said that "the dry goods auction stores were mostly on the corners, and on the blocks from Wall to Pine Streets." One duty was to pick up the goods purchased at auction by the Merritts, but only after carefully comparing them with the bill. "If two of us could carry them home we did so, as it would save the shilling porterage."

William remembered carrying bundles up Broadway to Greenwich Village, which meant crossing "the old Stone Bridge at Canal Street. This had long square timbers on either side in place of railing," he explained, "to prevent a fall into the sluggish stream—some fifteen feet below—which came from the lowlands where Centre Street and the Tombs now are. It was called the Colic (though its true name was the Collect, as it took the drainage of a large district), and was the great skating place in winter."

Wintertime offered the youngsters great opportunities for playing practical jokes on hapless passersby. "When the streets were running with the wash of melting snow and ice," he wrote, "the mouth of the sewer at Pearl Street would often clog up, and then the water would set back as far as Gold Street, the side-

[b] More than sixty years later, a group of William E. Dodge's contemporaries, including John Jacob Astor II, William H. Vanderbilt, Peter Cooper, and A. A. Low, asked him to give them a lecture "upon the changes through which the New York of your boyhood has become the New York of today." This he did, and then had the talk published as a slim volume entitled *Old New York*. All the quotations in the ensuing section are taken from that little book.

New York City, circa 1818.
The New-York Historical Society

walk being constructed some two feet above the roadway, to provide for the great flow of water that came down from Broadway, Nassau, William and Liberty Streets. The boys used to get old boots, and, placing them on a pole, would make in the slush of snow and ice footprints all across Pearl Street, as if persons had been passing, and then would run around the corners to see some poor stranger step into the trap and sink above his knees in water and slush."

William reminded his listeners that the New York City post office in the second decade of the nineteenth century was located in the postmaster's own home. He and his family lived upstairs and the actual post office consisted of the two downstairs parlors. There were 144 post office boxes plus a general delivery window. The boys would begin lining up at the window at about eight in the morning, and there would be much roughhousing as they jockeyed to be the first to collect the mail.

It was fun going about the city, but the young clerks spent many more hours standing at the tall desks in the merchants' stores copying out bills and receipts and inventories. "It makes one almost shiver to remember . . . the attempt to warm a large store in a cold winter by a coal or wood fire at the extreme end, which left the front as cold as a barn," William wrote. "How my feet and fingers have ached as I stood at the desk of a bitter morning!"

"Nearly all dry goods were imported," William recollected. "Our calicoes or prints came in square hair-trunks, containing fifty pieces each. . . . We had a few domestic cottons . . . all woven by hand. . . . Our common cottons were all from India, and called India 'hum-hums'; they had very strange names, such as 'Bafturs'; 'Gurros'; etc. Most of them were thin, sleazy goods, filled with a kind of starch to make them look heavy. . . . Our woolen cloths and cassimeres were all imported. Large quantities of silks came from France and Italy, and beautiful crepes and satins for ladies' wear were brought from India and China."

He explained how business was seasonal, the big rush coming in the spring and autumn, when the country merchants descended upon the city, as buyers still do. They came in sloops or schooners or stagecoaches via the Hudson River or Long Island Sound or overland, and when they arrived, they put up at boardinghouses over the Pearl Street stores. "Here they would remain a week or ten days, picking up a variety of goods . . . dry goods, groceries, hardware, medicines, crockery."

William E. Dodge, in his lecture, went on to describe everyday life in the city around 1818, saying that its population then was only about 120,000 and that its limits did not extend very far above Canal Street. He said that many of the Pearl Street merchants lived over their stores, as his father had done when he first moved to New York. He mentioned John, Fulton, Beekman, Gold, and Cliff streets as being filled with private homes, adding that the most fashionable residences were around the Battery and up Broadway.

"Noble merchants occupied those dwellings," he said, "such men as Robert

Lenox, Stephen Whitney, James G. King, J. Phillips Phoenix, James Suydam, Cadwallader D. Colden, James DePeyster, Pierre Irving, Gideon Lee, the Howlands, Aspinwalls, and many others."[c]

Old New York had few street lamps, according to William, and he noted that they were "often filled with poor oil and badly trimmed. They looked on a dark night like so many lightning-bugs, and in winter would often go entirely out before morning." He said that policemen as such did not then exist, but that "there were a few watchmen, who came on soon after dark and patrolled the streets until nearly daylight. Their rounds were so arranged that they made one each hour, and as the clocks struck they pounded with their clubs three times, on the curb, calling out, for example, 'twelve o'clock and all is well,' in a very peculiar voice. They wore leathern caps such as the firemen now use."

Sanitation was handled in such a way that "everyone was responsible for a space in front of his building extending to the middle of the street, the public dirt-carts passing on regular days and carting away the dirt. The garbage-men with large carts came around to collect from the tub or half-barrel placed in the area." Another form of garbage collection was provided by "the vast number of swine, owned by the poorer classes, that crowded some portions of the city, making travel dangerous."

William E. Dodge went into some detail concerning the city's water supply. The chief source, he said, was from roof cisterns, and he mentioned the public pumps on various street corners. The cisterns gave out in times of drought, and the pump water was hard and brackish, so the entrepreneurs who had sunk wells near some springs in the upper part of the city often made a killing. Their water "was taken about the city in large casks painted in large letters on the end 'Tea Water.' It was sold at two cents a pail." William also explained that the Manhattan Company was chartered both as a bank and as a water company, and told how it laid wooden pipes to carry water from the upper end of Pearl Street to individual residences. However, he said, "the water proved poor and in limited supply, and the company found the banking department better than the water, so that the logs soon decayed and were never renewed."

Dodge told his listeners that "wood was then almost the only fuel, though Liverpool coal was used in offices and parlors. Those who could afford it purchased their sloop-load of hickory and oak in the fall, and had it sawed and piled in the

[c] Of these "noble" merchants, Robert Lenox (1759-1839) was a Scottish-born merchant and real estate investor; Stephen Whitney was a Connecticut Yankee who came to New York about 1805 and made good; James G. King (1791-1853) was a leading financier; the Suydams were a well-known mercantile family; Cadwallader Colden (1769-1834) was a lawyer and mayor of the city; James DePeyster was a descendant of an old and prominent Dutch family; Pierre Irving (1803-1876), a lawyer and writer, was Washington Irving's nephew; Gideon Lee was a leather merchant, alderman, and mayor; the Howlands and Aspinwalls were kin, both families coming from Connecticut and being engaged in trade with Latin America. J. Phillips Phoenix was a prominent banker.

cellar for the winter." He said that hundreds of wood-bearing sloops came down the Hudson and East rivers from upstate, from Long Island, and from Connecticut, and "at many of the street corners carmen stood with loads for sale."

"It was the habit of many families to have the servant-man saw and pile up the wood, and as a perquisite to give him the proceeds of one sale of ashes, which was then quite an item," he went on. The ash was much in demand for making lye and brought a good price.

"Mr. Stephen B. Munn [a merchant who lived at 503 Broadway] had a colored waiter to whom he had promised the ashes from a fine cargo of hickory," William recollected. "Mr. Munn was aroused one night by a fearful roar in the chimney, and rushing down to the kitchen, found the old negro asleep before a tremendous fire with the wood piled far up the chimney-place. When asked what it meant, the old man replied, 'Makee ashes, master! Makee ashes.' "

Nothing was permitted to disturb the quiet of New York's Sabbaths, William reminisced. Chains were drawn across the streets on either side of the churches during services, and the only street cries heard on Sundays were those of the milkmen, "mostly farmers from Long Island [who] carried their milk in large tin cans suspended by a yoke from their shoulders." Few vehicles ventured forth; indeed, traffic jams were never a problem even on weekdays. Only a few families had private carriages. "I venture to say that there were not then twenty-five families that kept a two-horse carriage," he said. One reason for this was that there was no place to go. "There were no pleasant drives out of the city; the old Bloomingdale Road was mostly used, but in summer was very dusty, and there were no attractions."

Instead, "the Battery was the great point of attraction as a cool and delightful promenade, and in the warm season was crowded every afternoon and evening. . . . In the summer and fall a band of music in the evening enlivened the scene, and the grounds were crowded with the elite of the city; it was polite and marked a compliment for a young lady to be invited to take a walk on the Battery, and on Saturdays the boys were allowed to play ball, etc. on the grass. Castle Garden was then a fort with its garrison, and the guard was always to be seen walking their rounds."

As for getting off Manhattan Island, William indicated that, until Robert Fulton's great invention, rowboats were the chief form of transportation. "At the foot of Wall Street, Coenties Slip, and Whitehall, there were numbers of small rowboats, bearing a variety of fancy names and handsomely painted, and when a person wanted to go over, a crowd of oarsmen would gather, each offering him the best boat. The fare across was ten cents."

The first steam ferryboat began to ply back and forth from Hoboken in 1812, according to Dodge. "It was so small that often in a strong tide it had to stop in the river to get up steam enough to make the transit." When Fulton and Living-

ston's monopoly on this means of transport was set aside about 1820, the era of steam came on quickly. "Boats were soon started on The Sound, the first of these being the *Fulton*, Captain Bunder, and the *Connecticut*, Captain Comstock. The two formed a daily line: the *Fulton* left New York early in the morning, arriving in New Haven about 4 o'clock; then all the passengers and freight were put aboard the *Connecticut* for New London, the *Fulton* returning to New York in the evening. This gave time for the boilers to cool off and the machinery to rest, as it was not thought safe to run one boat so far as New London without stopping."

William said that in the days before railroads, New Yorkers in winter felt very shut in. There was one stagecoach per day for Albany and one for Boston. The agent for the Albany coach was an old man named Thomas Whitfield at Number 1 Cortlandt Street. "He would book you three days in advance for a seat, and if perchance there were applications for more than one coach would hold, and yet not enough to warrant an extra, one must wait another day for a seat." Passengers for Philadelphia "in winter, would cross to Jersey City the evening before, sleep at a tavern, and start in the morning by stage, reaching the Quaker City in a day and a night."

William gave a vivid description of the opening of the Erie Canal in November 1825. This famous waterway from the Hudson to the Great Lakes, which did so much to expand New York City's trade, had been under construction for eight years.

"A large number of boats had been loaded in Buffalo, and left there on the 25th of October, 1825. On the 4th of November a fleet of steamers, all gayly dressed and filled with citizens, met them on their arrival.

"It was a proud day for New York," he continued. "All the ships were trimmed with flags; the harbor was filled with large and small steamboats, and hundreds of small sailing craft."

He added that he had been lucky enough to go down to the lower bay on the steamer carrying the notables who were to take part in the program marking the occasion. There he listened to DeWitt Clinton and others give speeches, and saw the governor pour a keg of Lake Erie water into the Atlantic Ocean.

However, the canal opening happened at a later stage in William's life, for in 1819, he temporarily left New York to return to Connecticut.

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AFTER ONLY A YEAR of clerking for the Merritt brothers, William had to leave the hustle and excitement of New York because his father agreed to go back to the cotton factory at Bozrah. Between 1815 and 1819, the company's profits had fallen off badly, and its directors asked David Low Dodge to resume his post

as manager. The Merritts gave young William a massive silver watch as a reward for faithful service, and off he went to Bozrah. There he worked for his father in the company store and was allowed to have a little showcase at one end of the room for his own private enterprise. This he stocked with articles bought from itinerant peddlers, and sold them at a slight mark-up—his first venture into capitalism.

William's son and biographer, D. Stuart Dodge, wrote that the youth was soon popular with his customers, being both quick and courteous. "Old women and farmers' wives, coming on horseback to exchange butter and eggs for dry goods and groceries, would wait for William to help them dismount, bring in their saddle-bags, and serve them at the counter." He worked so steadily that "he often neglected to go home for his regular meals, and tried to satisfy his appetite by eating crackers and cheese as he went about the store. The neglect brought on a long attack of nervous prostration. When he began to recover, the season for huckleberries had come, and he always spoke of them as his best medicine at that time. Long drives in a wagon without springs were another part of his convalescent regime."[14]

As the years of the Dodge family's second stay in Bozrah went by—long days of working in the shop, and evenings at home studying both religious and secular subjects under the guidance of his father—William reached the age at which he was expected to make a profession of faith and join the church. It should be noted that the Congregationalists of New England and the Presbyterians of New York, New Jersey, and the Middle Atlantic states had an agreement whereby when members of the former church moved south of the Connecticut line, they immediately became Presbyterians in good standing and vice versa. In both churches, joining had to be preceded by a period of extreme "seriousness," during which the applicant was supposed to convince himself of his "perishing sinfulness" and to realize that unless he could somehow attach himself to God, he would be eternally damned. William later wrote that in his "serious" period, "I often felt so deeply in view of my own guilt that in passing over a Bridge between my house and the store I would tremble for fear I should fall through and go directly to Hell."[15]

Then and later, revival meetings were looked upon by many as a way to get sinners onto the right track. Historically, the Dodges seem always to have looked upon them with favor, beginning with David Low Dodge, who took Sarah to several of them while they were honeymooning in the 1790s. William E. Dodge sponsored Charles Grandison Finney and other mid-nineteenth-century revivalists. The belief that stirring up religious emotion can be a surefire method of getting men and women to God was perpetuated by the efforts of William E. Dodge, Jr., for Dwight L. Moody and Ira Sankey, and continued in our own time with his grandson Cleveland E. Dodge's backing of Billy Graham.

It happened that a well-known revivalist was visiting Hartford at the time that William was thinking of joining the church. David Low Dodge, anxious to have his son go to the meetings, arranged matters so that his attendance would appear wholly providential and therefore would affect him more deeply. "William was often selected to take a load of cotton goods from the factory to Hartford," wrote his filial biographer, "and his father now improved the opportunity for such an errand, making an additional excuse for delay there by telling him to wait for some copies of '*Village Hymns*,' which had just been published for the first time and were being bound." Additionally, he arranged for William to stay with friends who he knew would be going to hear the preacher.

William went and was duly impressed. His anxiety to be saved was further increased on his return home, when he was helping to load a wagon outside the store. Someone called him inside, and a moment later the clerk who took his place was struck and killed by a heavy iron pulley falling from above. Accordingly, when "soon after, at a prayer meeting an invitation was given to any who felt anxious respecting their spiritual condition, and desired the prayers of Christians, to signify their wish by rising, William was instantly upon his feet. . . . On the first Sabbath in May, 1822, he united with the Congregational Church in Bozrah."[16]

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THE DODGE FAMILY'S SECOND BOZRAH STAY lasted six years. David managed to get the cotton mill back on a profitable footing, but after a while he realized that, unless the stockholders were willing to modernize the plant and machinery, they were bound to lose most of their business to more progressive competitors. He told them that they must either put up twenty-five thousand dollars for new machinery, or sell out. The stockholders decided to sell, and a consortium of Bostonians took over, agreeing to abide by the established religious rules and to keep Sarah's cousin Erastus Hyde as "general overseer."

In the spring of 1825, the Dodges returned to New York. David opened a dry-goods store once again, with William as his assistant, and went zestfully back to his Peace Society, Bible and Tract societies, and to his church activities. The friendship with the Phelpses was renewed again, and William, as we saw, was only too glad to attend the Young Men's Prayer Meetings in Cliff Street.

Melissa Phelps, who had been a child of ten when William left town in 1819, had now grown into a tall and graceful, dark-eyed young lady of sixteen. William took every opportunity he could to see her, not only on Sunday afternoons but on other occasions as well. Sometimes he would escort her with one or another of her sisters to lectures, and he probably took her for walks at the Battery.

Often they would meet at tea parties, either at her parents', his parents', or in the homes of friends of both families.

"The social customs were primitive," wrote one observer, "consisting chiefly of invitations to tea." This lady went on to describe how they were generally held in the evenings, with the guests sitting in a circle and large trays being carried round, presumably by servants. One tray would contain "cups of tea, sugar bowl, and milk, each guest helping himself. This was followed by another tray with biscuits and cake."[17] While such gatherings may not have been ultrasophisticated, the adjective "primitive" hardly seems appropriate. In any case, it did not take William long to decide that Melissa was the person with whom he wanted to share the rest of his life.

Just before his twenty-first birthday, William wrote to Mr. and Mrs. Phelps, enclosing a letter to Melissa. He asked them to look it over, and if they approved its contents, to pass it on to her. Anson Phelps was delighted to learn that William Dodge wanted to marry his daughter. He replied:

> We shall ever study to promote the happiness of our beloved daughter; and if complying with your very respectful request coincides with her views, it will meet with our perfect approbation. Permit me here to remark that in addition to the esteem that we have ever had for you personally, it is greatly strengthened by the long and uninterrupted friendship subsisting between your family and our own.

And so the enclosure was passed on to Melissa. It was indeed a "very respectful request." William wrote to her as "my much-esteemed friend," saying "our renewed acquaintance has awakened a regard I never felt for any other person." He said he had "purposely called at your father's house as often as I could with propriety," adding that "each visit has given increased satisfaction; every day has strengthened my affection." Now, he wrote, "I desire to come as something more than a friend," and he prayed that "God may give you wisdom and grace in deciding this important matter." He closed by saying, "I hope you will not keep me long in suspense, but as soon as consistent grant me a frank reply."

The "frank reply" was not long in coming, because, as Melissa afterward admitted, she had been immediately struck at the prayer meetings by "two bright black eyes and the attractive owner of them." Thereafter, she said, she had not paid much attention to other suitors. On William's twenty-first birthday, September 4, 1826, "a full understanding was reached and a happy drive was taken, in an old-fashioned gig, all the way to Coney Island."[18]

Nearly two years went by, however, before William and Melissa were married. He felt that he had to get ahead in business before he could satisfactorily support a wife. Anson Phelps, though evidently fond of the young man, apparently had

no thought of taking him into his firm at the time. David Low Dodge decided to retire, so William took all the capital he had been able to accumulate (mostly savings from his salary, he said) and went into the wholesale dry-goods business with a recent Yale graduate named Huntington. Huntington's father, a Connecticut merchant, wanted to see his son established in New York City and so put up most of the money needed to get them started.

Fifty years later, in looking back on those days, William noted that there were more opportunities then for young men to start businesses in a small way with good chances of success. However, he said, "if one would be a good salesman he must be all things to all men; and here permit me to say to my young friends that open, frank, upright dealing with customers is the way to secure their confidence and trade."

He illustrated his point by telling the story of how three young Connecticut peddlers, with tin trunks strapped over their shoulders, came into the store one morning a few weeks after he and Huntington had opened it. Having seen something they liked in the window, they had come in to inquire about it. They thankfully set down their heavy trunks and began talking. William, seeing an opportunity, said to them:

> There is plenty of room in our store; each of you take one of these pigeonholes under the shelves, put your trunks there in place of carrying them around while you are picking up your goods, and just order all you buy to be sent here. We will take charge of your purchases, pack and ship them, and you can come here and examine your bills, write letters, and do as you like, whether you buy a dollar of us or not. I want to make at least a show of doing business, and it will really be an advantage to us as well as a convenience to you.

William said the peddlers were delighted with his offer, "accepted it at once, and left in search of such things as they wanted." Huntington was extremely upset. "Are those what you call customers?" he asked. Of course the outcome of the story was that all three peddlers prospered mightily and were among the firm's best customers for the six years of its existence.

The other tale William told to illustrate the need to be all things to all men was this: "I call to mind an old man from Wheeling, Virginia, who, though wealthy, still dressed as he did when a travelling peddler; he was a very large buyer, and his credit was beyond doubt; he had a number of wagons peddling all over the West, and made Wheeling his headquarters. I had secured the confidence of this man and sold him large quantities of goods, but my partner thought it rather degrading to have so rough a man about the store."[19]

The point that comes across to us is what a terrible prig young Huntington

must have been, and one wonders what happened to him after Dodge left him to join Anson Phelps' firm. Anyway, thanks to William's experience, his willingness to work, and his winning ways with prospective buyers, within a year he felt he was launched well enough to be able to get married.

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JUST BEFORE WILLIAM AND MELISSA were to be married, in June 1828, Melissa's grandmother, the widowed Mrs. Egleston, who had lived for years in the Phelps household, died at the age of eighty-one. Melissa's mother, Olivia Egleston Phelps, wrote with marvelously phonetic spelling to break the sad news to the two daughters (Caroline and Harriet) who were away at a school in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, run by Rev. Eliakim Phelps:

MY BELOVED CHILDREN,

I have thought much of you since our deep affliction for I know how tenderly you loved your Dear Grandmama. Your Father and Sister have given you the meloncolly Perteckelers of her sudden removal from time to Eternity. . . . We miss her in every corner of the House, her pleasant voice will never again be hird in this World. . . . Her Place is emty at the table, her own Chair stands whair it used to do but the dear Ocepant is laid low in the Silent Grave. . . . Her knitting work is rowled up for other hands to finish.

It was a solemn awfull Sight to us when the Angel of Death was commissioned to come near to our Dwelling and in so sudden a manner to take from our midst our Beloved heart. May we never forget her instruction, her example, but be innabled to follow her so far as she followed Christ. . . . She lived to a Good Old Age. . . . Her last struggle was Short—I had but left her. She was cheerfull and composed, we thought her better than she had been for some time. She dyed while your dear Father and Elizabeth were attempting to lift her into the Easy Chair.

It would be a comfort to us to have you with us in this time of deep affliction but Provedence has ordered it other wise and we desire to submit—I know it would be a greeable to your feelings to dress in deep morning for your Dear Grandmama but it will be so difficult while you air from home to have every thing of this kind and your things air all prepared for the summer that your Father and all of us think it will not be best. I will send you some black shalls and black Ribbon for your hats and you have a new black silk frock if you have not Purchased them write me the first opportunity after you receive this and if you have not got them I will send them the first

Olivia Olcott Egleston [c.1747-1828], grandmother of Melissa Phelps Dodge. Portrait attributed to Gilbert Stuart.
Author's collection

Olivia Egleston Phelps [1784-1859], wife of Anson Greene Phelps. From a portrait by S. L. Waldo and William Jewett.
The New-York Historical Society

opportunity. We might have sent them by Mr. Pond but it was such a distressing time with us we did not think of anything. . . . If you air spared to come home my dear Children you shall then have deep mourning—The Miss Havens have lost their dear Grandmama that liv'd with them when they wair young but they have not put on a bit of Black.

Papa ses he made no bargain with Mr. Phelps in partickeler only for him

to charge twenty cents a time when you rode. He thought it might be healthy for you to ride as often as twice a week and said to Mr. P. he should be willing to have you go as often as that if you can do so without interfearing with your lessons. . . .

Mr. J. [Daniel James] and E. [Elizabeth Phelps] air better acquainted than they were when you left. I hope you treated our friend C. Pond politely. You know he was a great Favorite of your Grandmamma. Our dear M. [Melissa] will be married we expect the last of the month. We shall make no wedding.

OLIVIA PHELPS

P.S. M. and W. hope to visit you soon but don't expect them. More later on.

Her last paragraph and her postscript thus mentioned the names of three sons-in-law, two of whom were to be her husband Anson's partners. Charles Pond, a Hartford man who went into railroads, married Harriet Phelps in 1836.

In spite of the mourning, Melissa and William were married on June 24. That day, Anson Phelps wrote to his schoolgirl daughters: "I did intend to have written you sooner but have been absent the last week in Hartford. Took little Anson along.[d] He wishes you to write. This being a very busy day in preparing for your Dear Sister's wedding this evening, you will excuse my short letter.

"Providence permitting, Mr. D. and M. intend to sett on a journey tomorrow. We should Rejoice to have you here but we do not expect to have only a few particular friends and relations. Inclosed you will find a sheaf of Dollars which perhaps you will think is as much needed as a piece of wedding cake."

Melissa and William spent their honeymoon traveling in New England in a "comfortable two-wheeled chaise," visiting friends and relatives, including Caroline and Harriet at Pittsfield. "I new it would be pleasant to you to receive a visit from your Brother W. and Sister M.," their mother wrote to them in July. "I expect they air now at Norwige on their way home." She added, "Mr. James has gone to the West on business and E. and her Mother (for you know the young gentlemen all ways come to see me!) miss him very much."

Melissa herself wrote to the girls: "The afternoon we left you we rode as far as Otis, spent the night at Mr. Seymore's. . . . The next day visited the famous Wadsworth tower on the road to Hartford, where we spent a few days—from

[d] Anson and Olivia Phelps had eight children altogether. Seven lived to grow up: six girls and an only son, Anson Phelps, Jr., who was born in 1818.

Numbers 22 and 24 Bleecker Street as they appeared in 1905. William and Melissa lived at number 22, on the left, after their marriage in 1828.
Author's collection

thence to Norwich; after ten days pleasant visit we were permitted through a kind Providence to return home in the enjoyment of good health."[20]

Soon after they returned to New York, William said, the newlyweds "commenced housekeeping in the upper part of the city, in Bleecker Street, between Broadway and the Bowery; there were eight new two-story attic houses just finished, 23 x 40 feet, and three or four of us, young married people, took houses adjoining, and each paid $300 a year rent, and when newly furnished we thought them very fine." He added that "our entire expenses, including house rent, for the first three years averaged only twelve hundred and fifty dollars a year."[21]

PART II

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Anglo-American Merchants

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AS OLIVIA HAD MENTIONED in her letter to the girls at school in Pittsfield, Melissa's older sister Elizabeth also had a suitor. Daniel James, the country boy from upstate New York who had shared the polished planks of the prayer meetings with William Dodge, now felt himself in a good enough financial position to marry. The wedding of Elizabeth and Daniel took place in March 1829. Two years later, Daniel was the first of the sons-in-law to be taken into partnership by Anson Phelps. His longtime partner, Elisha Peck, had spent the last fifteen years in Liverpool handling the English end of their metals firm and was now anxious to come home. Anson shrewdly decided that young James would be a satisfactory replacement for Peck. Daniel gave up the wholesale grocery trade with alacrity, and he and Elizabeth set off in the sailing ship *Manchester* in May 1831. With them went their infant son, Anson Phelps James, and Elizabeth's younger sister Harriet. Four weeks later, they arrived at Liverpool; for Daniel, it was the beginning of forty-eight years of residence in that city.

When Elisha Peck got back to New York, he and Anson Phelps built a new store-cum-warehouse, six stories high, at the corner of Cliff and Fulton streets. This mini-skyscraper quickly became one of the wonders of the city, and people went out of their way to see it. "Knowing our goods were all of them heavy, we took particular care to make every part strong," Anson wrote to a friend.[1]

Meanwhile, romance was blossoming again in the Phelps household. After finishing her schooling in Pittsfield, Caroline, the third daughter, came home and was soon engaged to Josiah Stokes, her father's confidential clerk. As we have seen, he had been living with the Phelps family in order to be at Anson's beck and call, even though his parents also lived in New York.

Both his mother and father, Elizabeth Boulter and Thomas Stokes, had been born in England. They did not come to the United States until some years after their marriage. Thomas had been a prosperous merchant in London, but decided

Elizabeth Phelps James [*1807-1847*].
The New-York Historical Society

after a business panic to emigrate. Supposedly he chartered a ship and brought not only his wife and family but also all his possessions and his servants across the sea in grand style.

When they arrived in New York at the end of June 1798, they found the city in the grip of a summer epidemic (either cholera or yellow fever struck New York

Daniel James [*1801-1876*].
The New-York Historical Society

nearly every year), so they sailed on up the Hudson River to Sing Sing. One of Thomas Stokes' grandsons wrote that Sing Sing was crowded with refugees from the city and that the family were "glad to have the use of a temporary building and barn belonging to a farmer."[2]

Thomas Stokes bought land and also marble quarries near Sing Sing, but lost

money and soon moved to New York.[c] He became a member of the Mulberry Street Baptist Church and was baptized by immersion in the East River in 1807. Later he joined Anson Phelps and David Low Dodge in the New York Peace Society and the New York Tract Society.

Another "good work" undertaken by Thomas Stokes was an attempt to rid New York of the expensive, and in his view immoral, funeral customs of the time. His grandson noted that "wines and other intoxicating drinks were freely dispensed at funerals. . . . It was also quite customary in those days for the pallbearers and the gentlemen among the immediate mourners at funerals to wear long streaming scarfs of black silk or other rich and expensive material which, however easily provided by the wealthy, necessitated a severe and almost ruinous tax upon those who could not afford them."[3]

Thomas Stokes had been a cloth merchant before he left England, and in New York his business became the importing of fine English and Scottish woolen materials. His older son James took over the firm when he died in 1832.

Josiah was the tenth of thirteen Stokes children. He attended Columbia College for a time, but left before graduating in order to go to work for Anson Phelps. On the afternoon of May 4, 1832, he was seated at his desk on the ground floor of Phelps and Peck's new building working on some accounts. Anson's only son, on holiday from boarding school, had been visiting at the store and had left just after his father went out to keep a four-thirty appointment with some other gentlemen to talk about establishing free schools in the city.

"I had not proceeded far before my son overtook me," Anson wrote later, "when we proceeded together to the Committee Room. On our arrival there I stated to him it might be improper for him to sit with the gents, and advised him to return to the store."

The Free School Committee members were in the midst of their deliberations when they heard a tremendous rumble and crash. They rushed to the windows of their meeting room and saw people running toward Cliff Street. Someone shouted "Phelps' new store has fallen down!" Knowing his son would just have had time to get back there, Anson rushed to the scene. "Before I could reach the place the crowd was so great that it was difficult to get in sight of the remains. . . . There all was confusion and consternation." One can imagine his relief when he found that Anson, Jr., had not gone directly to the store but had "called into the Library Room, where he was amusing himself when the fatal accident occurred."[4] Evidently, despite all precautions, the pressure of many bales of cotton

[c] The marble for the front of New York's City Hall, begun in 1803 and finished in 1812, came from the Stokes quarries. The back of the building was faced with ordinary brownstone, the architects having decided they could save the taxpayers' money since it was so far uptown no one would see the rear.

The ruins of Phelps and Peck's store after it collapsed May 4, 1832.
The New-York Historical Society

stored in the building's upper stories awaiting shipment to Liverpool had caused the collapse.

> From beneath the towering pile of beams, bricks and pulverized plaster came the cries of the trapped and dying men. Ropes were hurriedly slung around the beams, now in a twisted mound as high as the second story, and long lines of men formed to haul them away. Whenever it seemed that someone might be removed from the dust-shrouded ruins, the clamor of the crowd suddenly died to an anxious murmur and then to an awesome silence. After desperate effort, two workmen were extricated and taken to a nearby apothecary shop, only to die later of their wounds. Phelps . . . began to tear away the debris with his own hands, moving distractedly from place to place.[5]

Even though he knew that his son was safe, he was worried over the fate of Josiah Stokes and the others who had been in the building at the moment of its collapse. He wrote: "Those that were covered in the ruins were the great object of solicitude and it was not until the next day we were able to apportion who they

were, although the people were employed all night." It was found that seven men had died, including Mr. Goddard the bookkeeper, Mr. Seymour, "an estimable young gent," and Josiah Stokes. The latter was found at his desk with his favorite silver pen still between his thumb and forefinger. He had been killed instantly by a falling beam.

"Dear Josiah," Anson Phelps noted in his diary, "on him I had begun to lean in hopes. Now we were just getting settled in the new store and he competent to take charge of the business added to which expecting soon to have called him my son-in-law by giving him my beloved Caroline. . . . Mr. Stokes was in his 23rd year of age, had been seven years in our employ, was our confidential clerk, and one on whom our general expectations rested; had always been the most amiable young man of my acquaintance."

Caroline's biographer wrote: "They bore him away to the old house in Cliff Street and to his betrothed. The body of another young clerk was also brought there from the ruins, and the funeral of the two took place together.

"It was long before Caroline could even look at the picture of him who had been so suddenly called away, and when at Mr. Stokes' house, could not let herself sit facing his portrait."[6]

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HAVING SO TRAGICALLY LOST the services of Josiah Stokes, Anson Phelps now turned to his second son-in-law, William Dodge, providentially waiting in the wings. Elisha Peck retired to Haverstraw, up the Hudson, to run a wire mill. William speedily sold his share of Huntington and Dodge, and joined his father-in-law as a new building began to go up on the site of the calamity. With Peck gone, the new firm was called Phelps, Dodge & Co. in New York, and Phelps, James & Co. in Liverpool. Anson Phelps' share of the profits and losses was to be two thirds, with William E. Dodge and Daniel James each holding a one-sixth interest.

In the spring of 1833—the spring when Caroline was to have married Josiah Stokes—Anson Phelps decided that he could safely leave his business in William's capable hands while he took his wife, son, and the bereaved daughter on a trip abroad. He wanted to see how Daniel was getting on with the business in Liverpool, and beyond that, to make a sightseeing tour in England and France.

The Phelpses left from New York on May 8, being conveyed out to the sailing ship *Roscoe* in a small steamboat, along with twenty-nine other passengers. Caroline began her diary of the journey by describing some of their fellow travelers: "a young clergyman of the Episcopal denomination . . . a baronet of Scotland . . . two lieutenants of the British Army; a number of merchants," and others.

She did not mention the steerage passengers except to say they were allowed into the main cabin for Sunday services. Of the entire group, she stated with some pride that she was the first to get seasick.

"However, I was not long without company," she continued, writing that "for three days there was scarcely any demand for food among the passengers, save a little soup or a cup of tea or coffee. After this, one after another found the way to the table in the large cabin and were successively congratulated by the Captain and one or two hardy ones as having entirely conquered the enemy."

She wrote that for those first days "I spent most of the time on deck or in the roundhouse, my head supported by a pillow. . . . It was indeed a ludicrous sight to see Papa seated on the deck, supporting a stool containing his own and my dish of coffee or bowl of soup—for this was the way we took most of our meals."

After the first three days, Caroline began to feel much better, but soon caught a dreadful cold and suffered agonies from "ague in the face." This was conquered, however, by "the application of milk & water & mustard poultices," and, after that, she quite enjoyed the remainder of the four weeks' voyage, despite a three-day gale when "in the ladies' cabin . . . large trunks, chairs, etc. were moving in every direction, and we were obliged to cling to the sofas fastened to the floor to maintain our centre of gravity."

They sighted the west coast of Ireland on May 30, twenty-two days out of New York, and Caroline recorded: "About noon we received a visit from three fine specimens of the inhabitants of the Emerald Isle. They boarded us in their fishing-smack, offering us a variety of fresh fish in exchange for biscuit, pork, and a due proportion of whiskey. Their fish, indeed, was quite a treat, and scarcely anything else was in demand at the dinner-table." Next day she reported that four of the passengers decided to land on the Irish coast, and the captain of another fishing boat offered to take them to the little port of Baltimore, some twenty miles away, for "three pounds, or two pounds and a drink."

At last, on the Sabbath, June 2, they approached Liverpool, "too late to take advantage of the high tide and land at the wharf immediately from the ship, so we were obliged to take a steamboat. We landed about four p.m., and immediately rode to brother James's, but were not quite expert enough to surprise them, as they had but a few minutes before heard of our arrival."[7]

Anson Phelps wrote in his diary: "We were permitted by the mercy of God to land at Liverpool; went up unbeknown to our dear children and took them partly by surprise & I hope I may never forget the happy welcome from dear Elizabeth, her husband and little ones. They were enjoying comfortable health and comfortably situated . . . on the London road, with sufficient rooms to accommodate us in a humble manner with which I was better pleased than I should to have found them living in an extravagant house. Indeed I was rejoiced to find that all their arrangements were economical."

Caroline, though impressed by the docks, had been disappointed by her first sight of Liverpool, noting that "its dark walls and more direfully darkened windows do not strike an American at all favorably, coming from a city like New York, where there are scarcely any other but bright-painted brick walls, and where they can have as many windows as are necessary for lighting and airing their houses without paying for them by the square inch." But it was pleasant to stay at the Jameses' and to meet their friends, and to go on rides and expeditions to places like the Blind Asylum and the Zoological Gardens.

One Saturday, they had what Caroline called "a very pleasant excursion to Seacombe, a small village on the Mersey directly opposite Liverpool." A crowd of women and children rushed up to them when they landed, "each leading one or more donkeys, extolling their good qualities and urging us to try them." They chose the best-looking of the beasts and set off along the seashore to go and see a new fort at the harbor entrance. Although little boys with whips followed along to encourage the donkeys, Caroline thought they would have made better time on foot. Nonetheless, she wrote, "the ride afforded us considerable sport." Returning to the landing, they then walked half a mile "to a large Public House where we had a supper ordered. . . . As it was a much clearer day than England can often boast of, we had a fine view of the city and its suburbs."

Caroline and her mother and brother stayed nearly a month with Elizabeth, while Anson Phelps went off with his son-in-law to visit Welsh mines and tinplate factories. Then on July 1, they all set off on the sight-seeing part of the trip. The Liverpool & Manchester Railway had commenced operations only three years before, and the Phelpses boarded it on a fine summer morning for their first railroad journey. Here is how Caroline described it:

> We took our seats in one of the very long train of cars for Manchester, moving at the rate of thirty miles an hour. We first passed through a gloomy tunnel lighted by lamps, and here the sound of the wheels of so many cars rolling excited some sensation of fear. Emerging into daylight, we almost literally flew across the country, sometimes passing under high arched bridges, and then over such elevated ground that we could look down on either side many feet on the pretty little thatched cottages with their neat dooryards filled with many varieties of flowers in full bloom. At short distances men were placed, who stretched out their arms as we approached as a signal that all was safe; if it had been the contrary, they would have raised but one arm. An hour and a half brought us in safety to Manchester.

The Phelps party was seeing England as that nation was approaching the height of its industrial preeminence. Caroline found Manchester "literally filled with manufactories, whose high, dark, brick walls and lofty chimneys were their

First- and second-class carriages on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, from a painting by Thomas Talbot Bury, 1831.
The Mansell Collection, London

principal features." She noted that the "Dissenting Chapels" were distinguishable from the Anglican churches because the former had no steeples.

The family were given a guided tour of "a large calico-printing manufactory" where, Caroline recorded, "We saw them take the plain white cotton, and followed them through all their various operations till it came out a beautiful print. The principal color is put on the cotton by means of an engraved roller, over which it is made to pass; then the various other colors are, as they turn it, blocked in by means of different stamps fitted to the figures. It is then passed through water, and with one operation, by the aid of steam, starched and callendered."

Caroline's ability to understand and describe this complicated process seems quite remarkable, especially as the Phelpses had just come from a lunch of brown bread and beer at Manchester's Blue Coat School. The family were apparently indefatigable: before the school, they had already thoroughly "done" the Natural History Museum, and, after the Calico Print Works, they explored a cotton mill which was nine stories high and had 380 employees.

"Here we ascended one story after another," Caroline wrote, "observing the cotton in its different states, till it at length became the finest spool thread." They finished their day with a visit to the Town Hall, and despite all this they were up at six the next morning to take the stagecoach for Birmingham. She described the coach as carrying four inside and twelve outside passengers, and said she chose an outside seat, for which "I was fully repaid by a fine view of the delightful portion of England we were then passing over."

Caroline was impressed by the various big estates they passed on the way to Birmingham, noting with approval that the Marquess of Stafford had erected an asylum for lunatics in part of his grounds, but rather annoyed with Lord Dartmouth because "he has rather selfishly erected a high brick wall around his estate, which entirely limits the prospect." They stopped briefly at Congleton for breakfast, saw the entrances to many coal mines at Newcastle-Under-Lyme, and a bit further on "had a good view of Stafford, with its multitude of smoking chimneys belonging to the numerous potteries, many of which export a great proportion of their manufactured articles to America." They stopped at Litchfield and again at Wolverhampton—"a very unpleasant old town to dine in"—then continued on "for several miles over land excavated to obtain coal & iron. . . . The hollow sound produced by the rattling of our wheels was quite alarming."

Birmingham became their headquarters for the next few days, and after being shown its wonders ("the plating of steel knives, the manufacturing of large candlesticks, . . . making of buttons, casting of dies . . . a screw manufactory . . . and the Academy of Fine Arts"), they made side journeys to Dudley and to Warwick. Caroline's record of the visit to Dudley breathed the spirit of the first half of the nineteenth century, that combination of realistic pride in the modern technology of the Industrial Revolution and romantic fascination with the past:

> Took a carriage at six this morning, and rode ten miles to Dudley to breakfast. As the morning was damp, we concluded to defer the fine ruins of the castle until we had accomplished another object of the day's excursion, viz., visiting the extensive iron & tin-plate manufactories of Cokely & Leigh. On the way, we stopped to look down a perpendicular entrance to a mine of four hundred and fifty feet in depth. Saw the miners employed in raising, by the aid of steam, coal & iron ore, which in this vicinity are always found in the same mine. . . . Arrived at the Cokely mines about noon, & were much gratified in seeing the many operations, from the fusing of the ore to the finishing of the tin-plate. . . . Next visited the Leigh works . . . and arrived the second time at Dudley. . . . Went immediately to the ruins. These form one of the most enchanting spots I have ever visited. . . . The grand scene before us . . . lofty walls & towers . . . once enclosing . . . the abode of regal pomp & lordly power now passed from this transitory world, cannot fail to excite . . . feelings of a peculiarly solemn nature.

It seems rather surprising that Caroline, who at home spent much time visiting the poor, barely mentioned the appearance or condition of the workers she saw in the many mines and "manufactories" she visited. Rattling over the coal country outside Wolverhampton, she did note that "here hundreds reside who have never seen the light of day" and, after visiting the Birmingham screw factory, did mention that "a great part of the labor is done by females"—otherwise, she had no comment. Her sense of outrage was saved for the iniquities of the Church of England. The family moved on to Leamington, "a fashionable watering-place, and indeed a town of palaces," and passed a Sabbath there. As it was raining the Phelpses decided to go to a nearby "Episcopal Chapel," as Caroline called the Anglican church. "On arriving at the door we were politely informed we could not be admitted without a ticket, and the Sexton offered to sell them to us then, observing we could hear both services for one ticket." Horrified, the family backed out into the rain and went to a Methodist chapel further up the road. The incident produced some forthright remarks in Caroline's journal as she compared the Methodist chapel with the other one:

> What a contrast there is between this church and the one we first stopped at: the latter receiving its due proportion of the heavy tax levied for the support of the Established Church and then not allowing any person to hear in its premises a reputed Gospel sermon without another tax of a shilling; the former composed of persons much less bountifully supplied with the world's goods, obliged by law to assist in the support of the Established Church, besides defraying the expenses of its own ministers, and doing considerable

> for the cause of Christ in other ways! Can it be long doubted in which church most of the spirit of Christ reigns?

In view of her strictures, there is considerable irony in the fact that most of Caroline's descendants joined the American branch of the Anglican church, several becoming distinguished clerics.

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ON MONDAY, they resumed their journey, this time en route to London through the wonderfully green summer countryside, a Gainsborough landscape of hedgerows and great oak trees, sleepy little villages and meandering streams. Sometimes the stagecoach guard would toot his long brass horn as they passed the big open wagons of the country folk going to market or the elegant carriages of some noble household moving from one great estate to another. They changed coaches in Oxford, but had only time for "a cursory view of its venerable piles, the seats of learning, as the last stage for London that day was just ready to start."

Caroline was impressed by her first sight of the metropolis. "Entering the great city in a dark evening, and when the streets were brilliantly lighted with gas, it appeared to very good advantage." She mentioned "the large parks, namely Hyde, James, and Green," got her street names wrong when she noted that "the Duke of Wellington's house is at the southeast corner of Hyde Park and Regent Street," and added that "the houses are all built of brick and covered with stucco of a light brown color, which appears very well, particularly in the evening."

They passed their first night at the public house where the stagecoach deposited them, and next morning went in search of lodgings, which they "obtained in Regent Street, corner Argyle Place . . . very pleasantly situated in one of the most delightful streets in London." From here, the Phelps family sallied forth each day for the next two weeks to see the sights. One of the first Caroline mentioned was Kensington Palace, the home of the Duchess of Kent and her daughter, Princess Victoria. She dismissed that charming small royal residence, built in the days of Queen Anne, as "an oldfashioned brick building."

The Phelpses were always up early and one morning visited the market at Covent Garden; they were amazed to find peaches selling at seventy-five cents apiece. They went, like good tourists, to the National Gallery and also to Somerset House, where the Royal Academy then held its exhibitions. Caroline was better at recording the subjects of the pictures she saw than naming the artists who had painted them. At Somerset House, she said, she saw portraits of King William

IV, Victoria, Sir Walter Scott, and Mrs. Trollope. She soon learned that one of the parks she had noticed on her first evening in London was named for a saint rather than for one of her brother-in-law's ancestors, and said they "crossed St. James's Park and had a view of Buckingham House (the new palace)."

Buckingham House, originally built for the Duke of Buckingham in 1703, was then undergoing extensive reconstruction according to the designs of the famous architect John Nash. Nash had begun the work for his great patron George IV, for whom he had also planned Regent Street. Worn out from high living, the last of the Hanoverian Georges had died in 1830, leaving the throne to his brother, William, but the work went on. Nash used the Palladian style, the building covering three sides of a square, with the Marble Arch as its triumphal gateway. King William, popularly known as "Sailor Billy," did not like the place at all and dragged his feet about moving in, so that it was not really used as a palace until Princess Victoria came to the throne four years after Caroline's visit, in 1837 (the present facade was not built until 1912, although the Marble Arch was moved to its present location in 1847).

The list of places they visited goes on and on, even though sight-seeing was necessarily interrupted on the Sabbaths, when the Phelps family went to one church in the morning, another in the afternoon, and a third in the evening. Dutifully they went to the Tower, to the Monument which commemorates the Great Fire of 1666 and to St. Paul's—where they liked the music but did not think much of the sermon they heard. They saw the *old* Houses of Parliament, which burned to the ground the next year. Caroline thought the chamber of the House of Lords "small and rather mean in its appearance, considering the object for which it is intended," but she got a thrill from sitting "on the same chair that has been occupied by more than one of the sovereigns previous to proroguing the House."

One day they drove out to Windsor, and having with typical Phelps indefatigability climbed to the top of the tower of St. George's Chapel, came down from it just in time "to see their Majesties the King and Queen, their attendants, and two of the King's daughters enter their carriages, as they were going to breakfast with a noble family in the neighborhood. We were very near them, and had an opportunity of returning their very polite bows."

It seems amazing that Caroline should mention "the King's daughters" so casually—indeed that she should have recognized them at all. She knew that the king's niece, Princess Victoria, was heiress to the throne; did she wonder why? Or did she know and yet fail to comment on the fact that the daughters she saw were part of "Sailor Billy's" brood of ten illegitimate children by the actress Mrs. Jordan? Surely there must have been some head shaking and tongue clicking amongst the members of the Phelps family, but if so, it went unrecorded.

They left London for Brighton on July 23 and spent a day there by the seaside

(Caroline described George IV's pleasure palace, the Royal Pavilion, as "a large building of dark brownstone, built in imitation of a Chinese edifice"). They then embarked for France. The Channel crossing was miserable and her first impressions of France decidedly unfavorable:

> Do not know that I ever had a more unpleasant sail. All on board were sick, and we were obliged to sit on the deck of the paltry steamboat without the least protection from the sun, barring an umbrella. Arriving at Dieppe, we were first escorted to an office, where our persons were examined rather unceremoniously, and we then proceeded to the Hotel de Londres, recommended as the best in Dieppe. Ah, sad contrast to the one we had left in the morning on English shores! After taking something in the place of a dinner, served in a dirty room, we were shown to our chambers up four pair of stairs that looked as though they had never felt water. The apartments I will not attempt to describe.

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NEXT DAY THE FAMILY MOVED ON to Rouen "in one of those noted French carriages called *diligences*." It evidently did not suit them, for after a quick but complete tour of all the sights and "a real French dinner," they set off again, but this time traveled "in a private carriage, which Papa had obtained with much trouble, to take us to Paris."

Caroline's spirits began to rise as the big, comfortable carriage swayed through the lush valley of the Seine. They spent a night at Vernon, where she said they "had a proof of the honesty of the French peasantry, as our carriage and the baggage were left out all night." Late the next afternoon they reached Paris and rolled down the Champs Elysées, around the Place de la Concorde, and finally drew up before their private lodgings at 28, rue de la Paix. The city was in a ferment of excitement, for the next day a statue of Napoleon was to be hoisted to the top of his column in the Place Vendôme. Caroline said that on the drive into town from St. Germain they had passed "many peasants coming, with their fine dresses in their hands, to enjoy the sport."

It shocked the Phelpses that this ceremony should take place on a Sunday, but they nevertheless enjoyed a fine view of it all from their windows. "Sabbath morning was ushered in by the ringing of bells, beating of drums, trampling of horses, etc.," Caroline wrote, adding that 150,000 soldiers assembled in the Place and were reviewed by King Louis Philippe, and that, as the figure of Napoleon was put in place, "it seemed as though all Paris crowded together to get one view of their idol." There was such a throng they could not get out until midafternoon

to go to a church service conducted "in a little upper chamber" by an expatriate American Protestant minister.

Monday was also a fête day, and the family spent most of it along the Champs Elysées and in the gardens adjoining the Tuileries Palace, observing the natives at play, looking at it all with a mixture of amusement and disapproval. Caroline wrote that:

> Every variety of amusement, at an enormous expense, was presented for the gratification of the populace. . . . In one part an immense crowd were assembled to witness a performance in a temporary theatre erected for the purpose. In another, a like number were feasted with displays of wonderful feats in horsemanship. . . . A high pole, crowned with a wreath of flowers, from which was suspended a watch and other prizes for those who were so successful as to climb to its summit, attracted a vast multitude. . . . The shadowy groves were filled with stalls . . . and hundreds of petty gambling establishments. Soon tired of the sights, we . . . visited one of those fashionable resorts, the 'restaurateurs,' for the purpose of trying the French cookery. The bill of fare presented us contained from two to three hundred articles, from which we selected several without having any previous knowledge of some of their component parts. We were, however, much pleased with our dinner.
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> In the evening we walked in the Tuileries, which was . . . brilliantly illuminated. . . . Ascending a terrace on the south side of the garden, we had a fine view of the Seine . . . and of an object that had perhaps excited more interest among the French for the last three days than any other. This was a fine ship . . . erected at an expense of thirty or forty thousand dollars solely for their gratification, as the Seine is not deep enough to allow of sailing on its waters. Thousands were cheering a young sailor who, with the French national flag, was balancing himself on top of the highest mast. Returning to our lodgings, we were obliged to force our way through one continual crowd, all in high spirits, though I cannot remember seeing any apparently intoxicated . . . (Multitudes viewing Bonaparte through telescopes in Place Vendôme).

The Phelps family were as assiduous about sight-seeing in Paris as they had been in London. The Eiffel Tower did not of course exist, and there was as yet no tomb of Napoleon beneath the great dome at the Invalides, but Caroline's accounts of climbing to the top of one of the towers at Notre Dame and of visiting the Panthéon, the Louvre, and Versailles have a familiar ring. However, to judge by the amount of space devoted to it in her journal, she was more fascinated by the Père La Chaise Cemetery than by anything else she saw. "Weeks might be

spent in noticing all the tombs in this delightful spot," she said, and it was with "reluctance" that she climbed into the carriage to return to the sprightlier delights of the boulevards. "The boulevards are the fashionable walks surrounding the city," she explained. "Here under the shade of trees were seated, on their little fancy cots which they carry hung on their arms, multitudes of shopkeepers and others of that class, both male and female, enjoying a glass of ice-cream or some other refreshment from the neighboring 'restaurateurs'—the ladies, as is customary here, with no other covering to their heads but very dressy caps."

The family left Paris on August 9, and after a weekend at Le Havre returned to England, landing at Southampton and going on to Bath, Bristol, and Clifton. Then they spent about a week touring Wales and Herefordshire before returning to Liverpool to sail for home.

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BY OCTOBER 1, 1833, Caroline was back in New York to pick up once again her round of churchgoing, helping at home, and calling on friends and relatives, including the William Dodges in Fourth Street and Mrs. Thomas Stokes, Josiah's widowed mother, in Washington Place. But she had developed a real taste for travel, and twice in 1834 recorded trips with her father: in May to Philadelphia for a series of meetings of the Presbyterian Church's General Assembly, and in July to a temperance convention in Buffalo.

William E. Dodge wrote that in winter in the 1820s, it took a night and a day to go from New York to Philadelphia. With the advent of the railroad, however, Caroline and her father, Anson Phelps, in 1834, made it between ten in the morning and six in the evening of the same day. They went by steamboat from New York to South Amboy, New Jersey, in two hours, then "took our seats in the cars attached to the locomotive engine for Bordentown." The route lay across the pine barrens, and it was a relief to come out at Bordentown, where Napoleon's brother, Joseph Bonaparte, lived in exile. Caroline remarked that his "domains, which are under a high state of cultivation, were quite cheering to the eye."

At Bordentown, they got into another steamboat and chugged down the Delaware to Philadelphia. They stayed at "Mrs. Sword's, in Chestnut Street, a pleasant private boardinghouse" and apparently a very tall one, as Caroline noted that they were "so fortunate as to get rooms no higher than the fifth story." There was of course not as much to see in the Quaker City as there had been in London and Paris, so aside from looking at the "Old State House" (Independence Hall) and taking "some delightful drives on the banks of the Schuylkill," Caroline devoted herself to calling on and receiving the various General Assembly delegates and Philadelphia friends, and attended most of the Assembly meetings.

In the summer, "dear Papa" invited Caroline, her sister Harriet, and her brother Anson—on twenty-four hours' notice, she said—to accompany him to Buffalo for the temperance convention (It is recorded that Phelps in Hartford days enjoyed a whiskey and water when he came home from his store each evening, but had given it up as far back as 1813). Caroline spoke of "the travelling mania which invariably prevails at this season of the year," and was herself so affected by it that she was able to get ready and packed in a day. They boarded a Hudson River steamboat "at seven precisely, July 3rd" for the journey up "our noble river" to Albany. The boat—she never mentioned its name so we do not know whether it belonged to Commodore Vanderbilt or to one of his rivals—carried over six hundred passengers, many of them Independence Day trippers, and took twelve hours to make the voyage. After such a long day, they were ready for the "excellent accommodations" they found at Albany's Temperance Hotel, where Caroline noted with approval that a Bible had been placed in every room.

Next morning, by half-past six, with Fourth-of-July bells ringing in their ears, they had taken their seats in the railroad cars for Schenectady. This thirty-mile line, the very first railroad in the United States, was then four years old. Built with an inclined ramp at either end, the Mohawk and Hudson crossed the flat pine plains from one town and river to the other. It saved passengers on the Erie Canal much time and trouble, as it eliminated the necessity of going by boat through all the locks between the two rivers. Caroline said that it was "a pleasant ride of an hour and a half."[f]

The Phelpses did not embark immediately on the Erie Canal; instead they paralleled it as far as Utica along the turnpike in a chartered "extra" stagecoach. Caroline was at her most priggish in describing the rest of that Fourth of July. Of the Mohawk Valley, she wrote that "the neat Dutch houses and farmyards contrasted strangely with the numerous clusters of shanties erected by the Irish workmen on the railroad," and, at Amsterdam, her comment was "saw their full regiment of militia on duty, but judged that nearly all the respectable part of the community were listening to Professor Porter, who had been invited to preach on the occasion." When they boarded the canal boat at Utica, they found "everything bad on board . . . soon found we had taken a line instead of a packet boat; as a climax to my troubles, afflicted with a severe toothache." They had expected to reach Anson Phelps' brother's place at Lenox before the Sabbath, but the unspeakable boat traveled only two miles an hour and they were on board until late Sunday morning. They were "too fatigued to attend church in the afternoon," but managed to get to a prayer meeting at six.[8]

[f] There is a delightful children's book, *Little Blacknose*, by Hildegard Swift, which pictures the tiny wood-burning locomotive with its train of little yellow carriages, puffing along, snorting "Te-dick-te-dack, get-off-the-track, T-double-Y-ditty, off for Sche-nec-tady."

It was unfortunate that their first Erie Canal experience was such an unpleasant one, for William E. Dodge described traveling on it as quite idyllic under better circumstances. He wrote glowingly of

> rival lines of packet boats, some very handsomely fitted up; their four horses were matched teams of either black, bay or grey, and the best that could be found; the captains and owners took great pride in their teams, which were beautifully harnessed, and kept up a speed of four or five miles an hour. There was no motion felt, and when in the cabin it was hard to tell if the boat was underway. In pleasant weather most of the passengers sat on the trunks on deck, and had a fine view of the country. Some caution was required, however. When one happened to be standing, and the driver gave a snap of his whip, the horses would give the boat a sudden start, which might throw a passenger off. Again, as the bridges which on almost every farm crossed the Canal were then very low, one must stoop as he passed or be knocked overboard, and the continued cry of the helmsman was "Low bridge! Heads down!;" which kept one on the lookout. The fare was so much a mile "and found," and the boats provided a very comfortable table. At night berths were made up on either side, each just wide enough to hold an ordinary person; they were three high, and supported by cords from the ceiling. Lots being drawn . . . it often created much merriment to see a very large man trying to get into an upper berth, while the holder of the number for the under one looked on with fear lest the cords might break and let his companion down. The ladies' cabin was in the front of the boat, separated by long curtains, which were thrown open in the daytime.[9]

The Phelps group spent three days visiting in the Finger Lakes country, to which "western" region at least two of Anson's brothers and several cousins had emigrated. During the round of visits, they traveled from place to place by stagecoach. At Canandaigua, they had trouble getting seats for Rochester and the family had to split up, Papa taking one coach and the young ones another. Both conveyances broke down, and they were greatly delayed. "Agreed not to recommend the stages at Canandaigua," Caroline noted.

At Rochester, they reembarked on the canal for the ninety-three-mile haul to Buffalo. This time the trip was more as William E. Dodge recalled it. They were in a "swift" packet boat with congenial temperance fellow passengers and good food. They reached Buffalo at one o'clock in the morning. "A deputation was then sent to the principal public house," Caroline wrote, "but no beds could be obtained; so, at two in the morning, we laid ourselves on the hard beds in the ladies' cabin, thankful that we were not three tiers thick, as in the gentlemen's apartments. In the morning rode to the Eagle Tavern, and found a resting-place."

A scene on the Erie Canal, from a watercolor by George Harvey, 1837.
The New York State Historical Association

Caroline was distressed not to be able to join the rest of the family as they set forth from the tavern for the temperance meeting, but she had caught cold and had the toothache again. She "passed a most uncomfortable night, and arose with the determination to seek the dentist without delay. Accordingly had the cold iron applied about ten."

Whatever that treatment was, it proved successful, for after a day's and night's rest, she "rose much refreshed" and was off with the rest of them to see Niagara Falls. They went by steamboat to a small town three miles from the falls and by stage from there, "it being dangerous to proceed any farther in the rapid current." When they arrived, there was still an hour and a half of time before dinner—dinner was always taken in the middle of the day—so even though "much fatigued," the whole temperance party "set out in a body for the Table Rock, descending a rugged path two hundred feet."

"After we had stood for some time in perfect silence," Caroline continued, "each one occupied with their own reflections on the scene, Mr. Kirk assembled us all to hear a fine description of the Falls in poetry, written by William Goodell.[g] As far as I could judge it was very good, though we lost some part of it, as it was with great difficulty he could elevate his voice above the mighty roar of the cataract."

Caroline's narrative ended with a description of how young Anson and Harriet, "in fantastical oil-cloth dresses, prepared to pass under the great sheet of water." On their return trip, the travelers boarded the lake steamer *Cobourg* and went up Lake Ontario to Kingston, thence through the Thousand Islands and on down the St. Lawrence River to Montreal and Quebec. They then went via Lake Champlain to Lake George, stopped several days at Saratoga Springs, and got back to New York at the very end of July.[10]

[g] Edward Norris Kirk (1802-1874) was at the time an Albany clergyman widely known as a promoter of revivals and a lecturer in behalf of temperance. Goodell (1792-1878) was a temperance reformer.

* 4 *

TWO THINGS OF FAMILY IMPORTANCE happened not long after the journey to Buffalo and back. In the first place, Caroline began to see more of James Stokes, the older brother of her dead fiancé, Josiah. Second, in the spring of 1835, the Phelpses moved uptown to a large estate of some thirty acres at Kip's Bay on the East River between Twenty-ninth and Thirty-first streets.

The youngest Phelps girl, Olivia, wrote that she was "very much surprised to hear that we are going to move." That year, she was attending the Moravian Seminary in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, where her parents visited her and told her their plans. Writing to her sister Caroline in New York, she said: "From moving so often within the last few years it seems as though we could not keep still more than one or two years in a place, does it? How do you like the thought of moving again?" In the twenty years that they had been in New York, the Phelps family had moved at least five times. "From what Mama told me (but she did not tell me much about it) I expect it is a very pleasant place and one in which I should be delighted to live," Olivia continued. "I suppose you will only about get settled by the time I come home in June."

The house, which the Phelpses named Clifton House, had been built and the grounds laid out some thirty years before by a Dutch merchant named Henry Costar. Anson Phelps bought it from his widow, who had become Mrs. David Hosack.[h] It was described as "a large house with a broad portico and high columns, a garden sloping down to the river, a fine old avenue of horse chestnuts leading up to the front door." The floor of the basement story was paved with Dutch tiles, brought expressly from Holland, as were the bricks with which the house was filled in. The gardens and grounds had been planted with "the finest and rarest fruits, flowers, and shrubs." There was even a Cedar of Lebanon said to have been transplanted direct from the Syrian slopes.

[h] Dr. David Hosack (1769-1835) was one of New York's best-known physicians. He attended Alexander Hamilton after his fatal duel with Aaron Burr in 1804.

The residence of Anson Greene Phelps on the East River at 30th Street.
Author's collection

The place was quite isolated when they moved to it, there being only two or three neighbors. "The city lay two miles away, with only an hourly stage to span the distance. A private lane up to the gates, running thence to join the 'Old Boston Road' at Ninth Street, was the only way of approach; said lane being winding by day and wholly dark at night."

Said lane could also be wholly muddy at times, and old Mrs. Thomas Stokes down at West Washington Place said she could tell by the extra mud on his boots when her son James had been visiting Miss Caroline Phelps. "One day she told him that a Phelps neighbor had seen a hat lying in the road, and at once sent out a servant to look under it, for nobody could tell what might happen."[11]

James Stokes was thirty-one years old in 1835. As a youth he had been sent with his brothers Josiah and Henry to a boarding school at Rhinebeck, up the Hudson, kept by a Baptist minister, the Reverend Robert Scott. Scott had a beautiful daughter, Penelope, just a bit older than his pupils. Anson Phelps Stokes told about his father's school life at Scott's:

> Father told me that he came near being whipped by Mr. Scott for making the boys laugh by the way in which he recited his grammar lesson: "A verb is a word denoting action, being, or passion, as, I love Penelope, and Penelope loves me." Mr. Scott said, "Mr. Stokes will remain after the class." Father fully expected a whipping, but the daughter came and spoke to her father and my father escaped. . . . Father told me that at this boarding school on Sundays they used to pass the ginger bread around a second time to teach the boys to say 'No I thank you,' and that a favorite punishment was giving them chapters of the Bible to commit to memory.[12]

After Mr. Scott's, James boarded for six months in the family of a French doctor, a refugee from Toussaint L'Ouverture's slave rebellion in Haiti, in order to learn French and Spanish, and then began his business career. Since his family lived far uptown, he stayed for some years in lodgings "at the Bowling Green on the corner of the Battery," spending only Sundays at home. Another of his sons told a story of one of these Sundays, when he offered a ride back downtown to a young lady, supposedly a friend of his sister: "He was driving down, and when he got opposite the Astor House, he ran over a pig that was wallowing in the mire, and nearly upset the buggy and the horse ran away, and he was unable to stop the horse until it got down to St. George's Circle at the foot of Broadway, because he had his arm entangled in the dress of the young lady, to whom he was quite attentive."[13]

In the rooms above his own at Number 17 Battery Place lived Aaron Burr, formerly vice-president under Thomas Jefferson. Burr was then an old man dragging out his existence after being totally discredited for killing Alexander Ham-

ilton in a duel and for plotting against the United States in Louisiana. James Stokes later told his children that he used to hear old Burr walking back and forth overhead during the long nights.

James worked with his father in the cloth-importing business until Thomas Stokes died in 1832, when he took it over. He went to England and France in 1833 to get to know his suppliers, and several times met up with the sight-seeing Phelps family. In fact, Anson Phelps Stokes said, "Father had sailed from New York shortly before them, and they met repeatedly abroad. I remember hearing my parents jokingly dispute as to which had followed the other about Europe." The courtship of Caroline by James continued when she and her family returned to New York and moved uptown. He was tall and handsome and something of a dandy. A contemporary said of him that "no young man carried himself better," and added that "he had a cloth cloak, all of one piece, and threw one end over his shoulder in a way no one could do so well." He was fond of spirited horses, enjoyed both riding and driving, and liked to go deer shooting and trout fishing. His Baptist background apparently did not keep him from drinking fine wines and spirits; he loved to dance, and was, according to a son, "an inveterate smoker—thought he could not write a letter well without a cigar in his mouth."

Since Caroline was worried that her brother, Anson, Jr., was smoking too much, James gave up the habit, supposedly smoking his last cigar "when shaving for his marriage," and since she had been taught to look upon such levities as theatergoing and dancing as sinful, he also gave up dancing. Later, though, he sometimes tried to make Caroline dance. "I remember he would put his arm around her waist," one of their sons wrote, "and lifting her from the floor, would waltz with her, while her face showed an amusing mixture of pleasure at his attention and of fear lest she might commit a sin by yielding at all to an amusement that might be considered irreligious." He did continue to enjoy wine and spirits despite marrying into a strong temperance family. Anson Phelps had forsworn whiskey back in 1813, and gave up wine shortly after Caroline's wedding. Anson, Jr., at the wedding drank too much champagne with the result that he and the bride both took the pledge. Some years later, when Daniel James' English partner, Thomas Banks, came to New York and stayed with the teetotal Anson Phelps, he used to escape to the Stokeses', where James "saved his life" with after-dinner port.

Anson Phelps did not record his feelings about James Stokes in his diary. He had loved the brother, Josiah, and still mourned his loss; one wonders whether the length of time that passed before James was admitted to partnership in the firm—he did not join until 1849—is evidence that he was not equally appreciated. At any rate, he and Caroline were married in the Phelps house on April 12, 1837. Here is a description of the occasion reconstructed years later by one of their daughters:

The great house, with its beautiful conservatory, was of course made as brilliant as possible. . . . The bridal party assembled in one of the oldfashioned square parlors, and the folding doors were thrown back to admit the guests.

Dr. Skinner[i] performed the ceremony. Before him stood the bride in white satin, the waist cut low, and the neck screened with a fichu of white lace, short puffed sleeves, and long white gloves reaching up to meet the sleeves. Round the waist was a belt and sash, embossed with silver. Of the bridegroom's gear, nothing is known except that he wore a white satin waistcoat sprigged with gold. The bridesmaids were three. . . . They wore dresses of 'peacock silk,' of a light yellow shade, simply trimmed with soft white lace. There were also three groomsmen.

The supper table was laid in the large hall, and loaded with every delicacy. . . . As the brilliant light poured through the windows . . . a throng of men and boys (perhaps women, too) gathered in from the neighborhood and surrounded the house—listening to the music, basking in the glare, studying the dresses, watching the plates heaped with dainty things. . . .

Later on in the evening—the bridal party gone and the guests all departed—Mr. Phelps bade the waiters bring up relays of oysters, ice-cream, and charlotte russe, and load the tables once more. . . . Opening wide the outside doors . . . he brought in the whole outstanding crowd of unwashed, undressed, unfed watchers of the joy; seated them at the tables and bade them 'help themselves,' eagerly urging it upon them, and keeping the supply full. Mrs. Phelps, with housewifely care, suggested that the silver should be put away, but not willing to show distrust of those who were enjoying his hospitality, Mr. Phelps said no; and later in the evening it was shown that his confidence was not misplaced.[14]

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THE WEDDING HAD BEEN A GREAT OCCASION for family and neighbors alike, but there had been a terrible sense of anxiety hanging like a cloud over the festivities. The Panic of 1837, brought on by overextended credit and inflation during a period of exuberant expansion, had just struck the business community, and the new firm of Phelps, Dodge & Co. was in trouble. Anson Phelps wrote in his diary: "Owing to the great gloom of commercial affairs not only here but elsewhere the wedding was to me anything but joyful, and every day since the gloom has been growing thicker and thicker, and not a day passes but a

[i] Thomas Harvey Skinner (1791-1871), pastor of the Mercer Street Presbyterian Church from 1835 to 1848.

number of respectable houses fail . . . and it now seems that everything which I possess in the world is exposed to be swept away with a single stroke. Never did such gloom before cover my prospects both here and in England."

Daniel James in Liverpool could no longer make a profit on the cotton his partners had been shipping him from New York and New Orleans—cotton was at its lowest price in twenty years—and therefore he could not buy tinplate from the English manufacturers. Anson Phelps and William Dodge no longer had customers for tinplate, because both construction and manufacturing in America had practically stopped, and so the trade between the houses of Phelps, James in Liverpool and Phelps, Dodge in New York dried to a mere trickle. For a while in the late spring and summer of 1837, Phelps, Dodge had actually to suspend payments, and Daniel James wrote from Liverpool, "we are struggling for existence like a drowning man."

James Stokes proved his value as the newest son-in-law by stepping in with a large loan to help them over the crisis. According to his son, at the time of his marriage he had given up business, "considering he had enough means for his wants," but after a time found that "his friends . . . were too busy for conversation, etc." He wrote to Daniel James in September of the panic year:

> I sincerely sympathize with you in your temporary embarrassments, and hope all your gloomy days have been completed—and after all the thick clouds with their thunder and lightning have passed away—that the sun may shine brighter than ever—the atmosphere be finer, and healthier—and the lessons of wisdom you all may have learned more than compensate you in happiness for all the anxiety, and trouble, you have passed through.

"We feel thankful that Father Phelps bears up so well," he continued. "I think they done well to heave to, and ascertain the extent of damages, and repair the ship." Daniel James' English partner, Thomas Banks, had come to New York for consultations during the crisis, and Stokes said, "I fear we have not made his visit as agreeable as he anticipated. If he will come again, *with his wife*, come in better times, I will promise him more pleasure."

"I anticipated by this time to have been in some business," James Stokes wrote of his own situation, "but these times offer no inducement. However so soon as I find an opportunity I shall embrace it, as I hate to be out of business."

While awaiting the opportunity, he amused himself with riding and driving and with fishing and shooting at an uncle's country estate near Forestburg, New York. From there, he sent a letter to his wife in December 1837:

> While we have been here we have been on our feet from 5 a.m. to 9 p.m. Without dinner until 6 o'clock—and in one instance from 2 a.m. Our ac-

commodations are not quite equal to the Astor House, but they are as good as can be had in the wilderness—we have bread (sour) in abundance and have the promise of buckwheat cakes and sausages tomorrow. . . . Last evening it commenced snowing, and we anticipate much sport in consequence. . . . I shot a fine Buck, the quarter of which Clinton promised to deliver to you, which you will please devour and think of the hunters when you drink healths. . . . Anson is well and sends love to all.[j] [15]

The Stokeses since their honeymoon had been living with her parents; it was in the big Phelps house overlooking the East River that the first of their ten children was born on Washington's Birthday 1838, and named Anson Greene Phelps Stokes. In the spring, they moved into a house of their own in Christopher Street, near Washington Square, but left the city for the summer. According to Caroline's diary, they took a driving tour in a buggy to Lenox, Pittsfield, and other points in western Massachusetts. Baby Anson was placed part of the time on a pillow in the hood of the buggy. They spent the month of August in Pittsfield and then returned to New York. On the following April Fool's Day, James Stokes wrote somewhat facetiously to his sister-in-law Elizabeth James in Liverpool:

The all-absorbing topic throughout our country is War, which I hope may never take place; if it should, you must not be surprised at seeing me at the head of my Regiment (the Governor's Guards), which rank I shall be entitled to in the event of being called out. The idea makes me feel quite savage.[16]

Rebellions had broken out in Lower and Upper Canada (now Quebec and Ontario respectively) in 1837 and 1838, uprisings against the "Establishment" of crown and Tory gentry which were fueled by the business panic. Many of the rebels escaped across the unfortified border into the United States, where most people favored their cause and helped them to stage raids back into Canada. Even though President Martin Van Buren proclaimed United States neutrality and despatched General Winfield Scott with troops to enforce it, the British once again became furious with their former colonies. Anglo-American relations became extremely touchy, and one wonders whether James Stokes' business judgment was as shrewd as it might have been when a month later he decided, apparently on the spur of the moment, to go back to purchasing and importing English cloth.

"James has quite suddenly with only one day's consideration entered into a

[j] Clinton Gilbert was married to James Stokes' sister and Anson Phelps, Jr., was of course Caroline's brother.

business engagement with a Mr. Shapter and Mr. Walton," his wife, Caroline, wrote to her sister Elizabeth. "Mr. Shapter heard through Papa that J. was thinking of the same business, and immediately made proposals to him, which he accepted. This may bring us to England before long, and I shall not be sorry. Indeed I tell J. I am ready at any time, for England has seemed very near to me since you resided there. If we should decide on this, write me immediately whether any articles of furniture can be advantageously exported from here. We have some articles, such for instance as our Library Case which I should regret to part with."

Caroline said that James was "with the gentlemen this evening and I feel very lonesome." Then she chatted on about family affairs: "Yesterday Papa came in his splendid open barouche for Anson and I," she wrote, "and we spent a most delightful day, feasting on fresh vegetables and milk and enjoying the scenery." The dressmaker was in residence at her mother's house, and she said, "Mama is quite in her element with Miss McLean again, making *black India* satin, *merino, muslin*, etc."

Her thoughts returned at the end of her letter to her husband's business arrangement. Stokes, Shapter and Walton were going to import fine cloths and fancy men's wear, as Thomas Stokes and Son had done, and the plan was that James Stokes would live in London and do the buying. "Indeed I cannot realize that we are going to make such a move," Caroline said, "just settled as we are so pleasantly and having only thought of it for one day previous to the making out of the papers. However dear J. has thought of the business for some time and I trust that it is all directed by a kind Providence, for it has not been of his own asking. One thing I rejoice in, that Mr. Shapter if not Mr. Walton is professedly pious."[17]

So in June 1839, James and Caroline Stokes with their little son Anson sailed for England in the ship *United States*, commanded by Captain John Fisher. Upon arrival in Liverpool, James Stokes and two fellow passengers presented the captain with "a beautiful piece of plate." Fisher's letter of thanks mentioned that it was given "in the name of the passengers of the 'U. States' upon her last passage from N. York," and he said, "I am most happy that my poor endeavors to make everything as pleasant as possible during my passage has met with the approval of all on board."[18]

Caroline, who was well along in her second pregnancy, stayed with the Jameses in Liverpool while James Stokes went off to establish business connections and to find them a place to live in London. Elizabeth James was also pregnant, and the two babies were born within weeks of each other at the end of August and the beginning of September. Caroline's daughter was named Elizabeth James Stokes, and Elizabeth was going to call her boy James Stokes James, but

decided it would not sound well. Unfortunately, little Henry Stokes James, as he was named instead, only lived three months.

James Stokes took a lease on a house in Milton Street, Dorset Square, in the West End of London and found an office in Tokenhouse Yard, not far from the Bank of England. The windows at the back of their house looked on to open fields, and in this third year of the reign of Queen Victoria, a cow was brought daily to their back gate to give fresh milk for the babies. Their son Anson later wrote: "I think Father would have greatly enjoyed permanently living in England. He liked English people and they liked him. He appeared and talked like an Englishman," but, he said, "the disturbed conditions of business in America and in England and the violent political discussions regarding the late Panic of 1837-38, as well as the United States and Canadian boundary question[k] made this a difficult time to establish a new business between England and America."[19] So the Stokeses returned to New York in less than a year, and soon after their return, James Stokes' erstwhile partners sold him their shares of the business. In January 1841, he published a circular saying:

> Having purchased all the right, title, and interest of Peter Shapter and John T. Walton in the late firm of Stokes, Shapter and Walton, I take the liberty to inform you that the business will be continued in my own name and for my own account.
>
> I intend to import and keep on hand a full and complete assortment of everything required by the trade—Cloth and Cassimeres of all kinds, Waistcoatings, Buttons, etc.[20]

The Stokes family lived with Mr. and Mrs. Phelps at Clifton House[l] until Anson Phelps renovated the former gardener's lodge and greenhouse on the Kip's Bay estate, transforming it into a residence for his daughter and son-in-law. James Stokes apparently carried on the wholesale cloth business until he joined Phelps, Dodge in 1849.

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BUSINESS CONTINUED TO GO BADLY for Phelps, Dodge for several years after the Panic of 1837, and in the late autumn of 1839 and the winter of

[k] After the fuss over border raids died down, Senator Daniel Webster and Britain's Lord Ashburton in 1842 settled the boundary question by treaty.

[l] The ex-gardener's lodge became Clifton Cottage to match the Phelps' Clifton House, which was also the name used for Elizabeth and Daniel James' country place at Rock Ferry, outside Liverpool. Anson Phelps, Jr., gave the same name to the house he later built at Tarrytown. One wonders why "Clifton" was used so frequently.

1840, William E. Dodge made a long trip south to see what could be done to restore the firm's ailing trade. He went first to Philadelphia and Baltimore, then down to Charleston and on to Augusta, Macon, and Columbus, Georgia, and to Montgomery, Alabama. He took a riverboat from Montgomery to Mobile, and a Gulf boat from there to New Orleans, arriving there about Christmas time. It is recorded that the journey cost $223.25.

William by this year was a family man: Melissa's first two children were stillborn, but now they had three little boys and a baby daughter, and he missed them all. His father-in-law wrote that Melissa and the children had spent New Year's Day with the Phelpses and had enjoyed a sleigh ride to Harlem. "I hope you will be able to raise some funds," he continued. "Our great object will be to collect and pay up and be careful never again to scatter property as we have done."[21]

Phelps, Dodge's agents in New Orleans had proved thoroughly unsatisfactory, and one of William's main tasks was to wind up his firm's connection with them. He was also to try to collect outstanding debts from merchants in the Mississippi watershed who had bought on credit. As negotiations dragged, he had plenty of time to think about the causes and effects of the depression. "The people of the whole United States have been acting under a delusion," he wrote to Melissa. "The *unnatural* prosperity resulting from the Credit System has been taken for *real*, and it has been carried to such an extent that now its overthrow must be the ruin of thousands." For himself, he felt he had spent far too much time "occupied with business and its anxieties," while neglecting "my duties to God, my family, the church, and the world." He promised that "while I have no idea of slighting business, I will not hereafter undertake more than I can attend to without neglecting other and more important things," and resolved to give up "living so that my children will be led to conclude that the great object in life is to make money."

William was not very favorably impressed by life in the South as he saw it that winter and spring of 1840. In New Orleans in mid-February, "orange trees are hanging full, and the peach trees all over the city are in bloom, and the green grass looks like May," but "the city is so low the water cannot run off . . . and stands all around the outskirts in a deep green stagnant state. . . . I do not wonder they have the yellow fever." When he made his first steamboat trip on the Mississippi, traveling upriver to Vicksburg in pursuit of bad debts, he told Melissa:

> Here you see the Southern planter in all his glory. The banks are lined with sugar plantations, and some of them present a fine appearance.
>
> The large sugar-houses with their tall chimnies, and the quarters of the slaves, which are comfortable wooden cottages all placed in regular order, each with its little garden . . . sometimes thirty or forty houses together, painted white, with red roofs, make each plantation as you approach it look

like a small village. The residences of the planters are often large buildings, with piazzas and pillars, all surrounded with noble live-oaks and other evergreens affording a beautiful shade; but the curse of slavery is stamped upon everything. The children are brought up to call a slave for the least thing they want, without any idea of helping themselves. A young lady cannot go on board a steamboat without her black or mulatto girl. The young men must have their servants to stand behind them at dinner.

He thought the Mississippi steamboats "generally . . . more comfortable and elegant than any we have at the North, with fine large staterooms and airy cabins," and mentioned the amount of traffic on the great river. "We are constantly passing steamboats and flats, or arks, on their way to New Orleans, loaded with the produce of the West." From the steamer *Edward Shippen*, he wrote to Melissa that

> The current against us is very strong, but we make about two hundred and fifty miles every twenty-four hours. We stop occasionally to "wood," and it is a curious sight. We have on board two hundred men as deck passengers, who pay their way in part by helping to take in wood. In a half-hour they will carry on their backs thirty cords from the shore to the boat. They run down the river on rafts or arks, and before steam navigation they would walk home some fifteen hundred to two thousand miles.

Downriver on a loaded raft, upriver by steamboat; William was describing the exact trip made a few years before by an ungainly young backwoodsman from Indiana, Abraham Lincoln.

Once arrived at Vicksburg, William commented rather acidly on the Mississippi courts, which he saw in session there. "It is curious to see how they do things," he said, "and notice the jurors, lawyers and judges. The floor is covered with sawdust several inches deep, to prevent its being flooded with tobacco-juice. When not smoking, the people chew beyond anything I ever saw. The lawyers sit with their legs on the tables, and the judge leans back and puts his on the desk; and then they examine witnesses and crossfire at each other, seldom getting up until they are ready to sum up the case. Still they have some very able lawyers." He added that because of the failure of so many businesses, "almost every man in the State is at law: such men as you see in the Court-house yard, lying on the grass, or sitting in every style, anxiety and distress on many faces."

William also attended a slave auction in Vicksburg, and described it to Melissa:

> I saw last week a fine little fellow about eight years old sold at auction. As usual, they were a long time at it, and many asked him idle questions. He

> paid little attention to them, but kept his eyes on the bidders. At last he was struck off; and when he saw who had bought him, he burst out crying, and being asked what was the matter, he replied: "I want to live with Mr. ____, because then I can see my mother."

"Slavery is an awful thing, and God will yet punish this nation, and especially the South, for this sin and the other evils resulting from it," William wrote after witnessing the auction. He admitted that the Abolitionists, led by William Lloyd Garrison, had a point, but said that "they go the wrong way to remove slavery."[22]

At this time, William was more sympathetic to the aims of the American Colonization Society, one of his father-in-law's favorite organizations, which had been founded in 1817. In 1821, the society had bought land on the West African shore, named it Liberia, and had begun recruiting former slaves to settle there. More quietly the members, who had included Presidents James Madison and James Monroe, encouraged slave owners to free their negroes so that they, too, might return to the land of their ancestors. It was a way for merchants like Phelps to salve their uneasy consciences without antagonizing their cotton-growing suppliers.

Anson Phelps and his family took a personal interest in the early development of Liberia, as can be seen from a letter written to Caroline Phelps Stokes by Jane Roberts, wife of Liberia's governor, J. J. Roberts. The son of freed slaves from Petersburg, Virginia, Roberts became Liberia's first president when it declared itself an independent nation in 1847. Although the slave trade had been outlawed by both Great Britain and the United States, it still flourished (Samuel Eliot Morison estimated that between 1840 and 1847, some 440,000 slaves were illegally exported from West Africa). This letter, dated Monrovia, June 24, 1846, speaks of a slave-carrying ship that had evidently been forced ashore there:

> I am happy to acknowledge the receipt of your kind favor of April 30th by the barque *Chatham* which arrived in our harbor on the 8th inst. I intended to write to you long before this time, but always when an opportunity offered my health has been too feeble to allow me to write or other circumstances have prevented. If you will excuse me for the past, in future I will try to keep up our correspondence by every opportunity. I was truly pleased to find that the circumstances of the captives landed in this colony from the Slave ship *Pond* had awakened such an interest in the U. S., and that the sympathies of the American people had been enlisted in behalf of these poor sufferers. I have often read of the sufferings on board Slave ships but had formed no correct idea of the horrors of the middle passage,—as it is termed. It was enough to make one's heart bleed to witness the sufferings of these poor creatures. I never saw such a stir among our people as when those captives were landed. All appeared anxious to relieve their wants, and with

one voice came forward to take them in their families and do the best they could for them. The missionaries took one hundred.

Mrs. Wilkins, that good missionary lady, though she had a large school before, received thirty of the Girls in her family, and to my knowledge has done a mother's part by nursing them when sick. She has watched by their bedside day and night—anticipating all their wants.

We have in our family sixteen boys and two girls,—the latter—as you have been advised—named after yourself and your sister Olivia. They are interesting girls, and improve rapidly in speaking English and learning their little lessons. Many of the boys turned out badly, and have given our people considerable trouble, notwithstanding we have been heavily taxed to provide for them. Owing to the large numbers unexpectedly thrown upon the Community, provisions have been very scarce during the last month or two, and the arrival of the *Chatham* with supplies will greatly relieve us.

I am most happy to hear of the uninterrupted health of yourself and dear family. I thank the Lord my own health is now improving. I have had several severe attacks since my return home. [The Roberts family had been in the United States in 1844 and had visited the Phelpses and Stokeses in New York.] About two months ago, I remained dangerously ill for three weeks, occasioned by an injury I received while riding to our little farm. The horse, for some cause, made a sudden start, which gave me a wrench that produced a miscarriage, the second since I saw you.

I should be happy of the acquaintance of your dear little Thomas [Thomas Stokes was born in January 1845], and particularly so if I could introduce him to a young Liberian. Please say to Miss Elizabeth that I shall remember her when I see the girls with the neat little check frocks. Tell her also that Sarah Ann [the Roberts' daughter] is much pleased with the two little books, and often speaks of Grand Pa and Grand Mamma, as she called your father and mother, and "that little girl," meaning little Elizabeth.

We are still suffering from the want of a competent female teacher; if none arrives soon Mr. Roberts talks of sending Sarah Ann to America. I would prefer to have her educated here if possible. Her Uncle Henry takes passage in this vessel for the U. S., and the other day she packed up her trunk and told me she wanted to go to America to see her good friends. Now I must close, wishing you the enjoyment of Heaven's choicest blessings.[23]

The little republic struggled on through many vicissitudes, not least the effort to control the indigenous black tribes who were there when the Americans arrived, but the dream of transferring vast numbers of former slaves to Liberia from the United States never materialized. In forty years, about 15,000 emigrated, but even that trickle had virtually dried up by the time of the Civil War, and it never resumed.

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THE FACT THAT WILLIAM MADE THE LONG TRIP to the South in 1840 must have relieved and to some extent reassured his brother-in-law Daniel James in Liverpool. James was a great worrier and much more cautious than either Anson Phelps or William E. Dodge. He thought of his father-in-law as a wild plunger, and in his letters from England complained constantly about Phelps' ventures into real estate, lumbering, and brass and copper manufacturing. In February 1838, for instance, he had written to William that "our credit is pretty good again but I do not want Father to know exactly how good it is or he will I fear keep us short of funds, using the money for speculations in lands, houses, etc."

William, in much closer contact with their joint father-in-law, could not agree, especially as some of these outside ventures were helping to keep the firm going in bad times. In particular, the sale of white pine lumber from the forests of northwestern Pennsylvania brought in much-needed profits. This was a sideline which William E. Dodge himself had pioneered in the days when he was still in his dry-goods partnership with Huntington. Someone then, in payment of a debt, had turned over to him a thousand acres of land along Pine Creek, in Tioga County, Pennsylvania. In 1836, he and Anson Phelps were offered a chance to buy more. William went to investigate the wilderness area; here are some of the notes he made on his journey:

> Left Jersey Shore, Lycoming County to go up Pine Creek. The stream much swollen by recent rains. Spent the night at Butternut Island. In the morning took a canoe and went over to the island; suitable place for building saw-mills; could put a dam across one of the channels, and make a pond to hold securely some thirty thousand logs. Wednesday morning rode twenty-five miles through the woods before coming to the settlement at Babb's Farm on Crooked Fork. . . . On Friday spent ten hours visiting different

> tracts. . . . Found some logs thirteen to fifteen feet around. Pine, oak, and hemlock abundant, with little underbrush; soil rich, timber heavy. . . . Rode thirty miles on horseback through the woods. . . . Returned down the river by scow, stopping to examine different tracts. . . . We glide along at about four miles an hour. . . . Had a delightful run, arriving at the Susquehanna River at seven o'clock P.M. . . . Next day enjoyed a pleasant sail. Fine farms on both sides, reached Williamsport at noon.

William's notes on the potential profitability of taking up this option showed that *he* was certainly no wild plunger:

> For fear of errors, deduct one half; to be very careful, deduct one half again, in these days of speculation, we will once more deduct one half; as everything appears to be going to the bottom, we will another time deduct a half; on account of the destruction of the United States Bank[m] we will go another half. Half of this final amount will be the share of Phelps, Dodge & Co. Now deduct the original cost, and the remainder will be profit.[24]

Having thus figured the odds, he and his father-in-law decided to make the investment. Over the years they added to it, buying vast additional tracts of land and building sawmills at various points along the creeks and rivers. They sent the lumber to Port Deposit, Md., where the Susquehanna River reaches the Chesapeake Bay, and established a large lumberyard for storage and sales at Baltimore, where Daniel James' younger brother Henry was put in charge.

Both Anson Phelps and William Dodge were concerned for the spiritual welfare of the lumbermen and their families. On an inspection trip in November 1836, Phelps was shocked to find "no church nor stated preaching of the Gospel" in the otherwise pleasant village of Wellsborough, and in his diary added, "I hope the Lord will enable me to do something towards supplying their want." Evidently He did: the diary entry for July 19, 1840, noted that "my dear companion and I went to Tioga County, Pa., to assist in dedicating a Presbyterian Church," at Manchester. That town's name was promptly changed to Ansonia. The Phelps, Dodge agents throughout the area were kept supplied from the Cliff Street offices with quantities of religious and temperance tracts to distribute among the employees.

Their physical welfare came second to the state of their souls, but this, too, was looked after: Phelps, Dodge built a flour mill (which turned in a tidy profit), op-

[m] The Bank of the United States, originally modeled by Alexander Hamilton on the Bank of England, was thought by President Andrew Jackson to work against the interests of the common man. He succeeded in closing it down, and there was no substitute for it until 1913, when Woodrow Wilson persuaded Congress to establish the Federal Reserve System.

erated company stores, and had boardinghouses for workers adjacent to the sawmills.[n] Yet the idea of providing for the future of the area by reforestation apparently never occurred to any of them. In the early days of the lumber business—indeed almost to the end of the nineteenth century—forest owners took everything they could and when it was gone, the woods stripped and blasted, they moved elsewhere. While the Pennsylvania timber lasted—some thirty-five years—it was a great and thriving undertaking for Anson Phelps and for William E. Dodge and several of his sons. At the outset, it was a sideline that proved extremely helpful. As one of the agents wrote while the post-1837 depression was still on, underlining each of his words, "*This lumber business is what you can count on, not like cotton or tin-plate—changing every new moon.*"[25]

Both Anson Phelps and William E. Dodge had responsibility for Phelps, Dodge's lumber operations, which grew steadily in size and area until the 1880s. However, after Anson's death the management of these holdings was separated from the parent firm and devolved upon several of William's younger sons.

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ANSON PHELPS HAD BEEN INVOLVED in copper and brass manufacturing even before he got into lumbering. As previously mentioned, he was one of the pioneers of the industry in the Naugatuck valley of Connecticut. He started by making kettles at Wolcottville in the early 1830s, then opened plants to roll out copper and to draw copper wire at Birmingham, and eventually concentrated his enterprises further down the valley at a place which—like the village in Pennsylvania—was named Ansonia in his honor. These factories did well from the beginning, turning out such products as "sheet brass, sheet copper, brass wire and pins, brass door rails, brass kettles, brass tubing, lamp burners, skirt trimmings, copper rivets and burrs, braziers and bolt copper, copper wire, copper bottoms, fence wire, a large selection of brass clocks, and other sundry items."[26]

[n] In 1977, my husband and I found ourselves in Tioga County and decided to see what remained of all this. In Ansonia, Pa. (formerly Manchester, formerly Wellsborough) we found the church Anson Phelps and his "dear companion" had helped dedicate, but it was locked. We proceeded further down the road and found the former workers' boardinghouse—it had a "Bar and Grill" sign so we went in and ordered beer and hamburgers. One of our fellow diners allowed as how he knew where the key to the church was. We followed him back to the church; he reached under one of the entrance steps, produced the key and proudly showed us the interior. I asked if I might look in the front of the large old Bible, which lay open on the lectern. There on the flyleaf was an inscription: "Presented to the church in Manchester, Tioga County, by William E. Dodge, September 1840." A note from the current church secretary added the information that when William and Melissa made their first visit to France in 1844, "Mrs. Dodge purchased a large bell from an old French mission. The 800 pound bell was found to be cracked. . . . Before it was raised to the church belfry, several holes were drilled in the casting to prevent the crack from spreading. The bell is still in service today."

Copper mill [*on water at left*] *of Anson G. Phelps, Birmingham, Connecticut* [*Birmingham is now Derby*].
Phelps Dodge Corp.

The mills were run for many years by Anson's nephew, Peter Phelps, and later by another longtime employee, G. R. Cowles. They were Anson Phelps' own favorite project, perhaps because his Connecticut roots ran so deep. After James Stokes joined the firm, he also helped to supervise this branch of Phelps, Dodge's activities. In the period 1837-1845, these brass and copper mills were helpful when it came to riding out the financial storm, even though Daniel James—his horizon bounded by cotton and tinplate—made sour remarks in his lectures from Liverpool to the effect that a merchant should not be a manufacturer.

Also, before Phelps and Peck became Phelps, Dodge & Co., Anson Phelps had bought controlling interest in a bank in northwestern New Jersey, the Union Bank of Dover. A good temperance friend, one Thomas B. Segur, ran it. "For forwarding funds from New York to the Union Bank schemes were devised which today would bring a smile to any banker's lips," wrote one biographer. "After informing Phelps that the bank would have to pay $2,000 to the Morris Canal Co., a sum which would have to be brought from New York, Thomas Segur suggested: 'If you do up the Dover money . . . in a real woman's bundle and let someone go with Mrs. Segur to Jersey City and see her safely settled in the cars with it in her lap I will meet her at the cars here and there will be no difficulty, I presume. Don't let her stray so far off as not to get to the cars before half past three P.M.' " Considering that $2,000 then would be worth ten to twenty times that amount today, it was quite a sum to entrust to the lap of Mrs. Segur!

This bank was very useful to Phelps, Dodge for converting the various state bank notes and currencies then existing into usable funds, and "since the Dover bank notes were redeemable on presentation in New York at the offices of Phelps, Dodge & Co. the bank became well known throughout the Middle West as one of the solvent banks of the nation, and its notes were accepted without question."[27] The firm held onto the Union Bank of Dover after Anson Phelps' death, only giving it up when the national banking system and a common currency came into effect in 1863.

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THERE WAS STILL ANOTHER FIELD in which the partners invested early on: the nation's fast-expanding railroads. It was plain to see that railroads would greatly help their business—all business, for that matter. Anson Phelps worked with Timothy Dwight—grandson and namesake of a Yale president—to found the Naugatuck Valley Railroad, while the first road in which both he and William E. Dodge had an interest was the New York and Erie. This line was planned to join New York City with the Great Lakes, but when they first entered its affairs, it had only progressed as far as Goshen, New York, and it needed more money

desperately. William "took a leading part in arousing the New York merchants to the benefits that would accrue to the city and to themselves when this railroad was completed," said one of his biographers. He wrote letters to the newspapers and went "from office to office and from store to store soliciting subscriptions. At a large gathering of merchants in 1845, he turned a despondent group into an enthusiastic one by springing upon a chair and clearly and forcibly stating the benefits to both the community and the state that would inevitably follow the completion of the railroad. In the summer of 1845 he was named a director. By the beginning of October, partially as a result of his efforts, the Erie had raised an additional $3,000,000."[28]

The next problem for the Erie was a lack of iron rails, which had to be imported from England, and here William and his father-in-law were able to help both the railroad and their business acquaintances George and Selden Scranton, as well as themselves. Phelps and Dodge had known the Scranton brothers in the days when they operated an iron foundry at Oxford, New Jersey, near Dover, home of the Union Bank. In 1840, the Scrantons bought 500 acres of land in Pennsylvania at a place called Slocum Hollow, where there were coal, iron, and lime deposits. A historian of the city of Scranton (Slocum Hollow's name was soon changed) told the story of the purchase:

> They therefore purchased 503 acres . . . for $8,000. This deed was signed in September, 1840. The wives of the men who sold the property had to sign the deed with their husbands, and it was the custom in Pennsylvania at that time that any wife who signed a deed with her husband for the transfer of property, was given a "dress pattern," or material for a dress, by the purchaser. These purchasers being from the state of New Jersey immediately objected, as they said they had never heard of such a custom. After considerable arguing over the matter, Colonel George W. Scranton finally agreed to purchase the "dress patterns" and give them to the wives.[29]

The first years in Slocum Hollow were hard ones for the Scrantons, until William E. Dodge persuaded the New York and Erie Railroad to make a contract with them to supply the necessary "T" rails for the continuation of the roadbed. At the same time, he and Anson Phelps with three other men lent the brothers $100,000 to buy the equipment needed to make the rails. This was the turning point for the Scrantons. They delivered the rails along the projected line in huge wagons drawn by sixteen-mule teams, and with their earnings went on to bigger and better things, including the founding of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad and of the Lackawanna Iron and Coal Company, both of which had the Phelps, Dodge offices as their birthplace. William E. Dodge wrote that since he could see the importance of the Scrantons' "location and the value of

their property, I invited them to come to the city, and having arranged a plan for enlarging their works and increasing their capital, I invited some thirty gentlemen to come to my office, where the plan was presented and the proposed amount was subscribed that day, and the new company formed under the name of the Lackawanna Iron and Coal Company." He added that, when the Scrantons wanted to start a railroad to carry their goods to market, "again I invited some fifty gentlemen to meet at my office to consider the project; most of the gentlemen interested in the iron company were present who with others at once started a subscription, which as before was headed by Mr. Phelps. This secured its success, the iron company taking a large amount of stock and also furnishing the rails."[30]

The high point of William E. Dodge's association with the Erie Railroad came when, thanks to the Scrantons' "T" rails, the road was finally finished in 1851 all the way to Dunkirk, on Lake Erie. William, along with President Millard Fillmore, Senator Daniel Webster, and other important people, took part in the dedication ceremonies.

As William said in his speech on that occasion, he firmly believed that railroads would contribute more than anything else to the development of the country, but he believed equally firmly that, by operating on Sundays, they would be breaking the Ten Commandments. "If railroads cannot be conducted without trampling on the right of the community to a quiet day for rest and worship," he said, "rushing past our cities and towns and peaceful villages, screaming as they go 'No Sabbath! No Sabbath!' then they will become a curse rather than a blessing."

The Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western was mainly a coal- and freight-carrying railroad, without much passenger traffic, and so it did not operate on Sundays during William's lifetime, and he therefore remained a director. But whenever a railroad with which he was associated insisted upon Sunday operations, William sold his stock and resigned from its board. His Sabbatarian views and his business sense apparently coincided; within two years of severing his connection with the Erie, it went bankrupt for the first time, falling into the hands of the unscrupulous Daniel Drew, Jim Fisk, and Jay Gould. The New Jersey Central was also bankrupted shortly after he resigned, "telling his fellow directors that they ought to raise on every locomotive a flag bearing the legend 'We break God's law for a dividend.' "[31]

William E. Dodge's sister-in-law Caroline Phelps Stokes held even stronger Sabbatarian convictions. Her son wrote: "Mother's views about Sunday observance were very strict. It troubled her to cross the Atlantic, or even to send letters across, because the steamer traveled on Sunday. . . . When abroad, I have received letters which she had enclosed to the postmaster at Queenstown [now Cobh, in Eire], asking him to hold them over Sunday, and then to forward them. She sent to the head of a steamship line in New York, to ask what he would

charge to slow down and do only necessary work on Sundays on a voyage from New York to Liverpool."[32]

In the next generation, however, it is worth noting that William E. Dodge, Jr., as a trustee of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and of the American Museum of Natural History, voted to open both those institutions on Sundays.

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ANSON PHELPS' ONLY SON and namesake, born in 1818, had been a puzzlement and a problem to his father all the time he was growing up. The father was determined that the son must come into his business, but the son was far more interested in animals, gardens, music, and books than he was in commerce. As a little boy, he would play hookey from school in order to visit the American Museum on Broadway (it was the forerunner of P. T. Barnum's establishment), where they said he persuaded the boa constrictor's keeper to let him wind the creature round his neck. In school holidays, he was often allowed to travel with his father. When Anson, Sr., took him to Washington, where the American Colonization Society was meeting, it was said that "young Anson sallied forth before breakfast and without prior introduction made a call upon the President, General Jackson, who received him with becoming gravity and . . . admonished him to behave well as he might one day himself become President."[33]

Anson *père* had no ambition to see his son become president (after meeting Andrew Jackson's vice-president, Martin Van Buren, Phelps wrote in his diary: "of all lives, I should desire to be shielded from that of a politician"). He wanted his son to become an earnest, God-fearing merchant. He worried over young Anson's "unwillingness to receive religious instruction," saying "indeed, I never saw more evidence of total depravity and enmity to God manifest in the heart of any child." As a result, in 1830, the boy was sent to the Woodbridge School in South Hadley, Massachusetts, kept by a Reverend Mr. Ely. This had the desired effect—soon Anson, Jr., was writing home, "I trust I have given my heart to Jesus. . . . I prayed him to take me, and mould me as the potter does the clay. . . . I thought how Christ had followed me from my youth up—had given me pious parents, pious friends, and the influences of the Holy Spirit, and I had resisted all. . . . I trust I feel penitence and godly sorrow."[34]

Anson, Jr., loved the country life, being especially proud of the flowers and vegetables he grew in his own private garden plot. He and some of the other boys formed a band, consisting of "12 flutes, 10 violins, and a bugle," which is reported to have awakened the tired teachers with *Nachtsmusik*. He soaked up the lessons in Greek, Latin, and French, and wrote and delivered an oration on George Washington's early life. In the spring, he was given the following recommendation:

> This certifies that the bearer Anson Phelps has been a member of the Woodbridge School. On the roll of merit he stands No. 1 Deportment and No. 1 Scholarship. His conduct on the whole has been such as to receive the love of his Teachers.
>
> JON^{A} ELY
> D. K. AUSTIN
>
> South Hadley April 6 1831[35]

He stayed at the Woodbridge School until 1833, when he left to go with his parents and sister Caroline on the trip to England and France. That autumn, at the age of fifteen, he dutifully went to work as a clerk for his father, but he never could muster up much enthusiasm for what he was called upon to do. In his spare time, he began collecting a library—as we have seen, it was his love of books that saved his life when the warehouse and offices collapsed in 1832—and to the consternation and annoyance of his parents and sisters would stay up long after evening prayers, smoking and reading or playing the little organ he had bought and installed in their house. When the family moved uptown to the Costar place on Kip's Bay, he had a boathouse on the banks of the East River, and he became an eager fisherman and a good shot. He looked forward eagerly to being sent on business errands to the Pennsylvania lumber lands, for then he could skip off into the woods to fish for trout or to stalk a deer. His attitude toward business comes through in a letter he wrote in 1839 to James Stokes, then in London: "I have just arrived in town after riding nearly all last night. . . . Everything is *bluer* here than the *bluest kind* of indigo. . . . I am very much afraid that things will grow worse instead of better, and that there will be another and far more general *break down* here before a great while. Never mind. '*Nil Desperandum*.' The route to *Texas* is still open and a fellow can *slope* in that direction if the worst comes to the worst." Here young Anson was referring to the fact that thousands of people whose fortunes had been adversely affected by the Panic of 1837 had pulled up stakes and moved to the recently created Republic of Texas, which broke away from Mexico in 1835. It was not annexed to the United States until 1845.

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AFTER SIX YEARS OF APPRENTICESHIP, Anson, Jr., became a junior partner of the Phelps, Dodge firm, but by 1840, he was so overstrained and weary that the family doctor ordered him to give up work and prescribed European travel as the best cure. No one ever submitted more cheerfully to doctor's orders. He left in the autumn, going first to Liverpool to visit the Jameses. From there he wrote to his father in November that "although we have had shocking bad weather, . . . my time has passed very pleasantly. . . . Dear Sister E. has been very glad to see me and has taken the very best care of me." He said he had been meeting many people and some one had given him letters to "some of the great London organists, which will give me a fine opportunity to hear the best music in the Metropolis."

From London on December 9, he wrote that he was "stopping at Morley's Hotel, Trafalgar Square, a capital house, probably the first in London." He said he had been to a splendid party where "the company began to arrive at about ½ past 10 and we had supper at 2 o'clock in the morning. Dancing till Daybreak." He mentioned several other dinners he had attended, adding, "I have several other invitations which I shall not be able to keep, as I leave in the mail boat to-night for Boulogne en route for Paris."

He was hurrying off because he wanted to be present at the funeral of Napoleon Bonaparte, "which will be perhaps the greatest pageant the world ever saw." The British government had agreed to let the former Emperor's remains be removed from St. Helena and returned to France. Anson noted that "almost all the English have left Paris, and the London papers today warn Englishmen that it will not be safe to be there, as the French remember how Napoleon was treated by their countrymen, and the populace may rise and massacre them." He added prudently: "I shall go of course as an American and keep entirely clear of all Englishmen as much as possible."

His next letter described the difficulties he encountered getting to Paris: "I had rather a rough time altogether in getting to Paris, almost everything that could be made to go on wheels at all was loaded down with passengers and soldiers and it appeared the universal French nation were 'en route' for the great city." Anson had booked through from London to Paris with the "Messagerie Générale," the big transportation company that operated the famous *diligences*, or stagecoaches, all over France, "but when I arrived at Boulogne the rascals refused to take me, assigning some lying excuses. This as you may judge rather raised my dander. I bribed the Conducteur to put my baggage on the Diligence, and mounted into the most comfortable place in the Coupée with my order in my hand, and refused to get out unless ousted by main force.

"You ought to have seen what a disturbance was kicked up," he wrote proudly. "Babel was nothing to the cursing and jawing of the mob of Frenchmen."

The trip from Boulogne to Paris took two days and a night and young Phelps arrived the evening before the great event. He was lucky enough to get a ticket admitting him to the enormous chapel of the Hôtel des Invalides, where a million francs had been spent erecting a suitable catafalque for the hero beneath the great dome. Anson wrote that although the body was not expected until mid-afternoon, he went along at eight in the morning, and even then found large crowds waiting in the cold, tickets in hand, for the doors to open.

He mentioned that there were "statues and funeral urns, pillars with the gold eagle of Napoleon, flags and shields" all along the route that the cortege would follow, noting that "urns for *miles* burnt with *tricoulered* flames." Within, the chapel "was entirely covered with Black Velvet and lighted with innumerable wax candles." Altars burning with different colored flames had been placed at intervals throughout the church. Seats had been arranged for King Louis Philippe and the royal family, for the members of the government and the military, "rising in the Form of an Amphitheatre" around the catafalque. Anson watched the dignitaries arrive, "all in their uniforms with crape upon their swords and upon their arms. Some of the old generals were supported to their seats by two or three men as they were so old & infirm as to be unable to walk.

"The moment that the body passed the threshold of the church there was the most profound stillness you can possibly imagine," Anson wrote. "The multitude seemed to hold their breath; at last the Arch Bishop of Paris rose and walked down to the coffin, and the immense quire, orchestra, and organ commenced the Dies Irae from Mozart's Requiem. At that moment thousands gave way to their feelings and wept like children. I was scarcely ever more affected in my life and wept with them." He told the family that from his seat he had had a fine view, "and can safely say I never saw anything approaching to the intense feeling showed by those in the church. A great many rushed down from the seats at the side to endeavor to touch the coffin, and just after the crowd had left the church the old soldiers of the Invalides seized the velvet Pall off the coffin and tore it into small pieces to keep as memorials."

Anson concluded his long letter by saying that he was getting on extremely well with the French language, which he thought would serve him sufficiently wherever he traveled on the Continent, though he had bought "an Italian conversation book" and was learning some phrases.

He added a dutiful postscript to his parents: "By the way, you must not think my time is not fully occupied in going about to see the different great public institutions, etc.; in fact I really think I am as busy every day as I would be at home at the Store, but I get great amusement and instruction which more than compensates for fatigue or expense."

Anson's next letter came from Naples at the end of January 1841. He had traveled again by *diligence* from Paris to Marseilles by way of Lyons, and then to Naples by steamboat, with frequent stops along the Riviera and down the Italian coast.

The journey to Marseilles took nearly a week, "going night and day only stopping for *one meal* a day and that generally in the evening." One night he and his fellow-passengers "were caught in the snow among the mountains, and were obliged to take off the horses and work the greater part of the night to extricate ourselves."

Anson also described another very cold night when all the passengers had packed themselves into the interior of the *diligence* in order to keep warm. "One old Frenchman, after cursing and grumbling half the night, and screwing himself into all sorts of shapes, at last turned on me." He then quoted the following dialogue:

> "Sir," says he, "you take up as much room as a Marshal of France."
> "More," says I. "Beaucoup plus."
> "Sir," says he, "*I* don't love the English."
> "Sir," says I, "they don't love *you*."
> "Bah," says he.

The "greatness and richness" of France had impressed young Phelps; Italy enchanted him. He described it as "certainly the loveliest land that the sun shines on." Once arrived at Naples, he did all the things tourists have seemingly always done: walked round museums, climbed Mount Vesuvius, visited Pompeii and Paestum. The Naples Museum housed many artifacts from Pompeii. Anson wrote he had seen "every domestic implement that we have or know of, and many that we do not know the use of, and which still remain for the Yankees to invent and get a Patent for."

After going out to Paestum, he remarked that "the country all about these ruins was and is still the great resort of Banditti, but the precautions taken by the Neapolitan Government and the number of soldiers quartered among the mountains make it now tolerably safe."

His next surviving travel letter was from Greece. "All Greece is evidently just rising from the desolation, and exhaustion, caused by their long terrible war with their old masters," the young man opined. "It only wants time, and peace, and *liberty* (which last, as near as I can understand they are very far from enjoying under their imported Bavarian King), to make it again as in ancient times a great and powerful country."°

° Greece had only recently become an independent kingdom under the German Otto I, after hundreds of years of Turkish rule.

On a horseback tour from Athens to Corinth over roads that were "mere paths winding amongst the mountains," he and his companions had various heart-stopping adventures, where "the least slip of the horse or the caving away of a small portion of the soil would have precipitated the whole caravan down a drop of 200 or 300 feet into the sea.

"We gave our guide a *blessing* in all the languages we knew any word of, but had to go ahead, and reached Corinth at night after a long and most fatiguing day's journey."

The accommodations the riders found on their trip around the Peloponessus were hardly luxurious; Anson felt they would have been more comfortable could they have got rid "of three of our senses, viz: *Seeing, Feeling*, and *Smelling*, all of which on a number of accounts were better dispensed with, particularly the last."

Back in Athens, young Anson "did" the Acropolis, the Parthenon, and the site where Socrates drank the hemlock, dutifully describing them for his parents. However, he was especially fascinated by a certain rock "of a singular kind of marble, not very high: it has a *broad* and *deep* groove, worn with the sloping side, which is smooth and even polished.

"The appearance is singular," he continued, "but the explanation even more so. From the earliest times, The Grecian ladies were in the habit of sliding down this rock, as you see little chaps sliding down a cellar door. This was an antidote *against sterility*."

He then added: "N.B. The gals in New York have more occasion to be *dragged up* a rock for the opposite effect. The practice is kept up to the present day. The doctors say the effect is capital, if you only believe in it."

What the parents back in New York thought of these observations by their son may be gathered from the fact that this part of his letter, from "the appearance is singular" to "if you only believe in it," has had stern lines drawn through it.

Anson feared the family's patience in reading his long travelogues might give out. "However," he suggested of one of them, "this long epistle may answer a good purpose in the absence of the 'Evening Post' to read Father to sleep after dinner." He also pointed out that "if you don't get time to read them, the paper will be extremely useful for a number of purposes, such as lighting fires, doing up hair, etc., and the postage can be defrayed out of Mother's Treasury for the Aged and Indigent Widows."

The most exciting and intensely interesting part of Anson's journey was his visit to Turkey, where he stayed about a month. He crossed from Athens to Smyrna on an Austrian steamboat, pausing several days on the island of Syros when the boat's "machinery" broke down and had to be repaired. His accounts from this point on contain frequent wry comparisons between the life he was seeing and life as he knew it back home. His feelings about Jews and blacks (Anson invariably referred to the latter as "nigers") un-self-consciously reflect the

prejudices of Americans of his class at that time. For instance, when he finally reached Smyrna, he wrote that "everything was new and extremely interesting to us: the solemn bearded Turks in their full flowing robes, the gay lively Greeks in their beautiful national dress, the Armenians with their shaved heads and most singular shaped caps called 'Calpacs' in the form exactly of a 'bell pear,' with the small part fitting tightly to their skulls, and the Jews who dress in a still more singular style but are the same keen-eyed, hawk-nosed fellows that you see every day in Wall Street, and just as fond of 'de monnish'."

He mentioned staring "very hard at the latticed windows of the 'harem,' " where he "occasionally had a chance to peep into the inside of the houses as some old black eunuch opened the door and marched out into the street, attended by a little niger to carry such purchases as he might make in the bazaar."

Soon they left for Constantinople in the same Austrian boat that had brought them to Asia Minor. "The boat was crowded with people of almost every nation, kindred, and tongue under heaven," Anson wrote, "of all colours and sorts. There were Turks, from the 'pasha' with a dozen slaves and attendants to the poorest fellows who squatted smoking on deck day and night. The Pasha had a most beautiful Greek boy as Pipe Bearer; he was most richly dressed in gold-embroidered Greek costume. Some of the Pasha's nigers would produce a sensation if they were to address a 'Female Abolition Convention.' They were about ten shades blacker than Charcoal and *most supernaturally ugly*. They were dressed in Crimson Cloth embroidered and had all sorts of curious knives stuck in their scarfs."

Anson's first view of Constantinople as the boat came around Seraglio Point and into the Golden Horn was one he could hardly believe. He and his companions "remained long after the anchor dropped without thinking of landing, engrossed on its contemplation."

He established himself in Pera in lodgings kept by a Frenchman, and from there set forth day after day to explore the wonders of the great city. Being as far from home as he would ever be, in the midst of a wholly different civilization where he knew nobody and no one knew him, Anson let himself go in a fashion he would never have dared to do in New York. In his letters he seemed to take an impish delight in shocking "the folks back home," and in making caustic comments on their way of life.

In describing the Sultan's Seraglio palace he wrote of the eunuchs, "dressed in a singular style with long flowing robes edged in fur," saying they were "so black that half a dozen together at the corner of a street would occasion a *partial* Eclipse of the Sun. You have to examine their faces with great care to detect on what part of them their noses are located."

He explained that "the duty of these *beauties* is to wait on the ladies of the Harem, or to do any little job such as clapping them into a sack, as the Irishman

observed 'for their greater *ase* and con*vaniance* in swimming,' and quietly dropping them into the Bosphoros. There is a little low gate opening in the sea wall of the Seraglio, where the water is deepest and the current strongest. Through this gate many a young lady has been and is *politely conveyed* by one of the black Functionaries aforesaid, and provided with *other lodgings* when her *room* is better than her *company* in the Seraglio, a practice which cannot be too highly approved and which should be immediately introduced into all Young Ladies Boarding Schools."

He added, with obvious relish, that the sultan was reputed to have four or five hundred ladies in this harem. "He is said to have capital taste and to be constantly making valuable additions to his *collection*. The old black 'Kislar Aga,' Chief of the Eunuchs and Lord High Chamberlain of the Sultan, is said to be constantly in the market whenever there is a chance to make a favorable investment."

What a pity, Anson observed, that "fathers of handsome daughters in Gotham" could not bring them to Constantinople and put them up for sale! But he gave a warning: "Now I have told you, don't all come on at once, gentlemen. Don't overstock the market. *Prices is* regulated, as Brother Dodge very truly remarks, by *Demand* and *Supply*."

When he visited the great mosque of Saint Sophia, he noted that "the females were not allowed in the body of the church with the males." He thought this "a most commendable custom, the introduction of which into our churches would be attended with divers good effects, such as greater attention to the sermon, very great diminution in the young ladies millinery bills, etc. etc."

In addition to describing palaces and mosques, Anson wrote his family of his visits to "the mad house" of Constantinople and to its slave market. Of the former, he said it was "built around two open courts. In the first there are cages with tigers and other wild beasts, with collars and chains on their necks. Around the next are small grated apartments, and chained in precisely the same way with *immense* ox chains round their necks are ten or twelve miserable beings, mostly entirely naked, and some raving in a most furious manner." He wrote that the Turks treated the madmen in the same way as the wild animals, "beating and starving them into submission." His guide told him that they did it "to *prevent others* from going mad." Anson concluded rather perversely that there might be something to be said for the method, since there appeared to be no more than a dozen madmen in this city of over a million, whereas they existed "by the hundreds" in New York, and in Hartford "it seems actually the fashion to go mad."

As for the slave market, Anson persuaded an old French-speaking Greek to take him round the "large pile of fantastic-looking wooden buildings ranged round a court decorated with trees and fountains," where many Turks spent their days seated on wooden divans, smoking and watching the goings-on.

The buildings were the shops of the slave dealers, he explained, each divided

by lattice work into two parts. "In the front part there is a kind of railed platform, like a tailor's workbench. On these sit the slaves of less price, generally negro boys and girls, mixed with some white girls, who for some reason are of low value. In the back part behind the lattice are the Georgian and Circassion girls of higher value."

An American dollar of those days was equal to two hundred Turkish piastres, and Anson noted that "you can buy a very pretty girl here for 8000 piastres, though for the handsomest and most accomplished they sometimes get as high as 20,000 piastres." He was told that the most superior girls "are kept at the houses of the dealers, and that those likely to become purchasers are invited by notes to come and see them."

Young Phelps then proceeded to compare the Turkish slave market to the American marriage market, saying they were much alike. "If any man doubt it, let him go after a wife into Broadway or any of our fashionable streets or squares. I say, let him go with 'empty pockets' and see what he will get *thereby*. It is enough to make one's blood run cold to think about it.

"Here the girls are sold out and out," he continued, "honestly and above board. With us the girls are disposed of by little private arrangements of their relations."

One of Anson's letters included a long description of the pleasures attendant upon a visit to a Turkish bath. "You can form no idea of how delightful they are," he wrote. "You feel like a new man after leaving one." He explained how, in the "immense vaulted halls" of such "great establishments," one progressed through the bath's various stages.

In the inner bath, he explained, the bathers "sit covered only by a light linen dressing gown until they perspire most profusely. Then the slaves rub their bodies with a hair cloth glove until everything is removed that can possibly come away, leaving the skin perfectly smooth and polished. They then draw warm water into the small basin at the side and dash it over the body, then they crack the joints and mold the body into all shapes with their hands. They then put on another covering and go into the next apartment which is precisely similar only not kept at so great a heat."

After all this, he added, "you lay on a divan in the outer hall and smoke and drink coffee or sherbet while a slave dries your hair carefully and arranges your dress ready to put on."

One can perhaps imagine Anson, Sr., and Olivia, with one or two of their daughters sitting round the tea table at Clifton House, and the expressions on their faces as they pictured their son and brother lounging upon a silk-covered divan smoking and drinking coffee ("in little cups with silver-filigree holders," he had written), while a dusky slave carefully dried his hair. To add to their shock, his next few sentences playfully suggested the therapeutic benefits of introducing Turkish baths to New York.

"In less than a year after their introduction, the 'Regular Traders' for Texas[P] would be crowded with lots of starved-out Doctors and Apothecaries. The market for Calomel and Solup would be reported 'deprest' and Castor Oil would make a *great movement downwards*. However, the last named article has always had a *downwards tendency* and those who have much to do with it have occasion to report in *their* Price Currents: *Great Activity* but no *tendency* upwards."

The young man had come to have unbounded admiration for the Turks as exemplars of a noble looking race. "I never in my life saw such magnificent looking men as I have seen here," he wrote, "in the Mosques, bazaars, and everywhere; faces which would make studies for a painter, noble eyes, splendid and powerful forms, not pinched up and tortured into our skin fitting clothes, but dressed in full flowing robes, loose silk trousers, light yellow boots; and then the turban as they wear it! What a magnificent headdress it is. How forcibly one is struck with the contrast which these noble fellows make with our race of effeminate, sentimental, female men."

He thought their nobility was due to their "habitual and ancestral temperance," to the fact that "no man buys an ugly woman for a wife, so among the rich the parents are almost always fine looking," and also because "they smoke enough good tobacco to keep their minds calm and their stomachs in good order.

"The fact is that our society in many matters is led by the nose by knots of female and male old women. When one gets off at a distance amongst totally different people, manners and customs, he can see this fact plainly."

Anson was equally impressed by the horses he saw in Constantinople, "the most perfect beauties one can imagine; limbs like deer, beautiful arching necks and little heads, with all the intelligence of a man in their eyes, and skins that shine like burnished metal." On festival days the horses of the sultan and of the great "Pashas" would prance through the streets, "each one led by his own particular groom, their bridles and trappings blazing with gold and all kinds of precious stones, and with a splendid plume of ostrich or bird of paradise feather waving over their heads. The horses themselves perfectly understand that they are out for display, and step as proudly as possible, looking from side to side for admiration, very much as a young girl walks up the middle aisle at Doct. Skinner's [see fn. on page 63] with a brand new bonnet on her head, and remains standing a considerable time at the pew door, before she can get it open to her satisfaction."

In Anson's final letter from Turkey, he informed the family that he had acquired a "Red Turkish Fezz, which I sport with great regularity and which I intend to bring home with me. By the way, I have a pair of wiskers and mustachoes of a very black and alarming appearance, so that with my fezz, and so forth, I

[P] Texas was an independent republic at the time and many people who had been ruined by the Panic of 1837 moved there to make a fresh start. A "Regular Trader" was a packet ship. Cf. Anson, Jr.'s, 1839 letter to James Stokes on p. 81.

make a very respectable young Turk, and if I should stay here a few months I should expect to be invited to take tea and spend the evening in a 'family way' with some of the old Pashas. The mustachoes of course will have to go, but the wiskers I will stick to through evil report and through good report."[36]

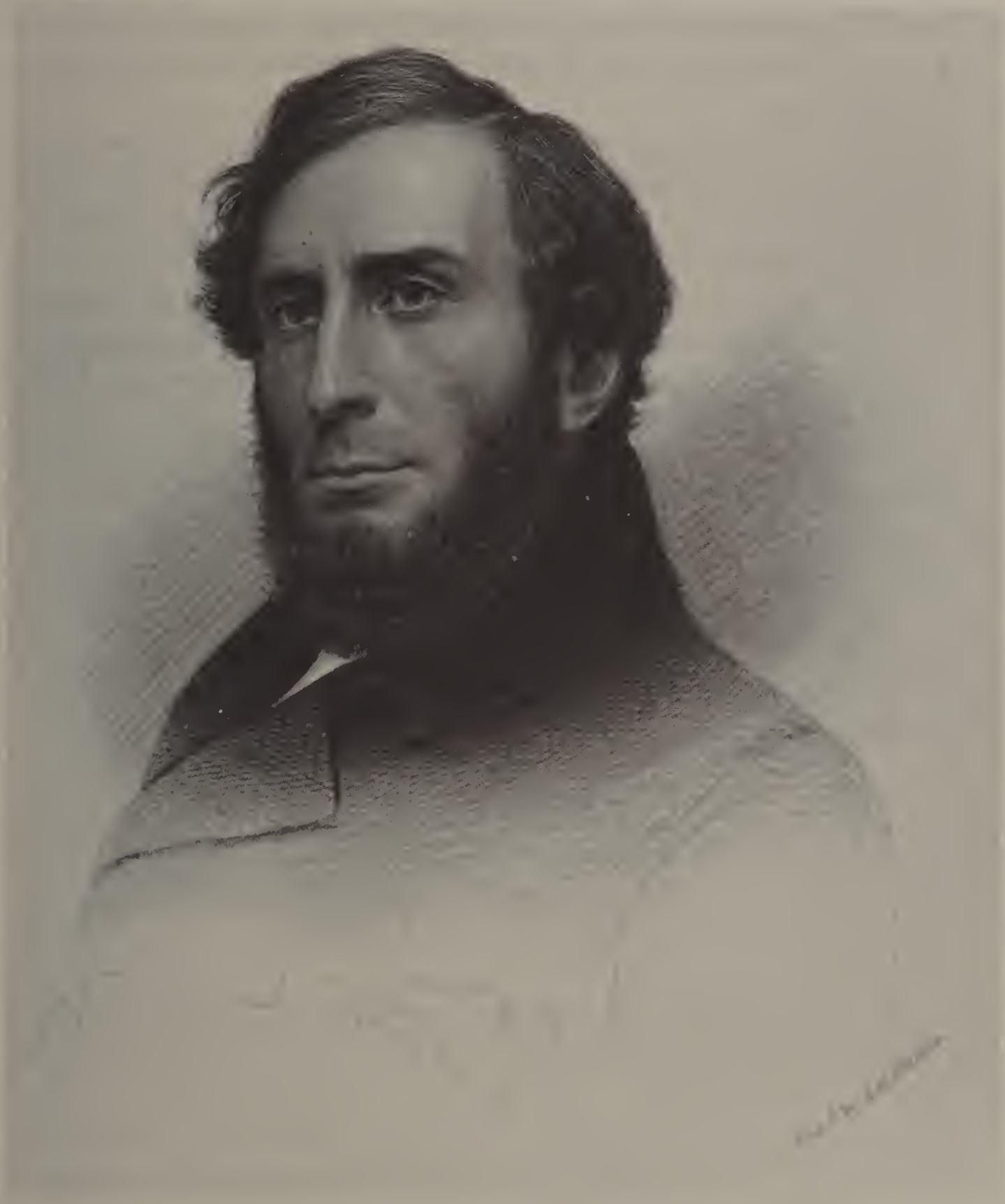
Soon afterwards he returned via Italy to France. He settled down in Paris to study the organ, "receiving instructions from experienced teachers, and intended to spend the following winter in Paris, so that he might perfect his training."

But it was not be be. Very likely the receipt of his letters from Constantinople triggered young Anson's parents into booking immediate passage across the Atlantic. Anson, Sr., recorded in his diary that, when they arrived at the Jameses' in Liverpool, Elizabeth and Daniel were "wholly unacquainted of our approach to the British shores." Anson, Jr., was summoned "with fond solicitude" from Paris and was told that he must come home. "He at once abandoned all his other plans," wrote his biographer, the Reverend Matson Smith, "and complying with his parents' earnest counsels, returned to his native land, which he never again left, and resumed his former occupation as a merchant and a member of the firm, of which his father still remained the head."

An interesting sidelight on his return was recorded by his nephew, Anson Phelps Stokes:

> I remember hearing my parents tell of a dinner at Grandfather Phelps's at which they were present in 1841, soon after my Uncle Anson, then twenty-five years of age, returned from an extended tour. He said at the dinner: "Father, I saw a strange thing in Paris. There is a man there who polishes a plate of metal so that when you look at it your likeness remains on it."
>
> Mr. Phelps, Sr. pushed his spectacles up on his forehead, looked at his son, and said: "My son, if you are weak enough to believe such a thing, you ought to have sense enough not to tell it." Uncle Anson replied: "Father, I saw it myself. The man's name is Daguerre." Upon which S. V. S. Wilder, who had represented the United States at Paris for a short time during the absence of the U. S. Minister, said: "Mr. Phelps, I get more credulous as I get older. When I was Chargé d'Affaires at Paris, a young man brought me a letter from Chancellor Livingston, and I asked him to dinner. Talleyrand sat at my right, and the young man, sitting at *his* right, bored him with an idea of a new kind of boat that he had invented that could go four or five miles an hour without the aid of wind or tide. I was much annoyed with the young man. He has since become known as Robert Fulton, inventor of the steamboat."[37]

The rest of Anson Phelps, Jr.'s, story is rather sad and quickly told: he went back into the family business; in 1845, he married Jane Gibson, daughter of one



Anson Greene Phelps, Jr. [*1818-1859*].
Author's collection

of his father's fellow merchants, and they moved into a house he had built on Union Square. He bought land up the Hudson at Tarrytown for a summer home and occupied himself for three years supervising "the laying out of an estate there and the construction of a stone house." At the request of his childless wife, he gave up shooting and fishing and he rarely attended concerts, whereas before his marriage he had rarely missed one. He continued, however, to play the organ and to sing at home. He became deeply religious and spent hours each day in prayer and in Bible reading.

When his father was dying in 1853, he went to visit him every day and "often sat with him for hours, rubbing his hands, or would lay his head beside his father's and hum tune after tune in a low tone to lull him to sleep. When he left, the father would call feebly 'Anson, my son! Where is my dear boy?' "[38]

In 1858, at the age of only thirty-nine, Anson, Jr., contracted smallpox and died after a very brief illness. By the terms of his will, a large sum of money was left for the building of an American chapel in Paris, the city where he had spent some of his happiest days.

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WHILE ANSON PHELPS, JR., was having his *wanderjahr* in Europe and Turkey, the Stokeses were moving into Clifton Cottage on the Phelps estate at Thirtieth Street and the East River. Over the years, it was constantly expanded as the family grew. One of the daughters wrote that, when they came back to it after being away at Ansonia in the summers, there would be great excitement to see what had been added in their absence. "There were so many ways of entering the low, rambling house," she said, "that our friends were puzzled to find which was the front door." By the time ten children had been born, the building was over a hundred and six feet long! Here they all lived until 1857, some years after Grandfather Phelps' death, when James Stokes built a large brownstone mansion on Madison Square, complete with a church-sized organ in the parlor and a gymnasium in the attic.

Anson Phelps Stokes, the eldest of the ten Stokes children, recorded many of his early memories of the 1840s when he was growing up at Clifton Cottage. He wrote that he remembered how in 1842, when his twelve-year-old cousin Anson Phelps James came over from Liverpool to visit his grandparents, "he used to play with me and drag me around on his sled." During that summer, he wrote, "I saw my cousin . . . one morning after breakfast reading the Bible in the dining-room, while waiting to start the drive down-town with Grandfather, and I have an impression that this was the morning . . . he was killed."[39] After leaving Grandfather at the Phelps, Dodge store, Anson James and the coachman started back uptown, and then, according to Anson Phelpses' diary: "The dear child was left a minute in the carriage while the coachman went into the blacksmith's, and the horse started and turned over the carriage [at the] corner 25th St. & 3rd Ave. . . . The dear child was instantly killed, . . . my eldest grandchild . . . and first named after me."

There were other, happier recollections as well. One had to do with the hot presidential campaign of 1844, when Henry Clay of the Whig party with his run-

ning mate, Theodore Freylinghuysen, opposed the Democrat James Knox Polk. The Whigs—who had the backing of most northern businessmen—were against the annexation of Texas, the extension of slavery, and any reductions in the tariff, while Polk and the Democrats were all for westward expansion as America's "Manifest Destiny." "I remember my grandfather standing me on his knees," Anson Stokes wrote, "and singing 'Hurrah! Hurrah! The country's rising, For Henry Clay and Freylinghuysen.' " The voters, however, chose Polk by a narrow margin.

Little Anson Stokes loved going across the lawn from his house to the Phelps house at breakfast time. Once when he went over on a chilly March 24 to wish his grandfather a happy birthday, he found the old gentleman "sitting in the dining room close in front of a large fire . . . reading Scott's *Bible Commentary* and shaving. He had a looking-glass on the back of a chair." The great incentive for going at breakfast-time was the hot shortcake made with beef drippings by the Phelpses' cook, Dinah. "Grandfather ate hot shortcake with much butter for both breakfast and dinner. . . . Often he would have me seated on his right, and would tell me about when he was a boy."

Tea-time on the Phelpses' wide terrace beneath the pillared portico, especially when the out-of-town aunts were visiting, was another occasion which young Anson Stokes enjoyed immensely. It was done with great ceremony. Aunt Elizabeth James, when she came over from Liverpool, would make and pour the tea, while Aunt Harriet Pond would cut and serve the Connecticut Election Cake[q] she had brought from her home in Hartford. The best tea cups were brought out, and it was Aunt Olivia's job to wash them afterwards on the dining room table. Needless to say, all the aunts and Grandmama indulged their little nephew with generous helpings of preserves and cakes.

The Stokes parents were ever vigilant to see that their children—the older ones, at least—were not spoiled. James Stokes, brought up in the English tradition, was especially fussy about what they should and should not eat or do. He strongly disapproved of hot bread, as well as of "hot-air furnaces, . . . pork and beans, salt codfish, American pies, etc.," so young Anson's breakfast and tea-time visits to the big house were curtailed, and he was forbidden to eat between meals. On moral principles, his mother refused to let him go to the circus with Grandpa Phelps, who was evidently a great circus buff. Caroline Stokes' disapproval was matched by Phelps' fellow elders of the Mercer Street Presbyterian Church, who sent a committee to his office to speak with him on the subject. His grandson wrote: "he heard them patiently, and said 'I can't see it,' " and presumably went on attending the circus whenever it came to town.

Most mornings Anson Phelps and his son-in-law Stokes would drive the three miles downtown to their business in Cliff Street in "Grandpa's light wagon." Oc-

[q] Intensive research produced a recipe for this type of fruitcake but no explanation of its name.

casionally James Stokes liked to row himself in a skiff from the Phelps boathouse in Kip's Bay to the foot of Wall Street. In the evenings, "Grandpa would come to our house for his game of checkers, or Father would go over to him, unless it was prayer-meeting evening."[40]

James Stokes was useful to his father-in-law in many ways, going round to collect the rents for the latter's tenants and taking care of the welfare work in the neighborhood, which of course was done then on a private basis. One of his daughters wrote that their father "told us of a woman who applied for aid from some charity fund which he controlled. He told the woman he would visit her but was detained from doing so for several days, and, stopping late one afternoon on his way home from the office, coming in unexpectedly, he found a good fire burning and a hearty meal on the table. When he remonstrated with her for her false representation to him, she replied, 'Sure I have been expecting you for several days, and I could not wait any longer.' "[41]

Bellevue Hospital was just below the Phelps estate, between Twenty-sixth and Twenty-eighth streets on the East River. James Stokes often visited there, trying to improve its hideous conditions. "It is difficult to believe the facts regarding the vile and unsanitary conditions then permitted," Anson Stokes wrote many years later. "The floors of the operating rooms were of wood, having cracks filled with dirt. Women who were serving terms in the penitentiary for drunkenness, etc. were employed as nurses. I heard that most of the nurses were what were called 'sixty-day drunks.' Some of the nurses drank the alcohol out of jars containing diseased human viscera. Some of the assistants and students were of notoriously bad character, and political jobbery greatly interfered with the work of the hospital."[42]

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THE STOKESES BROUGHT THEIR CHILDREN up on plenty of fresh air, cold water, and simple food. In summer, they bathed in the East River, "while in cold weather, we sometimes broke the ice in our home bath-room." One of the Scotch-Irish servants upon whom Caroline Stokes depended the most was the nurse Margaret McClellan, "a very strict Presbyterian of a stern aspect, fond of reading the Bible and Milton," who presided over the nursery with the help of her daughter Maggie as nurse-maid. Though "kind and good," according to Anson, she was "perhaps wanting in the sense of humor. I remember once when she came into the nursery she found me playing 'railway' by turning all the nursery chairs down on their faces and tying them with a clothes-line one behind the other. Holding my baby brother under one arm, she leaned over and tried to untie some of the knots, while James struggled and yelled. I thought the situation funny, and laughed immoderately, but Margaret did not even smile."

Another servant Anson remembered was a cook the family had for a while, named Jacob. Anson thought that Jacob had been the cook on the packet ship *Westminster* in which the Stokeses had returned from their stay in London—at any rate, he had lost his previous job on account of drunkenness, and Anson's parents thought they could reform him. When he again got drunk one Fourth of July and fell out of a cherry tree, breaking his arm, they kept him on. But he came to a terrible end on a cold winter night when he got drunk a final time, fell into an abandoned tomb in a field near the house, and froze to death.

Still another tale of the Clifton Cottage days involved Margaret McClellan and possibly Jacob as well: "Once when my parents and sister were absent for a few days and a cousin[r] was visiting me, I found fault with the food (corned beef which appeared for a number of days in various styles) and wanted something else cooked. This Margaret would not permit. So my cousin and I refused to eat in the house, and having a few cents between us, we bought some crackers and ginger bread and dried herrings, and found fruit in the garden. When my mother returned, I was not allowed to eat anything until I had told Margaret I was sorry, which I finally did after getting very hungry."

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NO UPPER MIDDLE-CLASS HOME of the Victorian era was complete without a governess, and the Stokes family had one with a background so romantic she might have come out of a Brontë novel. She was Mrs. Isabella Holt, a Bermudan by birth, described as "small, erect, with a clear-cut face and dark, piercing eyes; her dress plain, open a little at the neck, showing some white net; her hair brown, mingled with grey."

Her maiden name was Grant. Her family were supposed to have had large estates in Great Britain as well as in Bermuda. Old Thomas Stokes, James Stokes' father, had known them in England before he emigrated to New York. Isabella when young was sent to boarding school over there, and when her studies were finished, her mother journeyed from Bermuda to fetch her home.

As Isabella was by then eighteen years old and very beautiful, her mother was unwilling to have her associate with common, ordinary sailing-ship passengers, so she hired a vessel to take them back across the Atlantic. A handsome young infantry officer named Holt, whose regiment had just departed to garrison Bermuda, came to the captain of Mrs. Grant's ship and begged to be allowed to sail with them. He explained that he had missed the transport carrying his men, and if he could not catch up with them, his military career would be ruined.

The story goes that Mrs. Grant reluctantly agreed to have him as a passenger,

[r] The cousin was probably David Stuart Dodge, third son of Melissa and William, who was Anson Stokes' exact contemporary. Both were born in 1836.

that he and Isabella fell in love, and that, after further courtship in Bermuda, they were married. Alas, Holt turned out to be a rotter; he was "selfish and treated her cruelly." Apparently he left the army and settled on the Grant estates. Slavery was then still legal in the British Empire, but Isabella was so against it that she insisted on freeing her own slaves. This infuriated her husband and led to further cruel treatment, so she decided to run away.

It was not easily done. Isabella had a sympathetic friend on the Bermuda governor's staff, however, and he, along with one of her most faithful former slaves, worked out a plan to help her. She packed a trunk, which she entrusted to the freed slave. He rowed out to a small island, hid the trunk in a cave, and kept watch for a ship bound for America. When he saw one, he sent a prearranged signal to Isabella's government friend. The latter then went to her house and invited her to go for a sail. They sailed to the island, collected the trunk, and the friend put her aboard the ship for New York.

On arrival, Isabella went to Thomas Stokes, who took her into his household and helped her to start a school for young ladies on Broadway opposite Washington Place, where he lived. Caroline Phelps attended Mrs. Holt's school in 1829 and 1830. Some time after Caroline and James Stokes were married, Isabella gave up her school and came to them as governess.

"She required perfect obedience and exactness," wrote Anson Stokes. "Mrs. Holt's strong points as a teacher were English history and deportment. . . . I remember that the English atlas we used made little reference to the United States." He went on to say that the younger Stokes children were dressed in English fashion and were taught to recite Isaac Watts's verse:

> I thank the Goodness and the Grace
> That on my youth have smiled,
> And made me in these Christian days
> A happy English child.

When she had seen to the proper upbringing of each young Stokes, Mrs. Holt eventually moved to Paris, where she spent her declining years distributing Protestant Bibles and tracts in the Boulevard Haussmann. She was to have returned to end her days with the Stokeses, but died in London on her way.

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IT IS HARDLY SURPRISING after Mrs. Holt's training that most of the Stokes children broke away from their parents' Baptist and Presbyterian predilections to join the Episcopal Church, the American branch of the Anglican Communion. In succeeding generations, there have been several Episcopal clergymen in the

family, including a bishop.[5] Another reason for their switch might have been childhood memories of the rigors of Puritan Sundays.

On Sundays in the 1840s and early 1850s, the Phelpses and Stokeses, three generations strong, worshiped together at the Mercer Street Presbyterian Church. Although James Stokes had been reared a Baptist, he went to his wife's church. Sundays were grim in all Protestant middle- and upper-class homes of that era, but in the Stokes household, they were even grimmer than normal due to Caroline's strong Sabbatarian principles. At sundown on Saturday all secular reading matter—daily newspapers, novels such as Fenimore Cooper's *Home As Found*, and Wordsworth's poetry—was put away, and religious periodicals such as the weekly *Observer* were laid out on the table. Then came the Sabbath itself, and the Stokes family walked to church, winter and summer, unless the weather was too severe, when the younger children might be allowed to ride in their grandparents' sleigh or carriage. Sometimes James insisted on taking the Stokes' own vehicle, but his wife always walked, no matter what the conditions.

At the church, "Infant School" was followed by "Sabbath School" and that was followed by the "Preaching Service." Then they all went home to a cold meal because it was a day of rest for the servants, all of whom, like nurse Margaret McClellan, were carefully chosen Protestant Irish. Caroline took them in succession, her daughter wrote, "from one family whose character she approved." She wanted to make sure there would be no repetition in *her* household of the dreadful incident in her father's house when, as he put it in his diary, his "dear companion"—meaning his wife, Olivia—"discovered too much intimacy between Joan, our chambermaid, and our hired man, and dismissed them both."

Sabbath afternoons were generally spent at another preaching service nearer home, though often in summer when large numbers of people came near the estate to swim in the East River, Caroline and James would set up a table at the corner of their house from which they and their children would distribute tracts and Bibles. In the evenings after another cold collation, the children were examined on the Catechism, and the long day ended with hymn singing and prayers. As one veteran of such Sabbaths observed, the main thing children prayed for was Monday!

Many years later, when he had become an Episcopalian, Anson Stokes wrote from abroad to his mother on the subject of her extreme Sabbatarianism, which had grown even stronger as she grew older:

> I much regret being so long without any direct word from you, dear Mother, but I must not urge you to write if it is against your conscience to do so by mails that travel on Sunday. The principle of refusing to use the

[5] Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr., (1874-1958) was canon residentiary of the Washington Cathedral from 1924 to 1939. His son, also Anson (1905-1986), became Bishop of Massachusetts in 1956 and served until 1970.

Caroline Phelps Stokes [*1812-1881*].
Author's collection

James Stokes [1804-1881], from a portrait by Daniel Huntington.
The New-York Historical Society

convenience of civilization and of society because these are not entirely free from all admixture of evil, is a very venerable one, and has been followed to a greater or lesser extent by many most distinguished Christians from the Monks of Egypt and Arabia to the Puritans of England and America, and the protests against worldliness and evil have no doubt been instructive. But

the question for us to consider appears to be whether such manners of living are most generally useful now—most like the best life—the life of our Lord, who came eating and drinking and enjoying social intercourse, who did not refuse to use the products of slave labour, nor money because it bore idolatrous devices, nor honey because it was made on the Sabbath day, nor wine because others used it to excess, who even attended a fashionable dinner on the Sabbath, and *improved* the occasion. It is indeed important to seek first the Kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness, but it cannot be wrong to teach children also to properly enjoy those good things of this world, which are to be added, and particularly those social enjoyments most likely to lead them to such friendship and personal attachments which are desirable to their own happiness, influence, and usefulness, and for the good of society. But to return to the question of letters, I think that the carrying at sea of such letters as yours, dear Mother, may come within the rule that it is right to do good on the Sabbath.

If I had to send my son from home to be educated, I think I would feel much safer to have him in a good family of Church people in Old England than in a good Puritan family in New England, and I would write to him even if the letters traveled during Sunday on the Atlantic.

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AFTER HE HAD OUTGROWN MRS. HOLT, Anson Stokes' education was supervised by young tutors from Union Theological Seminary who taught him mathematics, Latin, and some Greek. "I remember particularly one of these tutors," he wrote, "who, after hearing my lesson in the Greek would say 'now I had better give you a swimming lesson,' or 'a lesson in gymnastics.' We used to swim in the East River at the foot of the place, and one day I was nearly drowned from missing a board he thought he had pushed near enough to me. The lessons in gymnastics were given in the cherry trees, and I learned to climb well so as to get my share of the fruit."

Later, Anson was sent for a year or two to a day school run by a Mr. William Forest, and then at the age of seventeen he joined the eldest Dodge boy and the eldest surviving James boy as a clerk at Phelps, Dodge. His three younger brothers all went to college (Thomas and James to New York University and the youngest, William Earl Dodge Stokes, to Yale), as did the younger Dodge boys, but Anson was predestined for the family firm after his father became a partner in 1849.

From 1849 until after the Civil War, the Stokes family spent their summers near Ansonia, the seat of Phelps, Dodge's copper and brass manufacturing op-

erations. New York, with its frequent cholera and fever epidemics, was a good place to leave during the hot months, and the family bought an old country parsonage midway between Derby and Ansonia. Each year, Anson wrote, "a schooner took our furniture, luggage, etc. from the foot of the Phelps place on the East River to Derby." The Stokes daughters waxed sentimental over the joys of country living in their *Memories*, telling of "merry lunches in the woods when we went for berries, and days at the seashore, when we improvised our large rockaway[t] into a bathing machine, and enjoyed the sea bath." Anson was not so enthusiastic about it. "Life at Ansonia was rather dull," he said. "My chief amusements were riding, driving, and reading. My parents feared to let me do much rowing or sailing, lest I might be drowned. . . . In a large oak tree on a hill behind the house, I built a platform where I used to read."[43]

He and his brothers apparently tried fishing, but had to give it up when their father objected. "I do not like to hinder the Boys in any pastime," James wrote from New York to his wife at Ansonia in the summer of 1853, "but fishing is not a very elegant amusement, especially about Docks, Rocks or dirty Ponds—and Fishermen and Fisher Boys, are not literary, or elegant in their looks, dress, or conversation. It is a cruel sport, and makes Men and Boys cruel towards the fish, if not towards animals. I would prefer Ball playing, Kite flying, foot Ball, riding on the backs of Horses, to the company of those that I last went a-fishing with—and they were about the best party that I ever went with. It is a low business that I always have been ashamed of, to say nothing of the risks of drowning, etc. I should not like them to go again unless I go with them, as I should be fearful of accident."

James Stokes was certainly not an easy going parent or husband. A contemporary described him thus:

> He was a man who in his domestic life was very attentive to domestic matters. In the household he was very minute and particular in all that he did. He took part in the hiring of the servants, he was particular with the children, in their dressing, and in the ventilation of the rooms; he was up early in the morning going about the house, airing the house. He looked after the furnace himself, at times; he cared for the supplies, did the marketing, generally had his hand in the details of household management, being rather a man of minute things than a man of breadth of character fitted for the management of large concerns. In his manner he was dogmatic, earnest, positive, decided, and he had opinions which were fixed, and convictions which were certain, and they did not vary a great deal. He was a Democrat and a Baptist, although he yielded in attending church to the wishes of his wife.

[t] The *Oxford English Dictionary* defines a "rockaway" as "a four-wheeled carriage, open at the sides, with two or three seats and a standing top."

> He was toward people generally a courteous, polite and dignified gentleman. He was talkative, fond of conversation. He liked to talk business, was fond of a story. His eye was clear and bright, his countenance impressive. He had certain fixed and definite habits; he rose in the morning at a certain hour, and retired at a certain hour at night.[44]

There was always an element of coolness between James Stokes and William E. Dodge. William never called James anything but "Stokes," when by the custom of the day he would have addressed him as "Brother Stokes," or by his Christian name. It may have been due to the difference in their temperaments—William ardent and voluble, James fussy and dogmatic. When William's son Will and Daniel James's son Willis joined the family firm, "Uncle Stokes" became known behind his back as "Stiffy." All this probably contributed to the eventual withdrawal at the end of 1875 of the whole Stokes family, father and sons, from the partnership.

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ALL THE TIME that the Phelps, Stokes, and Dodge families were pursuing busy domestic and business lives in New York, Daniel James continued to manage the family firm's affairs in Liverpool. His wife, Elizabeth, who had had smallpox when they first moved to England, was constantly plagued by bad health, and the tragedies connected with her children almost certainly led to her early death. As we have seen, one of her three boys died at three months and another was killed in a carriage accident when he was twelve. Of her two daughters, one had serious spinal problems and was a semi-invalid. Elizabeth Phelps James returned to England after a visit to her parents in 1845 and was ill on and off thereafter until the summer of 1847, when she died at Clifton House, Rock Ferry, just before her fortieth birthday. Daniel wrote to the Stokeses: "I miss her more and more every day, and when I return home at night to my lonely dwelling, and lonely and motherless children, it seems as if I should sink under it."

There were then only two motherless children at home—Olivia and Elizabeth—for the surviving son, Daniel Willis James, was away attending Edinburgh Academy. Elizabeth was the daughter with spinal trouble, and in a later letter, Daniel opined that it was worry over the child's "great, great misfortune" which had "brought her most precious mother to a premature grave."

The unfortunate Elizabeth James would die, unmarried, at the age of thirty-four in 1868, but Olivia, who married an American, Robert Hoe, in 1863, lived to be ninety-eight years old. Her husband was grandson and nephew of the men who invented and manufactured newspaper printing presses, Robert and Richard March Hoe. In his turn, Robert Hoe improved upon their efforts, developing ever-speedier rotary presses. He, himself, invented a press that would print colors—he can thus justifiably be called the father of the funny papers. In addition to being a man of great technical skills combined with executive ability, he was an ardent bibliophile. He amassed an even greater book and manuscript collection than that of his Murray Hill neighbor and contemporary, J. Pierpont

Morgan. Hoe owned the first printed editions of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, two Gutenberg Bibles, and nearly fifteen thousand other assorted treasures.

Until his death in 1909, the Hoes lived on East Thirty-sixth Street in New York, in a house which has been described as "a cluttered arsenal of the history of book-making. From basement to attic, volumes were packed like sardines, two deep, in bookcases piled upon bookcases." Of Olivia, it was said that she was "a small, sweet-faced, simple-hearted woman, . . . as restless as a flitting bird," who crossed the Atlantic one hundred and fifty-four times in her long life. "Gentle and perhaps a little overwhelmed by her husband's lordliness, she occupied herself—when not on the high seas—with charitable enterprises, and sometimes she would give a reception with music in whatever space she could clear among those formidable bookcases."[45]

In his later years, Robert Hoe spent much time in London. He bought adjoining and interconnecting houses in Brunswick Square—one for himself and one for the American manager of his London factory. The manager's daughter, a Mrs. Brown from Lexington, Kentucky, lived in Hoe's house, acting as his housekeeper, nurse, and presumably as his mistress. He died there in the autumn of 1909. No sooner had his body been returned to New York for burial than Mrs. Brown arrived to sue his estate, claiming that in return for her various services he had promised her about a quarter of a million dollars.

The newspapers had a field day with the testimony in the case. A couple of maids told of Mr. Hoe preparing perfumed tubs for Mrs. Brown at bathtime and addressing her in "terms of endearment." Mrs. Brown's former husband testified that Mr. Hoe had paid him $20,000 to drop a threatened alienation-of-affections suit. Her new husband, a New York attorney named Johns, was so upset at hearing slurs against his wife that he went round to Robert Hoe, Jr.'s, house and beat him up. The accounts titillated the newspaper-reading public for over a year until the matter was finally settled out of court.

As he had commanded in his will, Robert Hoe's library was sold at auction during 1911 and 1912, almost half of it going to another famous collector, Henry Huntington of Pasadena, California. The sale brought Hoe's heirs nearly two million dollars—a record for book auctions that was not surpassed until the late 1960s.

Olivia lived on and on, into the 1930s, and we have from her nephew, the late Edward James, the story of how, when she was at last too old to travel, being blind and almost totally deaf, her grandchildren managed to persuade her, by means of a film studio wind machine and a rocking bed, that she was on yet another voyage.

Olivia Hoe's surviving brother, Daniel Willis James, was sent over to the United States in 1849, after a year at Edinburgh University. He and his cousin William E. Dodge, Jr., began their careers with Phelps, Dodge & Co. side by side as clerks at the high copying desks in the Cliff Street offices. Willis and Will were

born in the same year and went to work in the same year. They each married in the same year and both were made junior partners of the firm in 1854. When their fathers died and the Stokes family withdrew, they jointly ran the company for the rest of their lives. They were the two who, in 1881, made the momentous decision to go into mining in the American Southwest. It was a unique cousinship and copartnership, continued in the next generation by Willis's only son, Arthur Curtiss James, and Will's only surviving son, Cleveland Hoadley Dodge. But Arthur C. James was childless, and with his death, the James family's part in the development of Phelps, Dodge came to an end.

In the year that Willis came to New York, however, his father, Daniel James, married again and started another family. His second wife was a Miss Sophia Hitchcock from New York, whom he took back to Liverpool about 1850. His in-laws, the Dodges and Stokeses, approved of her completely. When James Stokes went to visit them, he wrote home that Sophia was "one of the best housekeepers and loveliest of ladies," adding, "it is the best regulated family with perfect quiet and with the most universal kindness toward each other I ever saw. . . . Meals at the minute. . . . Prayers morning and night at the striking of the clock and generally all are present but the cook and she is generally there at night. . . . The children retire by 7."

The second Mrs. James gave Daniel three more sons during the 1850s: Frank Linsley, John Arthur, and William Dodge James. All three were brought up as Englishmen and educated at Harrow and Cambridge. That decade was a busy and prosperous one for Phelps, James & Co.

Liverpool, as has been mentioned, was the great center for Anglo-American trade. The United States Consul there throughout most of the period was the writer Nathaniel Hawthorne. He had been given the plum political appointment for writing President Franklin Pierce's campaign biography in 1852. Hawthorne and Daniel James must have had innumerable dealings, even though the author of *The Scarlet Letter* said that, at Liverpool, he had the reputation of being "a fanciful recluse."[46]

Daniel James was in sole charge of the business after the death of his English partner, Thomas Banks, in 1859. Whenever he went away—he came frequently to the United States for extended holidays and consultations with his partners—either his son Willis or his nephew Anson Stokes would be sent over from New York to take his place. Although he remained an incorrigible worrier who constantly looked on the gloomy side of affairs, Daniel James became an immensely wealthy man. He had a share in the profits of Phelps, Dodge as well as those of Phelps, James, and whenever his American in-laws and partners invested in the fast-growing American railroads, they bought shares for him as well.

He gave up Clifton House at Rock Ferry and bought a new and larger estate, Oakwood, at Aigburth overlooking the Mersey, where he could bring up his new family in grander style. Caroline Phelps Stokes called it "Brother James's

Daniel Willis James [*1832-1907*].
The New-York Historical Society

delightful home." Later, he moved again to an even more impressive country place, Beaconsfield, at Woolton. It is possible to speculate that his dyed-in-the-wool conservatism led him to name this place for the great Tory leader Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield.

Daniel's second wife suffered a paralytic stroke in 1866; he nursed her tenderly until she died, and a year or so later, he married his children's former governess, a Miss Dickinson. In writing to Caroline Phelps Stokes to thank her for her congratulations, he noted that his sons over there were "pleased and satisfied." He

died at Woolton in November 1876. Until the end of his life, he remained firmly in charge of his business. Richard Lowitt, the biographer of William E. Dodge, has said that at the time of his death, Daniel James was the most respected American businessman in England.

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THE "ENGLISH" SONS OF DANIEL JAMES by his second wife led lives quite different from that of their "American" half brother, Willis. Two of them married into the British aristocracy and climbed steadily upward to the giddy heights of the late Victorian and Edwardian social world; the other one became an explorer of such faraway places as the Sudan, Somaliland, and the Arctic. When Willis James and Will Dodge turned the focus of Phelps, Dodge & Co. toward mining in the American West, Phelps, James & Co. in Liverpool lost its *raison d'être*, and thereafter slid quietly toward its eventual dissolution. Arthur, Frank, and William Dodge James lived handsomely on their inherited wealth. They became the possessors of London houses, country estates, and all that was needed to furnish them. They enjoyed yachting and shooting and breeding racehorses, they traveled abroad and entertained royalty at home, and they did it all with no need to spend wearisome hours in offices, mines, or factories.

John Arthur James married Venetia Cavendish-Bentinck, who appears to have been related to at last half the families in *Burke's Peerage*. Although Lady Randolph Churchill's nephew described Venetia as "acid-voiced, mean, red-haired but not beautiful,"[47] she was a society hostess of great repute and vied with her sister-in-law Mrs. "Willie" James in amusing King Edward. Venetia and Arthur had no children of their own, but she was godmother to her little cousin Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, now Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother. Despite the reputation for meanness, she left a legacy to her godchild when she died.

Frank Linsley James, who never married, was the explorer. Some time after his father's death, he acquired a large yacht, the *Lancashire Witch*, which he used as a floating base for his continuing expeditions to far-off places. In the spring of 1891, Frank cruised the West African coast, ascending the Niger River, and made various forays inland. On what proved to be the last of these, he and four companions left the *Lancashire Witch* anchored and went ashore. About a mile from the ship they met a large elephant. They shot at the beast, but only managed to wound it, whereupon the maddened animal charged and killed Frank James.

"Willie" James often went exploring with Frank, but was not with his brother on that fatal expedition. In 1889, he had married Evelyn Forbes, the petite and pretty daughter of a Scottish baronet, and by 1891 they were absorbed in refurbishing the country house he had bought near Chichester, in Sussex. West Dean Park was an estate of many thousand acres, bordering the lands of the Duke of

Mr. and Mrs. William Dodge James, as sketched by Edwin Lutyens in 1902.
Jane Ridley, ed., *The Letters of Edwin Lutyens*

Richmond on one side and the Duke of Norfolk on the other. It lay close to Cowes for yachting and to Goodwood for racing and provided some of the best shooting in England. The house dated from 1622 and had been "Gothicized" at the end of the eighteenth century by the famous architect James Wyatt.

"Willie" James and his bride proceeded to update it once more to suit their own lavish, rather vulgar tastes. The son of the man who had walked barefoot from Truxton to New York City wanted a place fit for a king, because he confidently expected to entertain one. A porte-cochère and tower were added to the front of the house, elevations were altered, new wings and a service court built. Inside, in the marble entrance hall, a stuffed polar bear stood to welcome guests, holding a lamp in one paw and a tray for visiting cards in the other. Lions and other mementoes of Willie's expeditions with Frank glared from the walls or from glass cases.

There were suites of elegantly paneled rooms for entertaining, filled with French-style furniture and hung with purchased portraits and Old Master paintings. There was a vast two-storied oak hall with a minstrels' gallery where fashionable orchestras imported from London came to play. The latest marvels of science were employed to make life at West Dean run smoothly: electric lighting powered by steam engines, a hydraulic lift to bring food up to the dining room

West Dean House, near Chichester, Sussex.
Country Life Magazine and The Edward James Foundation, Chichester, England

from the kitchens, even an automated steam laundry. And, of course, there were servants by the dozen to operate and to augment these technological wonders.

King Edward VII enjoyed coming to West Dean and appreciated its amenities. He liked the shooting, the creature comforts, and the opulence; he liked his host, for Willie James was "the very image of a 'good fellow,' . . . erect, steady-eyed, immaculately groomed [with] curling moustaches."[48] Above all, the King liked his pert and vivacious hostess, who once greeted him by having herself presented as a large doll, lying with rouged cheeks among layers of tissue paper in a big box. Mrs. Willie James was soon added to the long list of beautiful women such as Lily Langtry, Daisy Warwick, and Mrs. Keppel, who were his friends, confidantes, and mistresses. The atmosphere of West Dean in its heyday is best summed up in lines from Hilaire Belloc's much-quoted ballad:

> There will be bridge and booze 'til after three
> And after that, a lot of them will grope
> Along the corridors in robes de nuit,
> Pyjamas, or some other kind of dope,
> A sturdy matron will be set to cope
> With Lord _____, who isn't quite "the thing"
> And gives his wife the leisure to elope,
> And Mrs. James will entertain the King![49]

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THE GREAT DAYS OF WEST DEAN coincided with Edward VII's short reign. "Willie" James died of cancer in 1912, leaving four daughters and a five-year-old son, Edward. There was much speculation about young Edward's paternity, since he was born nine months after the King had been staying for one of the famous houseparties. However, in later years he was to claim that his mother, not he himself, had been fathered by Edward VII, asserting that his grandmother Forbes had had a romp in the Scottish heather many years before with the royal "Bertie."

Much of West Dean's acreage had to be sold off to pay death duties, and the house was let after "Willie" James's demise. His widow married again and went elsewhere to live, growing increasingly self-centered and eccentric as the years went by. The girls followed only too closely in their mother's flighty footsteps, especially the youngest, Audrey. Startlingly beautiful, but tough and brassy, she became the toast of London's "bright young things" right after World War I. In 1919, Lord Louis Mountbatten, then a naval lieutenant, fell in love with her, but their romance was interrupted when "Dickie" Mountbatten went off as naval aide to his cousin the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VIII, on a long Com-

monwealth tour. When he returned, he found the impatient Audrey about to marry Major Dudley Coats, of the cotton-spinning family. Society wits remarked that she evidently preferred "the arms of Coats to the coat of arms."

Marriage was no bar to further suitors, and Audrey is thought to have had a "merry little caper" with the Prince of Wales himself, some years before he met Wallis Warfield Simpson. After Coats died, she had two more marriages and two divorces. She spent four tempestuous years with Marshall Field III, grandson of the Chicago department-store magnate; later, she married—and shed—another Englishman, Peter Pleydell-Bouverie. Evelyn Waugh described her in her later years as "a strained nervous, cross-patch of a woman,"[50] but perhaps she was not all that bad. A Dodge relative in England knew her well and spoke warmly of her, and she is reputed to have been a close friend of the Queen Mother. She died in London in 1968.

As for Edward, the son and heir, he can most charitably be described as a true English eccentric. According to his own account of his early years,[u] he was persecuted and bullied by his mother and a series of brutal masters at preparatory schools and at Eton; he had a couple of good years at Le Roséy in Switzerland and enjoyed his time at Oxford, although he left without taking a degree. At Christ Church he had an elegant set of rooms decorated with Flemish tapestries, silk curtains and bed-hangings, and a purple ceiling in the drawing room. Round this latter a gold-lettered frieze proclaimed "Ars Longa Vita Brevis Sed Vita Longis Si Scias Uti" ("Art is long, life is short, but life if you know how to use it can also be long").

While at Oxford, Edward started a publishing venture. He called it the James Press, and he published the very first collection of John Betjeman's verse. Betjeman was then an undergraduate at Magdalen, and his autobiographical poem, *Summoned by Bells*, records aspects of his friendship with Edward James, particularly breakfasts of Virginia ham and champagne in those elegant rooms and heady discussions of T.S. Eliot and Oscar Wilde, "while outside, in the rain, pale and uninteresting undergraduates trudged to lectures and tutorials."[51]

After Oxford, Edward spent some months in New York with his cousins, the Arthur Curtiss Jameses. They lived in grand style at 39 East Sixty-ninth Street, and also had houses at Tarrytown (the one Anson Phelps, Jr., had built in 1850), at Newport, and in Florida. Besides these, Arthur James owned a magnificent sailing yacht, *Aloha*, in which he and his wife with several guests had made a round-the-world voyage in 1922. In the course of that journey, when they reached Japan, an interpreter translated Japanese newspaper stories about their trip. "Mr. James is Trying a Brave Round World Trotting, Crossing Pacific Ocean in Family-Size Yacht," announced one set of headlines. An article noted that "Mr. James has very clear brain and solved any hard problem in five min-

[u] *Swans Reflecting Elephants*, edited by George Melly from a series of tape recordings and published in 1982.

Arthur Curtiss James [*1867-1941*].
The New-York Historical Society

utes," and added that "Mr. James is very clever to earn money and equally clever to spend it. He is using enormous sums in social improvement, educational enterprise not only in America but in Turkey and Armenia. He is stretching his hands all over the world."[52]

Arthur Curtiss James was for some years Commodore of the New York Yacht

Edward James [1907-1984] with Napoleon's death mask.
Norman Parkinson, Ltd.

Club, and his cousin Cleveland H. Dodge always referred to his wife, Harriet, as "the Commodoress." All the Dodges derived a certain wry amusement from the Jameses' high style of living: "Mr. Arthur James showed us his numerous half-million dollar toys while his wife was being groomed for the horse show," Cleve's son Bayard wrote after calling on them at "Beacon Hill House" in Newport, and Cleve himself, when he attended a James dinner in New York, noted that "we dined off large gold-plated plates for all the courses which was very elegant, although slightly vulgar; . . . the 'Commodoress' was in her element." However, he once remarked with sympathetic insight that he was sure Harriet James would gladly have exchanged all her golden plates for just one of his daughter Julia's eight children.

Edward James arrived at his cousins' New York mansion with his own Rolls Royce and chauffeur and proceeded to shock them with his wild escapades; he in turn sneered at their Puritan mores and concern for hanging on to their capital in the midst of the stock-market crash. He was delighted when he was offered a post as honorary attaché by the British ambassador to Italy, and went happily off to Rome. There he lived in sybaritic splendor, but his diplomatic career ended abruptly when he encoded a message wrongly. His dispatch came out saying that the Italians had laid down the keels for three hundred warships. It should have

Tilly Losch at the time of her marriage to Edward James.
The Estate of Sir Cecil Beaton

said three. The discrepancy caused such a stir at the Foreign Office that Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald had to interrupt a sacred weekend to rush up to London to deal with the noncrisis.

Edward returned to London, hanging about on the fringes of the arty set and playing with the "beautiful people." Rex Whistler, Augustus John, Noel Coward, and the Sitwells are all mentioned as, if not his friends, at least acquaintances

who accepted his lavish hospitality. At vast expense, he redecorated a house at 35 Wimpole Street, across from Elizabeth Barrett Browning's former residence, and about this time he met a glamorous Austrian dancer and musical comedy star, Tilly Losch. His own account of their on-again, off-again marriage and messy divorce is horrifying, depressing, obscene, and tragicomic.

Tilly married him for his money, convinced he was a homosexual and therefore astounded when he turned out to be bisexual. She arranged abortions whenever she became pregnant, took numerous other lovers, lied and cheated in a variety of sadistic ways. Edward made the mistake of thinking that, with his money, he could buy her love. He spent hundreds of thousands of pounds on promoting her career. He became the financial angel behind Georges Balanchine's attempt to form his own ballet company after Sergeii Pavlovich Diaghilev's death and the breakup of the Russian Ballet. He paid to assemble Kurt Weill, the composer of the *Threepenny Opera*; Bertolt Brecht, the writer; and Pavel Tchelitchew, the scene designer, together with Balanchine. They collaborated on what was called *Les Ballets 1933*, in which Tilly had a starring role. The production was staged first in Paris and then in London and was a colossal, expensive flop. It soon closed, as did the marriage.

Seeing no way out, it was Edward who sued Tilly for divorce, citing Prince Serge Obolensky as principal co-respondent, but also accusing her of affairs with Randolph Churchill and Tom Mitford (brother of Unity, Nancy, Diana, Jessica, and Deborah). In summing up the case after eight days of highly publicized testimony, the judge said, "I consider this case disgraceful in that the plaintiff brought the case."[53] The decree was granted, but since many of the people he had thought were his friends agreed with the judge, Edward was thereafter cut dead by most of them. He went off to West Dean and in his solitude composed a novel, *The Gardener Who Saw God*. A year or so later he returned to his round of international pleasure, in the course of which he met the Surrealist painters Salvador Dali and René Magritte and began to collect their works.

West Dean House was too big for this solitary little man. There was another house on the estate called Monkton House. It had been designed for his parents by the great Edwardian architect Edwin Lutyens as a sort of *Petit Trianon* where they could retreat and relax from the splendors of West Dean House. With the help of the pioneer modernist architect Christopher Nicholson, the designer Norris Wakefield, and with Dali as "artistic consultant," Edward now proceeded to redo this house for himself in Surrealist style. The Lutyens brickwork was covered with cement and painted to match the nearby copper beech trees; the conventional iron downspouts were replaced by mock bamboo ones; two carved wooden palm trees flanked the front door; and as a final touch, under the upstairs windows plaster moldings were added in the shape of sheets hung out to dry. Inside, perhaps the most striking effect was achieved with a pair of sofas designed

Detail of Monkton House.
Author's collection

by Dali in the shape of Mae West's lips. The whole ensemble has been described as resembling "a mad potentate's private brothel."

With the coming of World War II, Edward James closed Monkton House and scuttled off to the United States. West Dean House became the headquarters of a legal publishing firm blitzed out of London, while Anthony Eden rented a third house on the estate. Meanwhile, Edward passed the war years in California, hobnobbing with Hollywood stars, with mysticists—including the Aldous Huxleys—who clustered about the celebrated savant Krishnamurti [see pages 262-265] in Ojai, and with the homosexual circle of Christopher Isherwood. He became an American citizen, hoping the move would improve his chances of inheriting some of his cousin Arthur Curtiss James' money. When cousin Arthur died in 1941, Edward learned to his sour disappointment that although each of his sisters received a small legacy, he was totally ignored. The bulk of that gentleman's millions went to educational and charitable institutions.

After the war Edward returned briefly to England, but found its austerity not to his liking. Before he died in December, 1984, he spent most of his time in the mountains of Mexico supervising the haphazard construction of a surrealistic dream village. But he did one worthwhile thing that will live after him. He set up the Edward James Foundation, which now owns the West Dean property and some of his art collection. The big house has been restored to look as it did in his parents' day, and serves as headquarters for a crafts college. Students come for long or short periods to take courses in antique furniture restoration, wrought-iron working, tapestry weaving, and other crafts. It is a busy and thriving place with, at last, a useful and creative purpose. Although his grandson's lifestyle would have been totally, shockingly, inexplicable to old Daniel James, he would surely have derived satisfaction from the knowledge that the last of his money is providing opportunities for education.

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TO TURN BACKWARD ONCE MORE in time to the 1830s and 1840s, and in space from England to the United States: while the Stokeses lived on Anson Phelps' estate and added to Clifton Cottage as their family grew, William E. Dodge and Melissa continued to reside further downtown. With the arrival of children, they moved northward from Bleecker Street to Fifth Street and then to Eighteenth Street. They spent a good deal of time, especially in the summers, with William's parents, the David Low Dodges, at their Cedar Brook Farm near Plainfield, New Jersey. The senior Dodge had bought the two-hundred-acre place some years after his retirement from the dry-goods business.

More than four decades had passed since David had gone into the world from his own father's hardscrabble Connecticut farm. Now, after all the busy intervening years spent in teaching, in business, and in founding peace, tract, and Bible societies, he had chosen to go back to the land. He and Sarah led a pleasantly pastoral existence in a large house with a fine view over the village of Plainfield. Here they welcomed their children and particularly their numerous grandchildren for long visits. One of the grandsons, William Dodge Porter, wrote a long and detailed description of the farm and the way they lived then.

"The house was a large two-story farm building," he explained, "with double wings, the left one having only one room downstairs, known as the large parlour, extending the entire width of the building and only opened on state occasions. We children always considered it a special privilege when we were allowed to open the door, stand on the threshold, and even look within, but we seldom dared to enter." He noted that four scenes from the life of Joseph hung on the parlor walls, and bound volumes of a magazine called the *New York Albion* lay "on each of the two half-tables."

"There were no furnaces in the house," he continued. "The only fuel used was wood, and every night on the little stand in the dining room there were placed two dipped tallow candles, which Grandmother made herself, and these were in-

Cedar Brook Farm at Plainfield, New Jersey as it is today.
Mr. and Mrs. Stark Sutton, III

serted in two plated candlesticks. Grandfather sat on one side of the stand and read, Grandmother knitted on the other. At exactly nine o'clock, the servants were called in to evening worship, then the coals in the fire were raked together, covered with ashes; the candles were extinguished, and every one in the house went directly to bed."

Porter mentioned that during the summers the big fire-place was filled with "great tufts of branches, flowers, and leaves to cheer the eye; but as soon as the frosts of autumn set in the fire was kindled, which was never allowed to go out until late in the spring." He described how it was kept going: "Each morning the two laboring men brought in three heavy logs, one after another, and these formed the background; in front were lighter sticks, and between them the smaller pieces, all held in place by the great iron bar in front; then the ashes were raked open until the live coals were reached, and soon there was a roaring fire which we children, sitting on our crickets [stools], loved to watch, as did also Nero the dog and Jennie the cat (who were devoted to Grandfather and would follow him into the fields as he walked), one lying on each side of the brass fender."

This grandson also explained how Sarah made her candles: "A narrow piece of board had a small hole perforated in the end, and in this was inserted a small rod, around which were twisted several lengths of cotton wicking, and when a number had been so prepared, then by means of a handle they were dipped one after another into the kettle of hot tallow, then hung up to dry, having pans underneath to catch the dripping. As soon as the tallow hardened, they were dipped again and again until the needed thickness was obtained, finally being hung up in the cellar to harden, and the next day were ready for use."

William Dodge Porter wrote that old David Low Dodge went around his farm every day "from one part to another in order to see that the men employed were competent and faithful in their work." He added that David "was also a great student and spent part of his time in both reading and writing, and when any of the relatives came out to Plainfield on a visit, the first question asked after supper was always 'Did you bring the New York paper with you?' Then while he read the paper no one was allowed to speak. Grandfather claimed that by keeping up with the news of the day, he could better understand the progress which the kingdom of God was making upon the earth."

"Grandmother had her hands full also," the grandson went on, "for besides general care of the house, there was a large dairy, which needed constant supervision of the milk, cream and butter churning. Every Friday was the great baking day of the week. The large brick oven, after being thoroughly heated by a fire made of small sticks, soon became a mass of glowing coals, which needed the closest watching, and then there went into it, by means of a long wooden shovel, the pan of Pork and Beans; the iron pot of Boston Brown Bread; loaves of White

Bread and Biscuit, the large dish of Indian Pudding; the Pies of at least two kinds, generally Apple and Custard; and last but not least the pans of Scalloped Cookies, made especially for us children. . . . They were given us hot from the oven."

Fridays were baking days and thrilling days for children; Sundays as described by Porter were exactly what one might have expected: "In summer the Sabbath and fast days to us children seemed very long, for the Grandparents sometimes rose on those days at half past four, and we had an early light breakfast, and oh, it seemed so very long before the morning service. There was only a short intermission at noon; after the close of the second service came the long, long afternoon and evening, with no sports, no children's papers, very few books. Our one privilege was to walk down the lane, to the foot of the garden, but not out of it, and then slowly return."

There were only two pleasant things about Sundays, according to William Porter: fried yellow mush at breakfast and custard pie for dessert at dinner—certainly better than the cold Sabbath collations placed before the Stokes children. These two delicacies were served on Sundays and Wednesdays only, and "no child might ask for two 'helps.' "

His account of life at Cedar Brook Farm mentioned that "there was no clock in the dining room, there was only a large silver watch which hung by the side of the mantel-piece, and which Grandfather wound up each morning before family prayers." Finally, he described the ingenious method used to rid the dining room of flies: "In the summer there were many flies, and we all—including visitors—used to range ourselves in a line, and waving our handkerchiefs and marching together, we drove the flies out of the open window, and then sat down to our meals in peace."[54]

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WILLIAM E. DODGE, JR., Melissa and William's oldest son, spent parts of eight consecutive years at Cedar Brook, beginning in 1836, when he was four years old. During his visits, he went to school in Plainfield and was also taught by his grandfather. In 1839, he wrote to Melissa:

> MY DEAR MOTHER
>
> I take the pleasure to write you a few lines. I am very well, and I hope you and papa and my dear little brothers and little sister[v] are all very well my

[v] One of Melissa Phelps Dodge's greatest disappointments was that neither of her two daughters lived beyond infancy. When this letter was written, William Dodge, Jr., had two younger brothers: Anson, born 1834, and David Stuart, born 1836. Eventually he would have four more: Charles Cleveland, born at Cedar Brook Farm in 1841, plus Norman, George, and Arthur.

quarter is out next Fidey and the examination is in the afternoon. I hope you and papa will be there I think i get along verry well in my studies Our grapes were all stole the other night except the few in the arbor. I wish you let papa bring over the traveling bag for i do not think my trunk will hold them all grandpapa and grandmama sends their love I want verry much to see you and little brothers and papa and little sister and i hope soon to see you

Your affectionate Son

WM. E. DODGE

David Low Dodge never relaxed his belief in stern discipline, and all his grandsons had memories of corporal punishment in the boot-closet off his bedroom. One of them got a beating for flippancy on a Sunday evening when Grandpapa had been asking questions on the Catechism. "What is the chief end of man?" demanded David Low, and the little fellow piped back too smartly, "To spend all he gets, and get all he can."[55]

When he was planning to give young Will a concentrated course in geography one summer, the old gentleman wrote to his son William: "He must be *prepared* for his study of geography & come with the expectation of devoting some time daily to it & work some daily with me & do some chores, etc. He needs a first rate universal Atlas. I believe you have one—a good universal Gazetteer—I know of no modern one but have noticed U. S. one recently advertised but have forgotten the author. The common school Geographies, Gazetteers & Atlasses are of little value for my course—also some good sheets of drawing paper. I have drawing instruments, inkstand and some good ink. If you have a good universal Geography let him bring that also. He needs tools for this object as much as a mechanic does for his work & of the best kind—a few dollars can never be better expended for his education. I want what he gets so stamp'd on his mind that he can never rub it out."

As he approached the proverbial three score years and ten, David Low became more and more discouraged about keeping up the farm. Competition from big farms in the West was already a problem: prices for produce were low and good help was hard to find. "The fact is old fashioned *sterling honesty* has become a scarce article in the U. S.," he lamented in a letter to William. "The loose political sentiments have depraved the community together with the mania to get rich quick which is a great curse."

The following spring he sounded even lower and wearier: "I write a line tho' prodigiously tired," he told William. "Myself & men yesterday & today planted

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Counting the two stillborn babies who preceded William, Jr., Melissa went through eleven pregnancies.

8 acres of corn & ashed every hill. I worked about 10 hours each day & could hired no man who would have done more but I have gone beyond my strength. . . . My garden is not much spaded yet. I have made several attempts but broke down soon."

"The beginning of the week we must sow our plaster if we expect much hay," he wrote. Sowing plaster meant liming the meadows, and David was concerned that this be done before the crops were planted. "If I had a few days work of one man we could get along until about 25 June when I must have a first-rate man at least a month—for haying & harvesting. I will thank you to look out for one—all the farmers are behind hand owing to the season & everything crowds at once."

He and Sarah had given up spending their winters at Cedar Brook. They went back to New York City each autumn and stayed with their daughter Sarah Dodge Porter and her merchant husband, Henry (it was the Porters' son who wrote the description already quoted of Cedar Brook Farm). However, the summer times were still pleasant and full of the comings and goings of family and friends. In 1844, when William and Melissa took their first trip to England, they sent twelve-year-old Will to his medical uncle, Dr. D. Stuart Dodge, in Hartford, while the three younger boys—Anson, David, and "little Charley"—went to their grandparents' farm.

From Cedar Brook, Sarah Cleveland Dodge wrote to Will of how much he was missed and of the fun the others were having. "I conclude a letter from Grandmama will not be unacceptable," she began. Parenthetically, it is interesting to note how much better her spelling and grammar were compared to her contemporary, Olivia Phelps, Melissa's mother. Perhaps it was because she had once been David Low Dodge's pupil in the Mansfield Town School. "As this is the only summer for eight years that you have not spent at Cedar Brook, I have thought of you a great deal & miss you very much—as I wrote your Uncle Stuart—in the time of strawberries. I miss'd you both in assisting to *pick* as well as *eat* them, & as we had a great many, I should have been pleased could you have shared them with us. As to your Uncle & Aunt, I have hoped for some three or four years they would be here in the season of them, and partake with us the charming luxury—but have been disappointed, owing I suppose to the difficulty of your Uncle's leaving home, on the account of his patients, & I am ready to despair of their visiting us at all, as we shall sell the place the first good opportunity."

She continued: "We have had a number of our children, grandchildren, & other friends to visit us since our return from N. York last spring. I think our place never looked so pleasant as it has this season. We have the prospect of more fruit than usual, & grapes in abundance."

Anson and David Dodge were meant to be attending school in Plainfield, but

Sarah Cleveland Dodge [1780-1862] as an old lady.
Author's collection

the schoolmaster, a Mr. Wallace, had "wounded his eye badly," Sarah wrote, and so the boys had been free for about a week. During that time they had been "employed in making hay, mowing, etc. quite smartly," but were now back at their studies.

"Anson says tis much easier for you to write than for him," she added. "He hopes you will write again, without waiting for him. He was delighted with your letter, and thanks you very much for it. David would be glad to write you, but Mr. Wallace does not allow letters to be written in school, & I have hardly time to afford him the aid he needs; having never written a letter, I fear he will hardly accomplish it. Little Charley is a very good boy—he has grown every way this summer. He is quite well, & happy, playing horse in some form or other from morning 'till night—he often talks about his brother Willie."

Among other visitors, she mentioned her brother-in-law "Dr. Cox from Brooklyn"—the same Samuel Hanson Cox, D.D., who had taught William E. Dodge when he was a boy. Together with "Aunt Cox" and two daughters, he had been over in June "& laid the cornerstone of the new church (the Second Presbyterian)."

She concluded: "Let us hear from you soon, which will be a satisfaction to your affectionate Grandmother Sarah Dodge."

The opportunity to sell the farm came the next year, and thereafter the David

Low Dodges lived year-round in New York until his death in 1852 and hers in 1864. They were part of the Porter household until Sarah Dodge Porter died early in 1847; after that, they lived with William and Melissa.

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THE WILLIAM DODGES CROSSED TO LIVERPOOL that summer of 1844 in a sailing ship, the *Ashburton*, and returned in the famous steamship *Great Western*. Melissa, on her first long sea voyage, was fascinated by the sailors and their work. "They all have a leather belt round their waists," she wrote to Will, "with a sheath and knife in it attached, so that they can cut a rope suddenly or use it in any emergency."

"They are very industrious," she added, "always busily engaged about something, and many times seem to work very hard. . . . One thing they are obliged to do in turn is to stand 4 hours at a time at the wheel with their eyes steadily fixed upon their compass & course of the ship, pulling at the wheel day or night without any rest when it is their watch."

She mentioned that "there was one sailor whose countenance I was very much interested in and I desired your papa to question him a little, which he did and found he was from New London," adding, "I thought he was a Yankee boy, his conduct and whole appearance was so different from the others. Your papa asked him how he liked the sea; he said a man must be a stoic and not care what he suffer'd if he was determined to follow the sea . . . and said if he should leave the sea he did not know what else to do."

Melissa's sister Elizabeth Phelps James and her husband greeted them at Liverpool and took them to *their* Clifton House outside the city at Rock Ferry, which Melissa said had "a most delightful situation with a beautiful garden with all kinds of fruit and vegetables." The afflicted daughter, Elizabeth, was "obliged to keep on her couch on account of her back. . . . She is about 10 years old. The Dr. thinks the inflammation is removed, but wishes to keep her on her back for some time yet." She continued: "Elizabeth has a little carriage in which she is drawn by the servant man around the garden every day. They have a governess in the house who devotes herself entirely to the instruction of the two girls—Willis is away from home at boarding school. Olivia is about 7 years old. She is a very pretty little girl and quite advanced in her studies. She takes lessons on the piano from her governess."[w]

Since the depression after the Panic of 1837 had by this time lifted, the tinplate, iron, and copper manufacturers of South Wales were ready to greet these impor-

[w] The governess was the Miss Dickinson who eventually became Daniel James's third wife (see p. 107). Willis was at Edinburgh Academy.

tant American customers with all the hospitality at their command. They went first to see "Llewellyn Llewellyn, Esq., owner of an immense large tin establishment," who lived in "a large and most splendid mansion with elegant grounds around and the greatest variety of fruit and flowers that I ever met," Melissa wrote. She was impressed that "they sent their elegant carriage with coachman in livery and a wagon for our luggage a number of miles to meet us," and noted that they "dined at six o'clock in the evening."

Together with Daniel and Elizabeth James, William and Melissa visited some of the mines and mills in the region around Swansea. Just as her sister Caroline eleven years before had been able to take in the technicalities of cotton spinning in Manchester, so now Melissa could understand and describe this other facet of the Industrial Revolution.

"We visited a large establishment of Copper Works," she wrote home. "We saw the whole operation from the ore taken from the mountain though several different processes of purifying, until it was pour'd out the boiling hot copper. It is then put into a pickel and comes out a beautiful bright colour." However, she was worried about "the poor men and women who work there," saying "they look very sickly; they have a ghastly appearance which is distressing."

"The gentleman who showed us round said it was partly owing to the bright flame of the melted copper," she added, "but we saw some of them outdoors and they had the same look. There is much poison which evaporates while it is melting, and the smoke was so unpleasant that we had several times to go out to get breath while we were examining the Works. For several miles around when the smoke settles, vegetation is entirely destroyed—otherwise the country in different directions is beautiful."[x]

The Jameses and Dodges also visited what Melissa called "the most extensive iron and tin works in the world," at Myrphry, where more than seven thousand people worked and forty blast furnaces operated. Melissa was impressed by the way they blazed out at night, thought it "a wonderful arrangement of Providence in placing the iron, limestone & coal so near together," but said that "it was disturbing to see the miners, men, women, and children; they look black as negroes, as though they could not be washed white, and dreadful ragged."

When they reached London, they did all the usual sight-seeing, and Melissa wrote, "We were as much pleased with Madame Tussaud's exhibition of wax figures as anything we have seen." As for their social life in the capital, she told Will that "your dear Papa has not been afraid to avow his Temperance principles wherever he has been, & he has evidently been respected for it, though it seem'd contrary to the feelings of some of the great wine drinkers we have met. . . . Sometimes when we have been at dinner we have been urged to take a glass for

[x] Nearly one hundred and fifty years later, the copper industry is still trying to find a solution to the problem of smelter smoke.

our health, but we have invariably declined, and asked the privilege of filling our wine glass with water to drink their health."

From London they went to Paris, where they "were treated with much politeness and attention," according to Melissa. "Our American consul called upon us twice, also our Minister, Mr. King,[y] whom we saw in Washington when we were there." The Phelps family group in 1833 had seen the raising of Napoleon's statue to the top of the column in the Place Vendôme; Anson Phelps, Jr., had been at Napoleon's entombment in 1840; now the Dodges saw a "great fête" on the anniversary of Louis Philippe's accession to the French throne. There were fireworks and illuminations—"13 hundred men employ'd to light the Lamps of the Champs Elysée," she said—but Melissa wrote that "amidst all the magnificences of that beautiful city, it is distressing to witness the awful profanation of the Sabbath."[56]

They returned to New York in September 1844 with their horizons widened in some ways, in other ways not.

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IN 1840, WILLIAM E. DODGE had written to Melissa that he felt too much of his time was taken up with business affairs, and promised her that in future, while in no way neglecting business, he would occupy himself more with his duties to "God, my family, the church, and the world." The record of his work in all these fields proves that he more than kept his promise. As the years went by and his sons and the sons of his partners grew up, he did not have to spend as much time as formerly in supervising the day-to-day operations of Phelps, Dodge & Co., but having inherited all his father's energy, he plunged into a myriad of other activities ranging from railroads to missionary boards, the New York Chamber of Commerce, and reform politics.

Early in the 1850s, he decided to build a house worthy of his status as one of New York's leading citizens. He chose an uptown site on Murray Hill, between Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh Streets on Madison Avenue (The Morgan Library now occupies the site). The Dodge house was the middle one of three on the east side of the avenue, all built at the same time. William's neighbors to right and left were both bankers and both named Phelps, distantly related to Anson and to each other. Isaac Newton Phelps had the house on the corner of Thirty-sixth and John Jay Phelps the one on the corner of Thirty-seventh Street. This propinquity eventually resulted in romance: a daughter of I. N. Phelps married Anson Phelps Stokes, and a daughter of J. J. Phelps married William's son, David Stuart Dodge.

[y] William Rufus DeVane King (1786-1853), a longtime senator from Alabama who was United States minister to France from 1844 to 1848.

View of New York City, circa 1852, showing the Phelps, Dodge, and Phelps houses on Madison Avenue.
The New-York Historical Society

A third Phelps, George D., who was a railroad magnate, had originally intended to build where William did, but changed his mind. He sold the lot to Dodge and instead built directly behind I. N. Phelps on Thirty-sixth Street, sharing the same stable alley with the three houses fronting on Madison Avenue.

To build so far uptown was considered rather daring, if not actually foolhardy, in 1852. I. N. Phelps' daughter wrote: "Friends thought my father was crazy . . . for Madison Avenue was not paved, and open only to Forty-Second Street, where the cattle-yards began. Empty lots were all around us, some of them being used as pasture for cows. There was a large country place between Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth Streets on Fifth Avenue, owned by Coventry Waddell, the grounds extending to Sixth Avenue. . . . There was also an old white wooden country house between Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh Streets on Fifth Avenue, and another on Park Avenue between Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth Streets. . . . The old Crystal Palace and the Reservoir covered the block between Fortieth and Forty-second Streets and Fifth and Sixth Avenues." The New York Public Library and Bryant Park now occupy the latter site.

"From our second story back windows we could see the boats on the East River," she continued, and explained that in those days there were no stores of any kind above Twenty-third Street, while all the large stores, "such as A. T. Stewart's, Arnold and Constable's and Beck's," were down below Fourth Street near City Hall. "When we went down-town for shopping," she wrote, "our coachman always took his lunch with him, and we went for ours to a baker's shop, for it was considered much too far to drive down and back before luncheon."

She mentioned that, when they first moved in, there was a line of horse cars on Fourth Avenue, and that if the coachman and carriage were not available, there were omnibuses they could take, adding, "I remember well when the stage line was put on Madison Avenue and that one of my great pleasures was to go for a ride on the stage or in winter the sleigh from our house to Wall Street Ferry and back."[57]

Number 225 Madison Avenue was a four-story brownstone house with plenty of room for William and Melissa's large family, plus such luxuries as a library, an art gallery, and a billiard room. It had taken longer to built than expected, which probably accounts for the fact that the youngest Dodge child, Arthur Murray, was born on October 29, 1852, at the Clarendon Hotel.

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THE DODGES HAD NOT BEEN LONG in their new house when Anson Phelps died at the age of seventy-two in November 1853. He and his wife,

Interior of the William E. Dodge house at 225 Madison Avenue.
The Cleveland H. Dodge Foundation, New York City

Olivia, had spent the preceding winter in Charleston, South Carolina, where he had gone so many years before to sell his saddles to plantation owners, and whence he had sent his first packet ships to deliver general merchandise and to pick up cotton. From that southern city, Olivia Egleston Phelps sent a sort of round-robin letter to some of her grandchildren. To Anson Phelps Stokes she wrote: "You are the first of the Big Boys to write us since we left home—(excuse me, Young Gentlemen). Grandmother has been growing herself a long time, but almost forgets that you are men in stature and, I would fondly hope, knowledge."

"We, your GrandParents, have had our day," she continued. "We have reason to say 'Goodness and mercy have followed us all our days,' and hope God will remember mercy for our seed from generation to generation if they strive to keep his commandments."

She went on to send special messages to several of the other grandchildren. To ten-year-old James Boulter Stokes she wrote: "Dear James Stokes, we thank you for your good letter. GrandPa and I thought it was written very well. May you go on improving the advantages you have and by and by be a good and useful man."

For Charles Cleveland Dodge, then eleven, the message was: "Dear Charley

Dodge, we often think of our dear Black-Eyed Boy and hope he may follow in the steps of the dear folks that he looks so much like and early seek and serve the God of his now sainted Grandfather Dodge."

"Dear little George Egleston Dodge," ran her salutation to the sixth Dodge son, "I love you and your name"; while to the newborn seventh son she said, "Dear little Arthur, we don't forget our pleasant little boy and hope he will live to be a good man."

She went on to write that "Dear Pa" had met a man who once had served as cabin boy on one of the New York to Charleston packets, "who is now Master of a fine Steam Ship."

Anson Phelps added a postscript to his wife's letter, telling the grandchildren, "Your letters are all safe to hand and very acceptable. . . . Anson and Eliza's letters are fit for any clerk in N. York."

The Phelpses returned from Charleston to New York in the spring, and Anson was well enough to go abroad that summer, but suffered a stroke while he was overseas. He came back from Liverpool to the big house overlooking Kip's Bay and there slipped slowly away during the autumn.

"Your Father was at the office at 10 o'clock yesterday morning," James Stokes wrote to his wife, Caroline, in mid-September, "on his way to the monthly meeting of the Directors of the New Haven RR company, but being disturbed in his bowel, was prevailed upon to rest, and then returned home." A few days later, Stokes wrote that he was worried about "dear GrandPa, though he is quite cheerful and still plays Backgammon and talks about matters, and was giving me an account of his journey—still I feel afraid of his situation."

When he died at the end of November, the New York newspapers devoted columns to his obituary and to accounts of his funeral and burial services as well as to his will, with its long list of bequests to charity:

"The remains of this much-esteemed merchant and philanthropist were yesterday consigned to their resting place in the family vault, Marble Cemetery, 2nd Avenue," said one account. "The family, relatives and immediate connexions . . . assembled at his residence . . . and there was not a cheek unmoistened. . . . The Rev. Dr. Joel Parker[z] . . . delivered a beautiful address . . . recounting the many virtues of the deceased. The carriages moved away from the house at half-past two o'clock, and numbered at the time over fifty, but was afterwards augmented to the considerable number of 75. The procession proceeded at a slow pace to the Mercer Street Presbyterian Church . . . and on the way, the remains were removed from the hearse and conducted by the following gentlemen, pall-bearers, into the cemetery:—Messrs. Horace Holden, John Adams, Wm.

[z] The Rev. Joel Parker (1799-1873) had been president of Union Theological Seminary for two years, and from 1852-1862 was pastor of the Bleecker Street Church in New York City. He was married to a niece of Anson Phelps.

Couch, James R. Gibson, Silas Holmes, Francis Hall, Captain Brumley and Judge Mason.[aa] The carriages then went on to Mercer Street."

The funeral service, with a long address by the pastor and prayers by two other reverend gentlemen were fully described. The children from the Blind Asylum sang hymns, because "this Asylum had been a special object of the deceased gentleman's philanthropy, and the inmates were invited most especially to take part in the funeral ceremony. Their singing was excellent."

One of the new teachers at the "Blind Asylum"—officially The New York Institute for the Blind—in that autumn of 1853 was the young Grover Cleveland, future president of the United States, who very likely attended the funeral with his charges. He and his brother, who also taught there, were great-nephews of Sarah Cleveland Dodge, and, during their years at The Institute, they occasionally visited their cousin William E. Dodge and his family on Murray Hill.

"At the conclusion of the proceedings in the church," wrote the reporter, "the family, relatives and friends . . . entered the carriages, and the procession proceeded to the Marble Cemetery in 2nd Avenue. The remains were inclosed in a metallic coffin covered with cloth, and on it bore the inscription 'Anson Greene Phelps, died 30th of November, 1853, in the 73rd year of his age.' "

The account mentioned that four clergymen and the pall bearers wore "white scarfs and black rosettes" and continued: "On the company alighting, they entered the cemetery, and after the benediction had been pronounced . . . the coffin was lowered into the family vault, and placed beside that of a daughter many years deceased. Tears were in the eyes of many, and a solemn silence pervaded the scene. . . . The company then retired and took their respective routes."

In describing the character of Anson Phelps, the newspaper said: "He spoke little, but thought much, and when once he declared his judgment or gave his opinion, it was unalterable. As he all along acted upon the impulses of his judgment, and had successfully progressed by so doing, he was somewhat opinionated, and . . . wished his own judgment to regulate his actions, and not be influenced by that of others." The article went on to say that he "was admired for his strict integrity, energy, and almost unexampled perseverence." Another writer observed that "in his manners and social intercourse, Mr. Phelps was mild, amiable, and unobtrusive."

By the terms of his will, he provided generously for his widow, children, and grandchildren (he had twenty-two of the latter), and left goodly sums to be paid in installments to such organizations as the American Bible Society, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the American Home Mis-

[aa] Horace Holden had been Anson Phelps' lawyer; John Adams was president of the Fulton Bank; James R. Gibson's daughter was married to Anson Phelps, Jr.; Silas Holmes was a Connecticut-born sea captain who started a packet line of sailing ships between New York and New Orleans.

sionary Society, Union and Auburn Theological seminaries, asylums for the blind, the "half-orphaned," and the colored in New York, as well as promising fifty thousand dollars for a college in Liberia if other Americans would contribute one hundred thousand.

His estate was estimated to be worth over two million dollars, a considerable sum for those days, but not enough to rank him among New York's wealthiest individuals. However, his charitable gifts, totaling half a million dollars, were the largest ever given by one person up to that time.

"GrandPa" left a special five thousand dollars to each of his twenty-two grandchildren, to be paid over when they reached twenty-one. He specified that this amount was "to be devoted to the spread of the Gospel, and to promote the Redeemer's kingdom on earth." His will said that he was "hoping and trusting that the God of Heaven will give to each of them the wisdom which is from above, and incline them to be faithful stewards." Furthermore, he hoped that they would each "transmit the same amount . . . to their descendants, to be sacredly devoted for the same object," adding, "I leave it as an obligation binding simply upon their integrity and honor."[58] Most of them became the "faithful stewards" he had hoped they would be, and some of his descendants to the third and fourth generations inserted the same clause into their own wills.

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THE PASSING OF ANSON PHELPS marked the end of an era. The three sons-in-law, William E. Dodge, Daniel James, and James Stokes, along with Anson Phelps, Jr., became the senior partners of the firm, with the sons of the first two (William E. Dodge, Jr., and D. Willis James), now old enough to be junior partners. By the terms of their agreement, Phelps, Dodge, and James each had a 25 percent interest, while James Stokes, who had joined much later than the others, had only a 15 percent share. The remaining 10 percent was divided between the two younger men.

A business panic occurred in the autumn of 1857, set off by lack of confidence in railroad stocks. William E. Dodge, as we have seen, had invested heavily in railroads and allied industries. He was particularly involved with the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, which he and his father-in-law had helped the Scranton brothers to start. His neighbor, George Phelps, had been president of the line, and William was a director as well as a stockholder.

George D. Phelps, it will be remembered, shared the stable alley behind their Madison Avenue and his Thirty-sixth Street houses with the Dodges, the I. N. Phelpses, and the J. J. Phelpses. He became extremely angry with William E. Dodge, complaining that the Dodge coachman and his family who lived above

their stable kept the alley constantly cluttered. George Phelps maintained that it was so full of Dodge coal sacks and leftover building materials that he could not get into his own stable. He also objected to the Dodges' swill being carried past his windows.

At the same time, there was trouble between the two men in the boardroom of the railroad. Whether the alley controversy stirred up the business disagreement or vice versa is hard to say. At any rate, George Phelps accused Dodge and another director, John I. Blair, of too many conflicts of interest and added that he had been "grossly insulted" by them. A stockholders' committee was formed to investigate the charges against Dodge and Blair. They were cleared, and Phelps resigned, threatening to sue. He was discouraged from doing so by his lawyers, and decided to seek vindication ecclesiastically, meanwhile selling his house to put distance between himself and his enemy. In the Fourth Presbytery of New York and the Synod of New York and New Jersey, he accused Dodge of "Falsehood, Conspiracy, Slander or Defamation, and Hypocrisy, or Disingenuousness." Both bodies ruled against the disgruntled Mr. Phelps, and the matter was dropped. The boardroom arguments, however, may have had a good deal to do with the perilous drop in the value of Delaware, Lackawanna stock at the outset of the Panic of 1857.

William's partners wanted to make sure that Phelps, Dodge's customers realized that Dodge's railroad investments were his own private speculations and that the firm was not involved. "I am sincerely sorry for the horrid situation he has got into," wrote his brother-in-law Anson Phelps, Jr., to James Stokes. The latter had gone to Liverpool, more or less to hold the hand of that arch-worrier, Daniel James, during the crisis. "I send you an article from the 'Times' this morning; you may judge how he felt to see it advertised that he had loaned $100,000 to Del L and Western R Road. People suppose that Phelps, Dodge & Co. have a million of dollars at least in that and other R Roads and it is most disastrous to our Credit. I go about denying it everywhere, and stating that it is nearly all Mr. Dodge's private speculations, but you know how things are."

When Stokes wrote back that old Daniel was not taking it as hard as might have been expected, young Willis James took pen in hand to say he was relieved "to know the way father looked at the matter and that he was not at all [inclined] to be 'severe.' "

"He has just cause to complain," Willis continued, "and so have some of the rest of us, but we are all to blame, and no mistake, in that we have *allowed* our capital to be drawn out year after year in the way it has been. . . . It never ought to have been allowed at all and never shall be again if I have anything to say about it." He sounded as censorious as his father had been over Anson Phelps' speculations when he wrote: "The place for all the Capital we have is *in* the business, and not in pine lands, factories, Lackawanna R.R. or Iron concerns."

Nonetheless, he showed a nephew's proper affection for, and appreciation of, his volatile uncle. "Mr. Dodge is as well as one could expect, all things considered, and it is of vast importance that he keeps up; you and Father must encourage him when you write and not blame him now; I have had many talks with him, and at times when he has felt terribly depressed, have cheered him up and kept him up. This we must do, as I know of no one who can do what he can when he feels cheerful. On whole he is more cheerful than when you left and is pretty well in health. I am more and more sorry for him; those Scrantons have nearly ruined him, and have taken nearly all the earnings of many years, I fear, and if they had gone on much longer would have got every dollar he had in the world, if not everything all of us have. I am more and more convinced that they are the most dangerous men *we ever* had anything to do with and we must cut them entirely. . . . I fear that the plan to relieve the D L and W RR Co. will fail and that the road will be sold under foreclosure of mortgage and nearly all be lost."

His gloomy prognostication did not come true, fortunately for all concerned. The Panic of 1857 was a short-lived one, and the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western was soon flourishing again. As the decade ended, both Phelps, Dodge and Phelps, James were doing an enormous business. There were sad personal losses, however: David Low Dodge and Anson Phelps had died within eighteen months of each other, in 1852-1853, and now in 1858-1859, the family lost both Anson, Jr., and his mother, Olivia Egleston Phelps. Moreover, there was a deep and growing uneasiness throughout the country. The disharmony and bitterness between North and South was increasing, and the drift toward war between the sections began to seem inevitable.

It is now time to turn to the affairs of the next generation—the younger ones who had been growing up very much in the shadow of their elders and who were now ready to come on stage as personalities in their own right.

PART III

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War, Politics, and Scandals

COTTAGE SCHOOL ON GOLDEN HILL.

THE ATTENTION OF PARENTS AND GUARDIANS IS RESPECTFULLY REQUESTED TO THE FOLLOWING POINTS:

1. THE HOUSE *has been erected within three years, expressly for the purposes of the School, and it is not easy to conceive how the convenience of teacher or pupil could be more effectually secured. The lodging rooms are all on the first and second floors, and designed each for but two inmates. It occupies an elevated position, about a mile from the centre of Bridgeport, sloping to the healthful breezes of the south and west, and commanding a wide view of water, town, and country.*

2. THE OBJECT *is education, in the largest and best sense of the word. The teacher holds himself pledged to promote, in every way, the health and physical comfort of his pupils, to watch over their manners and habits, to cherish their moral and religious interests, and at the same time to provide for them the most efficient intellectual culture; not simply to crowd into their minds, by whatsoever means, the greatest possible amount of knowledge, but to lead them to think, and to reason, and to inspire them with a genuine taste for intellectual pursuits and pleasures.*

3. THE MODE. *They are accordingly received into his family, and placed on the same footing as his own children. They partake of the same social meal, they surround the same family altar, they lift their voices in the same hymn of praise, they go to the house of God in company. In their diversions and occasional rambles, the same parental regard attends them, to regulate, perhaps to share, their pleasures, and often to point out to them unexpected sources of valuable instruction, or of innocent delight. In their hours of study they are conscious of the same friendly supervision. Their instructer knows the capabilities of each, and is in no danger of overtasking one, while he suffers another to be comparatively idle. He knows their several dispositions, and instead of reducing all under the same unbending discipline, he discriminates between the indolent and the despondent. He suggests such motives to diligence as they severally need, and by methods judiciously varied, seeks to inspire them with a generous love of intellectual pursuits. As a special incitement, appealing to the best feelings of the heart, he notes their standing at each recitation, of which a record is preserved and forwarded regularly to their parents, in a monthly report.*

4. THE NUMBER *is limited to twenty. It is doubtless easy, by delegated authority, and by a system of regulations and restraints entirely unlike life, to preserve apparent order among a hundred or two hundred boys. But with a much larger number than is here contemplated, it would seem impossible to become possessed of that intimate acquaintance with the peculiar temperaments, habits, and capacities of individual scholars, and to maintain that direct parental influence, on which the success of the scheme essentially depends.*

Terms.

For Board, Lodging, Washing, Fuel and Lights, and Instruction in English and Classical branches, one year, $200, payable semi-annually in advance. The months of May and October are excluded, as vacations. If pupils remain during the vacations, their recitations will be partially continued, and they will be charged as in term time. There will be an extra charge of $6 per quarter for French, when taught by a native French master; also an occasional charge of $2 or $3 for Penmanship.

BRIDGEPORT, (Conn.) 20th Nov. 1842. **HENRY JONES,** *Principal.*

From the knowledge which we have of Rev. Henry Jones's literary and scientific attainments, his religious principles and character, his gentle and conciliating manners, and his long and successful experience in the instruction and management of youth, we can confidently recommend him as well qualified to conduct them through the several stages of their education preparatory to their admission either to the lower classes, or to a more advanced standing in our colleges.

JEREMIAH DAY, *President of Yale College.*

B. SILLIMAN, *Prof. of Chemistry, Min. and Geology.*
C. A. GOODRICH, *Prof. of the Pastoral Charge.*
J. L. KINGSLEY, *Prof. of the Latin Lang. and Literature.*
DENISON OLMSTED, *Prof. of Nat. Phil. and Astronomy.*
ELEAZAR T. FITCH, *Professor of Divinity.*
THEODORE D. WOOLSEY, *Prof. of the Greek Lang. and Lit.*

Yale College, Sept. 6, 1842.

Prospectus of the Cottage School on Golden Hill, 1842.
Author's collection

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AT MIDCENTURY, it was not often the custom in the United States, even among well-to-do families, to send their sons to college or university unless they were destined for the church, the law, teaching, or medicine. Thus, of the five older sons of William E. Dodge, only David Stuart, headed for the ministry, received a higher education (he was sent to Yale). The idea that such education might benefit young men whose careers would be in the world of business soon took hold, however, and the two younger boys, George Egleston and Arthur Murray, both attended Yale. It was the same in the Stokes family, with Anson going directly from school into the family firm while his younger brothers went to college. Willis James, educated under the British system, went away to school and had a year at Edinburgh University before coming to America to join Phelps, Dodge & Co.

The two older Dodge boys, Will and Anson, attended private schools in New York City for a time and then, in the autumn of 1845, were sent off to boarding school. Their parents, after due consideration, sent them to the Cottage School on Golden Hill at Bridgeport, Connecticut, run by a Reverend Henry Jones and his wife. The school's prospectus, sent to William and Melissa, has survived among the family papers and makes interesting reading. It states that the Cottage School is highly recommended by the President of Yale College and several of his professors, including "B. Silliman, Prof. of Chemistry, Min. and Geology," [Benjamin Silliman (1779-1864) was a famous 19th-century scientist and father of Yale's Sheffield Scientific School.] and that it is housed in a building "newly-built, expressly for the purposes of the School. . . . The lodging rooms are all on the first and second floors, and designed each for but two inmates. It occupies an elevated position, about a mile from the center of Bridgeport."

Jones wrote that the object of his school was "education, in the largest and best sense of the word." Not only would "the most efficient intellectual culture" be instilled into his pupils, but also their "health and physical comfort" would be

looked after, their "manners and habits" watched over, and their "moral and religious interests" cherished. He added that, with his charges, it was not his intention "simply to crowd into their minds, by whatsoever means, the greatest possible amount of knowledge." Instead, he would "lead them to think, and to reason, and to inspire them with a genuine taste for intellectual pursuits and pleasures."

He explained what he called "The Mode": the pupils would be "received into his family, and placed on the same footing as his own children." He spoke of their eating and praying together and going "to the house of God in company." He mentioned "diversions and occasional rambles" and promised "friendly supervision" over their studies. Jones confidently said that, since "he knows their several dispositions . . . instead of reducing all under the same unbending discipline, he discriminates between the indolent and the despondent." He added that, "as a special incitement, appealing to the best feelings of the heart, he notes their standing at each recitation, of which a record is preserved and forwarded regularly to their parents, in a monthly report."

The enrollment was limited to twenty boys so that Mr. Jones could "become possessed of that intimate acquaintance with the peculiar temperaments, habits, and capacities of individual scholars" and could "maintain that direct parental influence on which the success of the scheme essentially depends."

Finally, "The Terms" were outlined: "For Board, Lodging, Washing, Fuel, and Lights, and instruction in English and classical branches, one year, $200, payable semi-annually in advance. The months of May and October are excluded, as vacations. . . . There will be an extra charge of $6 per quarter for French, when taught by a native French master; also an occasional charge of $2 or $3 for penmanship."

Will Dodge, Jr., was thirteen and his brother Anson eleven when they first went to the Cottage School. Parts of the interchange of letters between home and school sound familiar even today: "Thank Father for the oranges," Will wrote to younger brother David, "and for giving us permission to go in bathing without the large boys. We gave some oranges to Mr. and Mrs. Jones and one to each of the boys in school."

"Dear Boys," their father wrote, "We yesterday rec'd. your monthly account from Mr. Jones & was gratified at its general result, but Dear Wm. we were much surprised and griev'd to see in your account 2 Black Marks for *Disobedience*. Pray let us know about it & do not let it occur again. . . . I send you a small Basket of Peaches. . . . Mother will write in a few days." And again: "We were happy to hear of dear Anson's being quite well again & hope he will be careful about his diet and about running fast."

A letter from their mother in December read: "I am pain'd to think you have not yet got your warm stockings—those were of more consequence to you than

anything else in the bundle," which obviously had gone astray. "You wished to know what was in the bundle—there was Anson's overcoat, your sled, a pr. of new skates, 3 pr. of large woolen stockings for you, and four pr. for Anson. Charley sent you some lickerish that was given him and I sent some hoarhound candy . . . and a good sized brown bag of apples. I hope you will yet get them—for the stockings were domestic knit and I am afraid that I cannot replace them easily. I have some more for each of you here but you will be home so soon it would not be worthwhile to send them."

Even though October and May were the vacation months, the boys were about to have a holiday. Among the twenty pupils were Norman and Erskine White, sons of William E. Dodge's sister Mary Abiah and her husband, Norman White, a New York wholesale book dealer. "Your papa said you could come home on the 24th with your cousins," Melissa continued, "or whenever they come—their Papa will probably give them directions. I will try to find out when the boat will probably arrive and send John down with the carriage to meet you. . . . If it should be very stormy on the 24th I should feel afraid to have you coming on the Sound—but I suppose Brother White will direct about his boys and you can be with them." She added a postscript: "I suppose you received my letter which requested you to bring home at least one trunk with your shirts and stockings & anything that needed repairing."

During the following winter, she wrote to Will, "I am sorry that your room is so cold. I think it would be better when you retire to put on your overcoat and gloves, that you may be more comfortable. . . . Be particular to sit up strait at your meals, not leaning to either side. . . . Take plenty of time also for eating." And as May approached, she wrote of how much she was looking forward to having Will and Anson at home: "I am trying to have the house in order, and other work as much done as possible so as to enjoy your company and have not much beside your things to attend to."

In the parental and grandparental letters, there were long passages full of exhortations to pray, to read the Bible, to confess any sins they had committed, and so forth. Will was approaching the age at which he would be expected to make a public profession of faith and to join the church, so the urgings to "go more immediately to the fountain of living waters for help and strength," to "repent of Sin and trust alone in Christ for Salvation," etc., took on an almost frantic note. Their climax came in a letter from old David Low Dodge:

> When I recollect you are far from home, a companion of giddy lads . . . I cannot but view your case as a very *critical one*. . . . Your immediate duty is to *choose* life, resolve . . . that you will subordinate every consideration to the salvation of your soul.

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DAVID STUART DODGE DID NOT FOLLOW his older brothers to the Cottage School. He was sent instead to the already old and established Phillips Academy at Andover. "David left us this morning for Andover," Melissa wrote after one Thanksgiving holiday. She thought he had "kept up excellent spirits until the evening before he left. He was up in my room and I saw he seemed depressed; he spoke out and said it looked a long time to think of studying nine years to get a profession. He is naturally inclined to such active habits that I am afraid that will be his greatest trial. The course at Andover is very strict and thorough, but if the Lord has a work for him to do in the gospel ministry, He can incline his heart and prepare his mind and make him feel 'woe is me if I preach not the gospel.' "

One wonders whether it was his heavenly or his earthly Father who issued the call to David. He stuck out the long training, graduating from Andover in 1853, from Yale in 1857, and from Union Theological Seminary in 1860. Then he married, literally, "the girl next door"—Ellen, daughter of John Jay Phelps. The fact that he never had a church or an active ministry makes one think that the idea of his becoming a clergyman was "Father's," not "Our Father's."

Stuart (as he grew older, the name "David" was dropped) and Ellen went to the Holy Land and to Syria on their honeymoon, a fitting trip for a newly ordained minister of comfortable means. There they met and were tremendously attracted to a missionary couple, the Reverend and Mrs. Daniel Bliss. Their meeting in the mountains of the Lebanon, in 1860, marked the beginning of an association between the Bliss family and the Dodge family that still continues. It was cemented in 1914 by the marriage of Daniel Bliss's granddaughter Mary to William E. Dodge's great-grandson Bayard Dodge.

The Blisses had gone out to Syria five years previously, sent by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. This Board had been sending missionaries to the Near East since 1820. Although they were forbidden by the government of the Ottoman Empire, which ruled over the whole region, to try to convert Moslems, there were large numbers of indigenous Christians for whom they could set up schools and translate the Bible into Arabic. By the time the Blisses arrived, there were some thirty-three mission schools operating in the province of Syria alone, and a great need for higher-educated local people to help with the work.

Daniel Bliss, born and raised in the Vermont hills, had worked as a farm laborer, a tanner's apprentice, and at various odd jobs until, by the age of twenty-five, he had saved enough money to enter Amherst College. In his freshman year, he joined what was called the "Missionary Band" and let it be known that

he hoped to go to China as a missionary. Soon afterward, he met a young Amherst girl named Abby Wood.

Abby was a close friend and neighbor of another young lady of Amherst, the poet Emily Dickinson. "Abby Wood is as usual; Mr. Bliss is confined to the house with one of his old attacks, so the work at 'Shanghi' I suppose cannot go forward!"[1] Emily once wrote to her brother. When Daniel had graduated from Amherst and then from Andover Theological Seminary, he promptly married Abby Wood, but it was to Syria rather than "Shanghi" that he took her. His granddaughter said that, before they embarked for the Near East both the bride and groom, uncertain of the dental facilities in such a faraway place, had all their teeth removed! When they arrived at Beirut after a two-month sea journey, one old missionary hand looked them over as they stepped ashore and prophesied: "Mrs. Bliss will not live a year, and Mr. Bliss is not a practical man."

Daniel and Abby soon proved that the old missionary's crystal ball was clouded. Within two years they had built a small school at Abeih, above Beirut, into an important academy. By the time the Stuart Dodges met them they had moved on to run a large boarding school for girls at Suq al-Gharb. They are supposed to have improved their knowledge of the language and customs of their adopted country by speaking Arabic to each other and wearing native dress in the privacy of their home.

Shortly after the Stuart Dodges returned to New York, there was an outbreak of fighting amongst the three principal religious groups in Syria: the Christian Maronites, the Moslems, and the Druzes. The latter were a fierce mountain people with a peculiar faith of their own who seemed bent on killing all the Maronites within their district. The American missionaries fled from their various outposts to the comparative safety of Beirut. For a time it appeared that all their work over the preceding forty years would go for naught, but the European powers allowed the French to move in with troops to restore order. Napoleon III's appointees persuaded the sultan's government to divide the sprawling province of Syria into two parts and to appoint an Ottoman Christian as governor of the part called The Lebanon.

For the missionaries, this seemed a heaven-sent opportunity to establish a college to train men to teach in the mission schools. They envisioned a place where the brighter young minds of the Near East could receive a literary and scientific education that would fit them not only to be teachers but also leaders in their communities, in trade, and in the professions. All were agreed on the need, but they were well aware that the missionary societies at home provided funds only for direct Gospel preaching and teaching. They would not appropriate money for higher education.

At a meeting of the entire American missionary contingent in January 1862, it was nevertheless decided to go ahead with the project, and the Reverend Daniel

Bliss was chosen to direct it. First, however, he would have to go to America to try to raise the necessary money. If anyone could do so, it would be this dynamic and ardent self-made man.

Daniel and Abby left Beirut in mid-August and arrived in America only just in time to hurry to Springfield, Massachusetts, where the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was holding its annual meeting. Although there was little hope of getting a direct grant from the organization as such, there were many wealthy individuals on its board who might back the project.

One of these men was William E. Dodge. He had long been a commissioner, and he and Melissa were in Springfield with their son Stuart and daughter-in-law Ellen. William, whose emotions were always near the surface, was much impressed by Bliss' forceful speech to the assemblage laying out his hopes and plans for the college. His haggard appearance, since he had had no rest after the long journey from Beirut, served to deepen the impression. William followed Bliss to the rostrum and told the audience, "When our young brother was speaking, I was so moved that there was not a dry thread in the shirt on my back."

Afterward, William and Melissa invited the Blisses to dine with them and the Stuart Dodges at their hotel, the Massassoit House. Daniel was able to promote his ideas in more detail, and as they rose from the table, William E. Dodge turned to his son and said: "Stuart, that seems to me to be a good thing; we must look into it."

While Daniel Bliss traveled around the northern states making speeches and seeking financial backing, William E. Dodge in New York attended to the legal and organizational processes needed to incorporate what came to be called the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut (its name was changed in 1920 to the American University of Beirut). To handle the legal work he enlisted Samuel J. Tilden, a prominent lawyer who would later earn the dubious distinction of being the most narrowly defeated presidential candidate in United States history. William himself acted as treasurer. A board of trustees was set up in 1863, and a charter was granted in 1864 by the New York State Board of Regents.

Bliss himself did not return to Beirut until 1866, when Stuart Dodge went with him as the first professor to be appointed to the faculty. He would be professor of English and modern languages for nine years. A house was rented for the college in Beirut, and on December 3, 1866, it opened with sixteen students.

From the beginning they had wanted a campus of their own, with room to grow, but all dealings in that part of the world are tricky, not least those having to do with the purchase of land. As a later president of the college wrote: "A purchaser . . . must permit himself to show interest only in property in which he is definitely *not* interested." Bliss had his eye on a beautiful site overlooking the Mediterranean at Ras Beirut, beyond the city proper, but he dared not let it focus in that direction at first. The elaborate dickering went on for four years before

Original faculty of the Syrian Protestant College. Standing, left to right: D. S. Dodge, George E. Post, Edwin R. Lewis, Harvey Porter. Seated: C.V.A. Van Dyck, Daniel Bliss, John Wortabet.
Author's collection

College Hall, the first building of the Syrian Protestant College.
Author's collection

the land was acquired. Stuart Dodge then went home to seek still more money for buildings. Finally, late in 1871, William and Melissa arrived from New York, and William laid the cornerstone of College Hall, the main building.

"This College," Daniel Bliss said at the ceremony, "is for all classes and conditions of men without regard to color, nationality, race, or religion. A man white, black, or yellow; Christian, Jew, Mohammedan or heathen, may enter and enjoy all the advantages of this institution for three, four, or eight years; and go out believing in one God, in many gods, or in no god. But it will be impossible for anyone to continue with us long without knowing what we believe to be the truth and our reasons for that belief."[2]

For thirty-six years Daniel Bliss guided the college's growth in the light of that policy. D. Stuart Dodge returned to New York permanently after nine years in Beirut, and from there handled the American end of the college's interests. He and Daniel Bliss corresponded constantly, signing their letters to each other "M" and "S," for Marley and Scrooge. William E. Dodge continued as a trustee and as the college's treasurer until his death, when he was succeeded by his son Will. When Bliss retired, he handed over the presidency to his son, Howard. The two families drew even closer together in 1914, when Howard's daughter Mary Bliss married Will Dodge's grandson Bayard. As we shall see, Howard Bliss was then succeeded in the presidency by Bayard Dodge.

Stuart Dodge acted as chairman of the board of trustees from 1908 until his death in 1921. When his great-nephew Bayard heard the news that he had died, he wrote from Beirut: "Our institution here was the most tangible form of his work, and we can appreciate what his life meant better than people in America. . . . Certainly his life has been a great blessing to thousands of people."

His personal life had many vicissitudes, and when his relatives spoke of him after his death as a "saintly man," they were probably thinking as much of the many trials he suffered as of his accomplishments. He and his wife, Ellen, had a daughter and five sons, although there were family rumors that at least one of the sons was not his. Ellen died in 1880; Stuart married again, but had only three years with his second wife before she, too, died. As a widower, he lived with his mother, Melissa, until her death, then lived alone at the Ansonia Hotel (built by his eccentric cousin, William Earl Dodge Stokes) for the last eighteen years of his life. During most of that time, he was racked by arthritis.

Of the children, his daughter, Ada, as will be described, tried but failed to elope with her first cousin Anson G. Phelps Dodge, Jr., married him two years later, and died in India on her honeymoon. One of the sons, Francis, developed multiple sclerosis and was an invalid for much of his short life. Another son, Walter, was expelled from Yale because he inserted fake announcements in the New York newspapers of his engagement and marriage to yet another cousin, Lily Stokes, granddaughter of James and Caroline. Although he never wed Lily, Wal-

ter Phelps Dodge did have four wives in the course of his lifetime. After Stuart's death, his nephew Cleveland H. Dodge (Bayard's father) wrote: "The dear old man had led a long and useful life, but a very pathetic one in many ways; and his four sons, instead of being a great comfort to him in his old age, were all clamoring for money, and trying to get what they could out of him, and made his life miserable."

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ALL THE PARENTAL AND GRANDPARENTAL ADMONITIONS to the boys when they were at school to pray and to read their Bibles bore fruit in the lives of Will and David Stuart Dodge, but in the case of their brother, Anson, they appear to have fallen on stony ground. David Low Dodge had warned against the companionship of "giddy lads"; Anson was something of a "giddy lad" himself, by all accounts. In the summer of 1849, when he was fifteen, he and Will went on a holiday together out in the Pennsylvania pine woods. Will at seventeen had already left school and had started work as a clerk for Phelps, Dodge. From Pine Creek in the heart of the lumber barony, the older brother wrote home regarding the younger one. He said that Anson was a few miles away at Wellsborough, but was expected any day. "He came from home without a *single pair of boots*," Will sniffed. "His shoes were all worn out in a week. He brought too many summer clothes and not enough of the kind that should be worn here altogether. I got him a pair of boots, and shall have to get him a pair of pants and a coat."

Brotherly concern, this time of an even more priggish nature, was again shown by Will for Anson the following summer, when the latter was apparently still undergoing some sort of schooling. Will, in New York, wrote to his father: "I rec'd quite a long letter from Anson a few days since, but it contained little news; he does not say a word about his studies, nor of his situation in Mr. T's family. I do wish that in writing him, you would caution him strongly against making acquaintance with boys who have not good principles, for I fear from his letter that he has friends there who will prove a great hindrance in his course of study. Please not to say that I have mentioned it."

William E. Dodge possibly decided about this time that his second son Anson should make his career in the lumber business. By 1851, Phelps, Dodge and individual family members had huge holdings of timberlands, not only in Pennsylvania, but also in Michigan, Wisconsin, and West Virginia. There is a hint that one of young Anson's first assignments may have been to Michigan, where William had recently bought 5,000 acres of timberland adjacent to the rich "Minesota" copper mine on Lake Superior, in which he also had an interest. The hint

comes in a letter from his mother Melissa to her son Will, who was traveling in the middle west, written just before Thanksgiving of 1851.

"We feel very anxious to hear from Anson," she said. "We have not heard a word since those few lines from Cleveland. The evening you mentioned that he expected to return across the Lake, we heard there were storms, and of course that made us more anxious, but I suppose he must be somewhere in safety. He does wrong in not letting us know something of his whereabouts, though I suppose he is expecting to return every day and thinks it not necessary."[3]

Feckless, consorting with other "giddy lads," inconsiderate—these are the only glimpses to be caught of Anson as a youth. In an 1882 letter to Canadian Prime Minister Sir John A. Macdonald, Anson wrote: "In early life I was two years in Australia and about the same time in England." But there is no mention of where he went or what he did in the course of these travels in any of the family letters or papers. In 1855, according to a Canadian historian of the lumber business, William E. Dodge set Anson up in business with two other men to act as commission salesmen for Phelps, Dodge products. They worked out of Phelps, Dodge's Cliff Street offices and did most of their selling in New England. This venture lasted only two years. In 1857, Anson was in Marquette, Michigan, supervising iron mining operations and managing a blast furnace. Then in 1859 he changed careers once more.

"I note what you say about your son Anson and his abandoning the Iron concern," Daniel James wrote from Liverpool to William E. Dodge in New York in the spring of 1859. Evidently it had been decided that Anson would return to the lumber trade as assistant to Daniel's brother Henry in Baltimore, where the Pennsylvania pine was received from the Williamsport sawmills and shipped all over North and South America.

"I think it is a favorable move for him," Daniel continued. "It is most desirable for us to have someone in Baltimore to assist Henry. . . . It will of course take him some time to learn the business . . . especially as it is so entirely different from anything he has ever been accustomed to."

Daniel James sounded a note of warning, however, "He has had so many changes I fear he would go all right for a time and then want to try something else. . . . If he would give his mind to it and go at it and adhere to it as his business for the future and for life, then I should say it would be most desirable for us and him. . . . If he was married I would have no fear of him."

Anson *did* marry some six months later, and Daniel wrote to William: "I can but hope all went off well at your Son's wedding. I hear it was to be a most magnificent affair and that you were all coming out in great style, quite the 'town talk'."[4] The bride was Rebecca Wainwright Grew, of Alexandria, Virginia. "Mittie" Grew's own father was dead and her mother had remarried. Her stepfather evidently distrusted Anson, for he saw to it that her inheritance from her father

was put into a trust fund which her husband could not touch. To make doubly sure, he had himself appointed principal trustee.

It was in Baltimore that "Mittie" and Anson's only child, Anson G. P. Dodge, Jr., was born the following year. But the restlessness which Daniel James had noted soon overtook Anson once again. It appears from the fragmentary records that he had only a short apprenticeship under Henry James in Baltimore before moving on to take over some of the Pennsylvania lumbering operations during the Civil War years. With his younger brother Norman and other partners he formed his own company in 1864, buying an outlet in Jersey City similar to the one in Baltimore and living with "Mittie" and their child in nearby Elizabeth, New Jersey. Then came what might be termed Anson's "Canadian caper."

The ending of the Civil War brought another period of tremendous expansion in the United States. The railroads began building westward to the Pacific and more of the West was opened up to settlement. The South, though prostrate and impoverished in defeat, nevertheless had marvelous untapped natural resources, including vast pine forests in Georgia and Texas. North of the border, where Canadian leaders were working to create a transcontinental nation by welding together the individual provinces, the available timber lands appeared virtually limitless. Always one to see and seize opportunities, William E. Dodge moved to take advantage of the resources in order to meet the burgeoning demands in both nations.

In 1867, the year that the Dominion of Canada came into existence, William E. Dodge and Anson jointly bought several square miles of timber rights and a mill site in the Georgian Bay area of Ontario. In the course of the next several years, Anson went on to buy more and more similar properties with a reckless abandon he later described as "a form of insanity." Although "Mittie" never, apparently, joined him in Canada, Anson bought himself a fine country house called Beechcroft, on Lake Simcoe, north of Toronto, and reportedly engaged Frederick Law Olmsted (the creator of New York's Central Park) to lay out the grounds. Anson lived in high style, traveling between his various waterside properties in a steam yacht, the *Mittie*. He became a charter director of two railroad companies projected to carry supplies to and lumber from the area. He made such an impression on the locals that he was asked to stand for the Canadian Parliament to represent their (and his own) interest in Ottawa. One group of worthies in Bracebridge said they were "satisfied that Dodge and Enterprise are synonymous terms," and noted that "the highly honourable manner" in which he conducted his operations had made his name "a household word in every home throughout the district."

The riding [electoral district] of North York, in which he was to stand, had long been controlled by the Reform, or Liberal, party. The Conservative Prime Minister, Sir John A. Macdonald, saw in Anson Dodge an opportunity to gain

Anson G. P. Dodge's house, "Beechcroft," on Lake Simcoe, Ontario.
Professor James Angus, Lakehead University, Thunder Bay, Ontario

the seat for his own party. The only hitch was that in order to be an M.P., Anson had to be a British citizen; and in order to become a citizen he had to fulfill a three-year residency requirement. The election was called for August of 1872, but Anson had only officially moved to Canada in the autumn of 1869, when he bought Beechcroft. Macdonald got around this problem by having a special Act of Parliament passed which granted citizenship to Anson Greene Phelps Dodge. So far as is known, he remains the only person ever to have achieved citizenship in this way in Canada.

Liberal leader George Brown, who had joined forces with Macdonald in the sixties to achieve a united Canada, now violently opposed the Conservative prime minister and was outraged at the way he had pushed through Dodge's citizenship for political gain. As editor and publisher of the Toronto *Globe*, he thundered against Anson in a series of leading articles, calling him "a Yankee Tory, the most contemptible kind of politician this world contains."

The campaign in North York was hard-fought and bitter. The brand-new citizen, despite Macdonald's backing, claimed that he was standing as an independent, and that if elected to Parliament he would vote for whatever promised to benefit his constituents, without regard to party. His opponent, a Liberal and a local farmer, James Parnham, accused Dodge of ignorance of Canadian affairs and of buying his way into office. Rumors spread that he was a drunk and a di-

vorcé. Canadian historian James Angus believes that the rumors arose from the fact that Anson's campaign manager was an alcoholic and the fact that "Mittie" Dodge never came to occupy the fine house on Lake Simcoe.

In the course of the campaign two influential Liberals of the area had come out in favor of Anson's candidacy. They were the Ramsays, father and son. The father was Canon Ramsay, vicar of the Anglican church in Newmarket; the son was Dr. Ramsay, publisher of the Orillia newspaper, the *Northern Light*. Anson told the Canon that he had permission to use the name of one of his father's many clerical friends, the Reverend Dr. R. W. Clark, D.D., of Albany, N.Y., as a character reference. Accordingly, the Ramsays and Anson together cooked up a letter, ostensibly from Clark, extolling Dodge in the most flowery terms. The bogus letter said among other things that Anson was "universally loved by all classes, expecially the poor," was "a princely giver to all good objects," was "worthily following the footsteps of his father," and so forth and so on. It even borrowed the mantle of his older brother Will when it categorically stated that Anson had been for many years the president of the Young Men's Christian Association in New York. (It was William E. Dodge, Jr., who served as president of New York's YMCA from 1866 to 1872 and from 1875 to 1877.) Dr. Ramsay, the publisher, printed up this letter as a flysheet and it was distributed throughout the riding.

The election was held on the seventh of August and Anson defeated Parnham by 283 votes, a considerable majority of the 3259 votes cast. After Anson's victory the Ramsays came to him, demanding two thousand dollars in "hush money" to keep the secret of the faked letter. When he refused to pay up, they told their tale to George Brown of the *Globe*. Brown in turn notified Anson that unless he voted with the Liberals in Parliament on all issues, he would break the story in his paper. "On the very first motion that came before the House," writes James Angus, Anson, "loyal to Prime Minister Macdonald, voted with the Government. The *Globe* published the sorry mess and the fat was in the fire. The newspapers were full of it for a couple of weeks. The Canon went before a tribunal of the Anglican church, was found guilty, and forced to resign."

Anson tried to save his reputation by producing a telegram from the Reverend Dr. Clark to the speaker of the Canadian House of Commons backing all the kind words he had supposedly written, but, as Angus says, "the damage was irreversible." Anson's parliamentary career was thus finished almost before it began.

To add to his political troubles, Anson's financial problems, due to overexpansion and his own careless management, caught up with him at the same time. In May of 1873, his company went bankrupt, and he very abruptly left the Canadian scene.

William E. Dodge showed himself to be an amazingly kind and supportive fa-

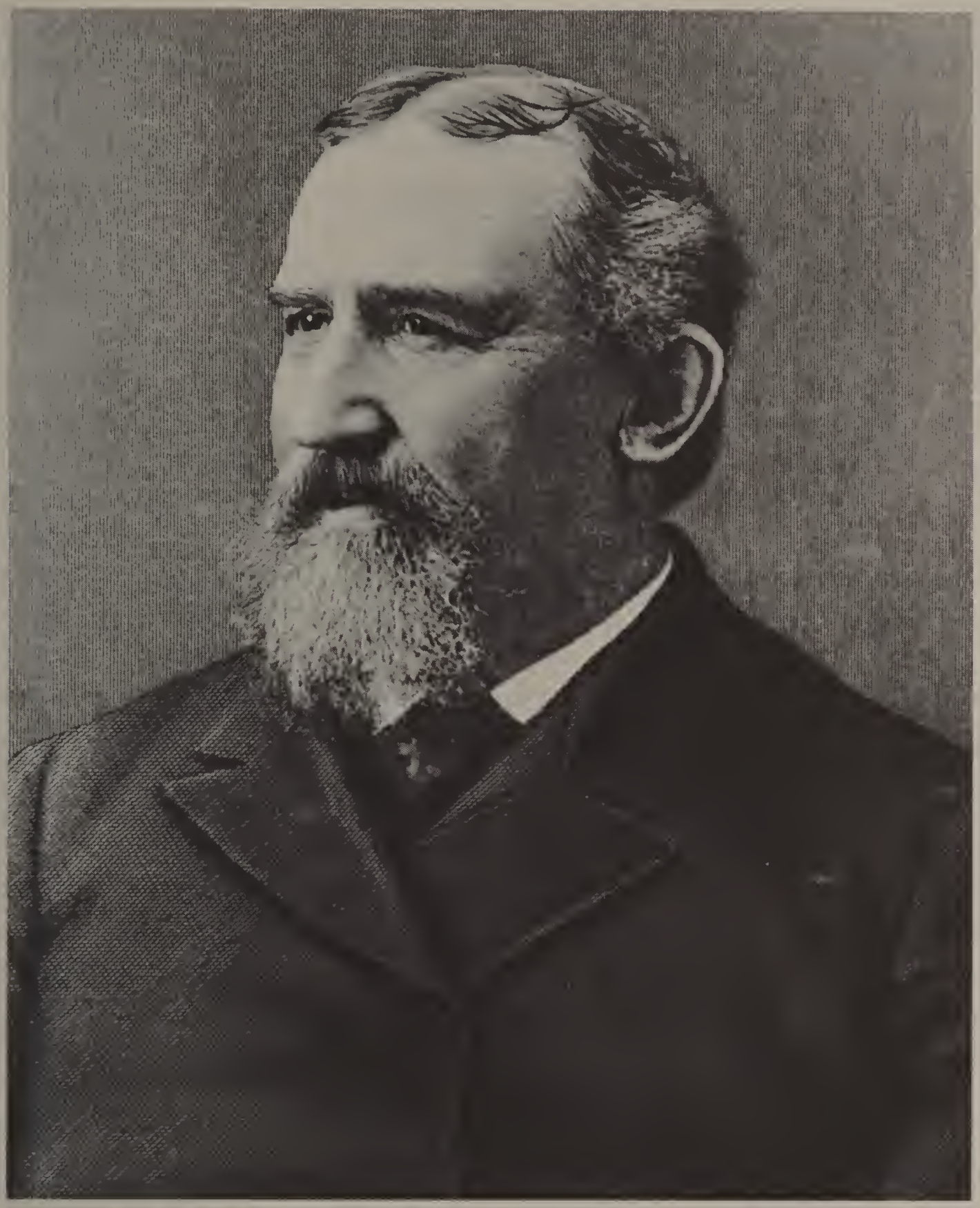
ther to his ambitious but wayward son. Sensing that trouble was coming, he had bought up most of Anson's Canadian properties before the bankruptcy. When the assigned trustee seized all of Anson's personal property, William bought back his furniture at public auction in New York. He installed Anson, "Mittie," and young Anson in a rented house on West Forty-fourth Street in New York for the three years it took to conclude the bankruptcy hearings. Then he sent Anson to St. Simon's Island to manage another of his large operations, the Georgia Land and Lumber Company. Some 300,000 acres of pine forest had been acquired, along with mill sites on the island, in 1868, the year after the first timber rights were bought in Ontario. Two of William's other sons, Norman and George, were also involved in its operations.

After some six years in Georgia, restlessness struck Anson again, as might have been expected by this time. Claiming to have made a new fortune in the South but to have been dogged by ill health while there, he turned up in St. Paul, Minnesota, with a former employee from Ontario. They bought timber rights in northern Minnesota, set up logging camps, and proclaimed that they expected to ship out millions of board feet of lumber on the newly-completed Canadian Pacific Railway. Anson appealed to Canadian Prime Minister Macdonald for help in getting a water lease and building site for a sawmill adjacent to the railway. But that gentleman, doubtless remembering how his hand-picked parliamentary candidate had failed a decade earlier, made no reply.[5]

Anson and "Mittie" were both present at his father's funeral in New York in February of 1883. In October of that year Anson alone sent a wedding present to his nephew, Cleveland H. Dodge (his brother Will's son). Some time between February and October of that year, he and "Mittie" must have been quietly divorced. Their marriage had never been very strong, as evidenced by their separation all the time he lived in Canada. One can only speculate that they held off a final breach until after William E. Dodge's death.

Two years later, Anson Dodge appeared as a new resident of Danville, Illinois, a small town on the Indiana border where Abraham Lincoln had once maintained a law office. Possibly borrowing his brother Charles' Civil War title (Charles was promoted to Brigadier-General in the Union Army in 1863), as he had once borrowed brother Will's YMCA presidency, in Danville he styled himself "General" Dodge. A year after his arrival there, he married Rose Voorhees, who came from one of the town's most prominent families, and at the age of fifty-seven he fathered a daughter, Julia. He built an elegant "mansion" which burned down one winter's night soon after it was finished, while he and Rose were giving a "ball." A candle falling off a newel post caused the blaze, and the local newspaper added that "many of the guests escaped without an opportunity to save their wraps."

Anson rebuilt the house and lived there in dignified retirement until after Rose's death in 1910. He lived on until 1918, dying at his daughter's house in



Anson Greene Phelps Dodge [1834-1918].
Professor James Angus, Lakehead University, Thunder Bay, Ontario

Chicago. He was buried beside his second wife in the mausoleum he had built for her in Danville.

Anson G. P. Dodge's tale would not be complete without adding the story of his only son. We have seen that Anson, Jr.'s parents lived more apart than they did together, and he was presumably brought up mainly by "Mittie," first in Baltimore, then Elizabeth, then New York City. They may have all been together for a time in the eighteen seventies at "Rose Cottage," St. Simon's Island, when Anson was managing the Georgia lumber properties. It is certain that they all

three attended the Golden Wedding celebrations of William E. and Melissa at Tarrytown in June of 1878. The younger Anson had just turned eighteen and had recently begun working for his youngest uncle, Arthur Murray Dodge, at Waubashene, Ontario. (After Anson, Sr.'s Canadian failure, William E. had sent his youngest son Arthur to pick up the pieces and reorganize the remaining companies around Georgian Bay.)

It was at the Golden Wedding that Anson, Jr., first met his first cousin, Ellen Ada Dodge. She was the pretty sixteen-year-old daughter of the Rev. D. Stuart Dodge, and it was a case of love at first sight for both the young people.

On leave from his Beirut post as professor of modern languages at the Syrian Protestant College, Stuart Dodge had rented a house overlooking the Wissahickon Creek and Fairmount Park, just outside Philadelphia. Young Anson followed Ada there, and on the first of September, the two tried to elope. Their adventures made front-page news in the *New York Times* for several days. The first account said that Anson and Ada, at the end of a long Victorian Sunday, had hired a hackney cab and sped off to the Pennsylvania Railroad depot at West Philadelphia.

When Ada's father—who was not noted for his effectiveness—discovered this fact, he panicked, calling in the police and then hastening off to the depot himself. He thought they would have headed for New York, but was told that people had seen a young couple board a train for the South. The agitated father fired off telegrams in all directions, and next afternoon received word from the chief of police in Washington, D.C. that he had arrested Anson, Jr., and a young lady. Stuart and his wife immediately took the five o'clock train for Washington.

"Every effort was made to keep the affair quiet," reported the *Times*, "and the father took the case out of the hands of the police." But it was too good a story to be kept quiet. Tuesday's dispatch said that a marriage license had been issued in Washington the afternoon before, "and it was believed they were married." Inquisitive reporters in New York interviewed William E. Dodge, who said the story was "a sensational one, not founded on fact," and described Anson and Ada as "foolish schoolchildren." The newshawks also approached William E. Dodge, Jr., who they said was "equally reticent." He called the elopement "nothing more than a freak," adding that "the girl's father became foolishly frightened and ran to the telegraph office."

On the Thursday, the *Times* carried the final installment of the episode, still on page one. Anson, Jr., and Ada had registered as "Mr. & Mrs. Young" at the Ebbitt House in Washington, but had taken separate rooms. When a detective and a social worker (from an agency called "The Light House Board"), alerted by the frantic father's telegrams and suspecting that the Youngs were the young Dodges, converged on the hotel, they found that Anson had gone off to get a marriage license. He returned with it, "rushed up the stairs, two at a time," and found the sleuths with Ada. The paper said, "He did not appear discomfited but

. . . accepted the situation good-naturedly." Ada's parents arrived by the evening train, and "a general reconciliation ensued." Next morning, Anson, Jr., left for Waubaushene and Ada went home with her mother and father.

Although their elopement attempt failed, the couple were still very much in love, and four years later they married. One imagines that at least some family eyebrows were raised at the union of first cousins. There is a story, possibly apocryphal, that Stuart Dodge sent his brother Arthur to try to talk them out of the second attempt at marriage. However, they went ahead with it. On their honeymoon they visited St. Simon's Island, and both fell under the spell of a small Episcopal church situated in a grove of live oaks at Frederica, on the island. It had been wrecked by Union soldiers during the Civil War and was crumbling into ruin. They determined to rebuild it, but first set out on a trip around the world. They had reached Allahabad, in India, where Ada suddenly died. Anson, Jr., had her body embalmed and brought back to St. Simon's.

He immediately set about rebuilding the little church. His wife's body was placed in a vault beneath the altar. He studied for the ministry at the General Theological Seminary in New York, was ordained, and became the church's rector. In 1890, he was remarried to a St. Simon's woman, Anna Gould. A son, Anson G. Phelps Dodge III, was born the following year. Sadly, the child was killed at the age of three in a carriage accident—the same fate as that of Anson G. Phelps James fifty years before.

Anson, Jr., himself died in August 1898. The local newspaper gave the following somewhat macabre account of the funeral:

> Wrapped in a winding sheet and enclosed in a plain pine coffin, all that remained of the Rev. Anson Greene Phelps Dodge, Jr., . . . was laid to rest last Saturday. . . . Beside him was laid the body of his first wife, which for fifteen years he had carefully preserved to have it at last by his side.
>
> At her deathbed he gave his promise that no burying ground should claim her until both were under the sod. . . . The injunction was given long ago that nothing but a sheet and plain coffin should enclose them when he died, and that they should be laid side by side. . . .
>
> When his first wife died in India, Mr. Dodge had her body embalmed. It was enclosed in a metallic coffin and then placed in an ebony casket. . . . Underneath the altar of the church a vault was built and lead-lined. Into it the casket was placed and there it has lain with its glass enclosed top in position for the body to be seen when it was taken out. For years instructions have been in writing and given out by the now deceased.[6]

Even more bizarre is the story that Anson Jr.'s first cousin, Percival Dodge, said he got from an old fishing guide when he visited St. Simon's Island in the 1930s. The guide said that he had known Anson, Jr., well. "He had a great

The Reverend Anson G. P. Dodge, Jr. [*1860-1898*].
St. Simon's Island Public Library, Georgia

Christ Church, Frederica, St. Simon's Island, Georgia.
Author's collection

sense of humor, I remember how he used to chase us boys up a tree with a horse whip." After gossiping about the fact that Anson's mother, "Mittie," had disapproved of his second marriage, he went on, according to Percy:

"Yes, sir, he had a funny sense of humor. You know he left that second wife some money, but she could only get it if she walked barefoot and alone behind his coffin, which was to be carried from the house to the church in a farm wagon hauled by a pair of mules. And she had to sing his favorite hymns all the way. I seen it with my own eyes."[7]

The second wife and "Mittie" lived on for many more years, both dying in 1927. They now lie buried in the Frederica churchyard near Ada, Anson, Jr., and Anson III.

※ II ※

WILLIAM E. DODGE, JR.'S FORMAL SCHOOLING at Mr. Jones' in Bridgeport ended in 1848, when he was sixteen. Before he went to work at Phelps, Dodge, he was sent off on a summer's trip to Great Britain and France with his Phelps grandparents and Aunt "Hattie" Phelps Pond. While he was traveling, his parents wrote him the same sort of letters they had sent to him at school, combining spiritual and practical advice:

"Let your precept and example be such as to honour the Saviour at all times," his mother wrote. "I trust this excellent opportunity you now have for gaining information may not only benefit your mind and body but your spiritual interest. . . . You will need to keep an account of the clothes you send to the wash, and can ask Grandma or Aunty what you shall pay for them. . . . If you have not had your hair cut I think it must need it now."

A letter that Will wrote home showed that in London he went to all the places he had been told not to miss, including the Greenwich Observatory (he missed Greenwich's Royal Hospital because "Grandpa did not consider it worth a visit"), the just-completed "new" Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, and Mme. Tussaud's. He added that "Jenny Lind 'the Swedish Nightingale' was to sing at a morning concert. Having a great desire to hear this beautiful songstress I hurried downtown so as to be in time for the concert. But upon arriving at the hall I found I could not get a seat for less than *eight* dollars. Thinking this to be a foolish expenditure for an hour's gratification I backed out and strolled along the 'Pall Mall' and up Regent Street. The stores here are magnificent. The Street itself is full of equipages and fantastic liveries." Two years later, when the "Swedish Nightingale" made her American debut at Castle Garden in New York, the 6,000 seats for her first performance were sold at auction, and one man is reported to have paid $225 for his seat. Consideration of the inflation that has taken place since 1850 gives one a clear idea of her popularity.

The year 1848 was one of California gold fever in America, of continuing fam-

ine in Ireland due to the potato blight, and of revolutions—mostly abortive—in Europe. King Louis Phillippe was overthrown in France and a republic established. Riots had followed, and William E. Dodge wrote to Will: "Things are looking very badly in France and I fear you and Aunt will hardly have a chance to make an impression on the good people of Paris by your attainments in French." If he found it possible to go, he was to buy for himself "one pair *good* black gloves, one coloured, and one white. Also for me the same. Get mine large enough to go onto your hand easy. Yr. Mother requested yr. Aunt to get her some."

The travelers also visited Ireland, and although no letters remain with their descriptions of that anguished country, letters sent to them from New York show what an uncharitable attitude William E. Dodge and Anson Phelps, Jr., took toward it. Anson, Jr., wrote to his father: "I am glad you took the opportunity of seeing Ireland; I have no doubt but that country furnished the most instructive example in the world of what bad religion and bad government will bring a nation to, in spite of all the providential advantages of a fine climate, soil, etc." And William E. Dodge wrote to his son: "I am pleased that you have had an opportunity to witness the squalid poverty of those poor people. They are really to be pitied but the Priests are more to blame than any one else." Only a year previously, Anson Phelps, Sr., had played a leading part in New York's efforts to raise money to send food to the starving victims of the famine.

Back from Europe, Will began clerking at Phelps, Dodge & Co. that autumn. He was joined the following year by his cousin and contemporary, Willis James, who came over to New York after a year at Edinburgh University. The two were to spend the rest of their working lives together.

Will was a good-looking, high-spirited young man, blessed with a sense of humor (one is inclined to think he got it from his grandmother, Sarah Cleveland Dodge) and a passion for outdoor life, especially for the sport so disdained by his Uncle Stokes—fishing. When he and his brother Anson went to the Pennsylvania lumber country in the summer of 1849, he wrote home enthusiastically:

> I have employed my time in hunting and fishing but have had better luck with the latter than the former. I have caught some most noble trout and would have been very glad to have sent a few to the city, but we are quite secluded here, and it takes even a letter some ten days to reach Tioga Co.
>
> Last week I went on an Elk hunt with some of the old hunters in the vicinity. We camped out three nights, and were only able to kill *one deer*; we saw evident signs of large numbers of Elk, but could not catch a glimpse of a single drove. We lived finely on jerked venison and trout, but I managed to get nicely wet every day so that I slept very little and spent a good part of the nights in piling wood on our fire.

> Yesterday we had a regular whortleberrying time—picked about six quarts of very fine ones [they are now called blueberries]. I only wish that you could taste some of them, I am enjoying myself very finely here but still am ready to come home at any time you may designate.

The following summer, that of 1850, all of Will's family—like most well-off New Yorkers—left their Eighteenth Street house in New York to escape the heat and the possibility of fever or cholera. Disease came from the miserable sanitation conditions that prevailed in the city, as well as from the immigrant ships constantly arriving in the harbor. Will had to work at the store, but had been commuting in and out of town, as a letter to his father indicates:

> Things are going on nicely at the house; the new horse "Peacock" seems well. . . .
>
> I brought my trunk down from Portchester yesterday morning. I found it too long and dusty a ride merely for the privilege of *sleeping* in the country. Besides, the boarding place was a very dirty, uncomfortable farm house. I wonder that Mr. Atterbury[bb] stays there so contentedly. I am now a poor houseless, friendless wanderer at the mercy of the wind and tides, and must I think sleep at the house and take my meals down town. Can find no place to board. Shall I go to the Neptune House at New Rochelle? It has changed hands & is more comfortably kept. . . . Am glad to hear by your letter that all are well and that you passed the Fourth so pleasantly.

When Will wrote again ten days later, his father was on a swing through northwestern Pennsylvania. He had just been at "Scrantonia" (Slocum Hollow had been renamed to honor its great entrepreneurs), and he had asked for his coachman and wagon to meet him at Jersey Shore, where large lumber mills were under construction. "I hope that Henry will have reached you this morning," Will wrote. "The old waggon, though looking so nicely, I much fear will not stand Tioga Co. roads. . . . We had a tremendous gale and storm here last night," he went on. "There are sixteen vessels ashore in the Bay this side of Sandy Hook. We have a steamer's news from Halifax. The death of Sir R. Peel is the most important item. It is singular that a steamer should arrive here with the news of his death just as the *Europa* with the sad tidings of Gen'l. Taylor's death is arriving in the Mersey."[cc]

[bb] Benjamin Bakewell Atterbury had married Anson Phelps's fifth daughter, Olivia, in 1846.

[cc] Sir Robert Peel, father of London's police force and repealer of the Corn Laws, had been prime minister of Great Britain from 1841 to 1846. "Old Rough and Ready" Zachary Taylor had been elected president of the United States in 1848, mainly on the strength of his victories in the recent Mexican War. He had been in office only sixteen months when he died of cholera on July 9, and was succeeded by Millard Fillmore.

Even the fastest ships could not then carry news across the Atlantic in less than ten days; it would be another sixteen years before Cyrus Field's Atlantic cable would begin successful operations. William E. Dodge was one of Field's early backers. Since he and his partners were so much involved in transatlantic trade, it was easy for him to imagine the advantages of speedy communication. Thus when Field first asked businessmen in the United States and Great Britain to provide financial support for his visionary idea of linking Ireland and Newfoundland by a submarine copper cable (there were already cables between Scotland and Ireland and between Newfoundland and the North American mainland), William E. Dodge invested heavily. After numerous setbacks, the cable was finally laid in the summer of 1858. Alas, within three weeks something went wrong, and it stopped working. Many people lost heart, but not Field or Dodge. A report from London in 1862 said that Cyrus W. Field, William E. Dodge, and a gentleman from Nova Scotia had been made honorary directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, as the British end of the enterprise was called. Shortly after the Civil War, new financing and improved technology made it possible to implant a new and better cable successfully on the ocean floor, and messages from then on were sent back and forth in hours, instead of days and weeks. Incidentally, William E. Dodge also served for some years as a director of the Western Union Telegraph Company.

Will Dodge was a good correspondent. Later that same summer of 1850, he sent the following letter to his mother, who was at a large family gathering in Saratoga Springs. Her parents, the Stokeses, Willis James, and nine-month-old George, the sixth of her seven sons, were all there.

DEAR MOTHER,

I meant fully to have written you but must plead the usual excuse of tardy writers—no time. I have no doubt but that you are enjoying yourselves finely and suppose that you are making arrangements to attend the Grand fancy dress ball to be held on the occasion of your return to your lawful domain in 18th Street by your liege subjects and loving sons. I can have no doubt but that Georgy is the pet as his mother is the belle at Saratoga this summer.

We are getting along nicely at home but are *very lonely*. Father means to go up on Friday ev'g. to bring you down and you can be sure of a hearty welcome from *us all*. David has not been very well; he sends much love.

I am strongly of the opinion that Willis must have found some "immense attraction" at Union Hall. Please give him my love. I hope that he will not get his nose entangled at the Springs.

With best love to Grandparents and Uncles and Aunts innumerable, I remain,

In post haste,
the writer of this miserable scrawl and your aff. son

WM. JR.[8]

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THE FOLLOWING YEAR, 1851, young Will had quite a serious illness and in the autumn was sent off on a journey that combined convalescence with meeting many of Phelps, Dodge's agents and customers in the West and South. He went first to Columbus and Cincinnati. He found the latter place "active and busy" and wrote that he had "witnessed the very *horrid* but very *interesting* ceremony of converting live hogs into Mess Pork in the space of a single minute by human machinery." Moving on to Louisville, he related to his father how he had called on a customer, Charles R. Cooper, "a very worthy, industrious man . . . doing a large business which is constantly increasing. He has always thought very highly of P. D. & Co. and placed much confidence in them."

Cooper had ordered "a lot of *Round* bottoms for Tea Kettles," but due to a mix-up, he was sent square ones instead. These he could not use, so he had written to Will's father to say that he would have the square bottoms trimmed to fit his kettles, and after giving Phelps, Dodge credit for the copper content of the shipment, would charge them for the expense of the trimming. If this was not agreeable, Cooper added, he would return the square bottoms for credit, though this would seriously hold up his kettle manufacturing.

Cooper's letter had come to the attention of James Stokes, and according to Will, "Mr. Stokes immediately wrote a short, sharp reply saying that the square bottoms were the only kind we had sold for years and that he might send them back if he would pay expenses."

Cooper was under the impression that William E. Dodge had written the letter personally, Will said, and was very upset. "He feels very deeply grieved at its tone and thinks that we wish to appear independent and have lost confidence in him. In fact I have seldom seen a man feel so badly about a small thing. He sent them back last week with a letter saying he would pay the expenses if you thought he ought to."

Will, showing at the age of not quite twenty the aptness for peacemaking which would distinguish him in later life, promptly promised Cooper that Phelps, Dodge would pay the expenses of returning the shipment "by all means, and in future would be more careful." In spite of his own efforts, he was afraid

that Uncle Stokes' letter had done irreparable damage to the firm's relations with Cooper. "He is a kindly feeling man but so hurt by the tone of the letter that I fear he will hereafter buy his Copper and bottoms in Pittsburgh."

Next, Will took a long side trip to visit Mammoth Cave and wrote home pages of description. "Leaving Louisville last Tuesday morning," he began, "two long, cold hours before daybreak, we rolled for nineteen hours over a weedy, rough turnpike in a miserable stagecoach, obliged to get out and walk up and down steep hills and river banks, until I heartily despised pleasure traveling and wished a thousand times I had sailed quietly down the Ohio without risking life and limb to see a mere cave in the rock." It sounds like Anson Phelps, Jr.'s, trip through France in a *diligence* all over again. "My traveling companions were of the most disagreeable kind, a returned Mexican War volunteer with two disgusting bull-dog puppies; two Californians returning with a *little gold* and *much* consequence, and a traveling agent for some New York drygoods house; horrid perfumes of villainous cigars and still more miserable whiskey. . . . Right glad was I to creep into an almost freezing bed at this little country inn."

Next morning he wrote, "I hired an old string-halted and wind-broken horse, and crowding some few articles into a pair of borrowed saddlebags, galloped through the keen wind over the hills a distance of seven miles to the Cave, in constant fear lest my old nag should fall in pieces."

He spent that night at another little inn called the Cave House, and the following day explored the cave with "Stephen, a bright, intelligent slave belonging to the plantation in which the Cave is situated, who had acted as guide for fourteen years, and himself discovered most of its hidden wonders." He mentioned that the sides of the entrance to the cave were "disfigured by the remains of works erected during the last war to obtain saltpetre."

They took oiled paper torches for illumination, and as Will mentioned "rude railings" in some places, "rickety ladders" in others, and told of gliding by boat down more than one of the subterranean rivers, it is clear that the cave's owners had made some efforts to adapt it for tourists. The various chambers, passage-ways, and rivers had all been named: the "Church," the "Ball-Room," the rivers "Styx" and "Lethe," and so on. One of the narrowest places had the name of "Fat Man's Misery," and the irrepressible Will, remembering his Uncle Daniel James' Falstaffian English partner, Thomas Banks, wrote that it was "so called from the utter impossibility of one possessing the huge dimensions of Mr. Banks passing through it."

Will knew Thomas Banks well because he came to New York fairly frequently on the firm's business and always stayed with Grandfather Phelps. As noted before, when Anson Phelps became such a strong advocate of the temperance cause that he gave up serving wine (he had forsworn spirits many years earlier), the bulky Mr. Banks during his visits would escape across the lawn in the evenings

to drink port with James Stokes at Clifton Cottage. He said that Stokes thus saved his life. He had a famous wine cellar at his home in Liverpool and would occasionally send a case or two of claret to the New York partners "to replenish the medicine chest," as he put it. Will's father disapproved of Banks, calling him "a swearing, drinking John Bull," but Daniel James trusted and needed him and kept him as a partner until he died in 1858.[dd]

Will's slave guide sang as they glided down one of the underground streams. "Stephen had a strong clear voice and the echo of his songs lingered and reverberated in sweetest cadences and died slowly away in the distant windings of the stream, growing sweeter with every moment."

When they finally emerged from the cave, it was into a moonlit evening, and Will estimated that they had covered twenty-two miles beneath the earth. He was moved by his experiences to a final paragraph of positively purple romantic prose:

"As one listens at Niagara to the deep roar of rushing waters, or sees the mad crested waves dash in their fury on the storm-beaten ocean, his soul is filled with their grandeur and sublimity, and he feels *himself* to sink into insignificance, but here he is ushered into the secret chambers of the earth, and seems to dive into the unsearchable mysteries of Nature; his soul is spellbound and he drinks in the grandeur and awfulness of the varied scenes until he seems initiated into the deepest mysteries of Creation. Happy he who can look up from Nature to Nature's God and read His might and power in all His works."

William E. Dodge was so impressed that he edited out the references to Mr. Banks and had the letter anonymously published in the *New York Commercial Advertiser.*

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AFTER RETURNING BY STAGECOACH to Louisville, Will set out by riverboat down the Ohio to St. Louis. The "fine steamer and regular packet" *Lady Franklin* was about four hours late leaving, and then, after proceeding some sixty miles, "just at bed time whilst making a short turn near one of the many landing points, we broke our Main Shaft." The river sailors managed to rig one of the paddle wheels and "like a lame duck we tried to paddle back to Louisville." When they encountered another St. Louis-bound packet, the *General Sparhawk* of Cincinnati, Will and most of the *Lady*'s other passengers decided to transfer to the *General.*

"We found her already overcrowded, and a majority of our passengers added

[dd] Daniel James' letters to Wm. E. Dodge show clearly that Thomas Banks died of Alzheimer's disease. The letters are in the Phelps Dodge papers at the New York Public Library.

to those who were already sleeping on the Cabin floor made the first night a very uncomfortable one. The next day . . . we entered our upward course on the Mississippi full of snags and sandbars, with no variety along its forest banks. . . . With a Cabin crowded with returning Californians and German emigrants and with few on board whom one would care to know, it was horrid."

The worst was yet to come, however. They were a few hours out of Cairo when they met one of the largest of riverboats, the *Grand Turk*, stuck fast on a sandbar, "crowded with passengers, many of them dying with the cholera." *Sparhawk*, despite her already crowded condition, took on nearly a hundred of the *Grand Turk*'s stranded passengers and proceeded on her way.

"Selfishness ceased to be a sin," wrote Will. "We had almost a hand-to-hand fight for meals, stove warmth, and spaces six feet by two on the cabin floor for bedroom, scrambling for blankets and shivering with the night air. . . . To add to our danger the boat caught fire twice but happily was extinguished without damage. After being detained some time at Quarantine and landing some of the sick passengers, we reached St. Louis late on Saturday evening and left our *Sparhawk* without regret."

Twice in the course of this journey Will mentioned "returning Californians": the famous Gold Rush had begun early in 1848, even before peace with Mexico had been concluded and California had been received into the United States. Thousands of men had headed westward by every possible route when stories spread of gold waiting to be panned in the streams of the Sierra Nevada, and inevitably many returned empty-handed.

When he finally reached St. Louis, Will struck a severe cold wave, and the river was so blocked with ice that it was December 31st, 1851, before he could continue on to New Orleans. He was rather homesick at the holiday time; however, it was not Christmas Day that he missed, but New Year's Day.

Down to the time of the Civil War, all good Puritan-descended families, including his own, felt that celebrating Christmas was a popish practice and therefore to be avoided. "Almost before this reaches you, another year will commence," Will wrote, "and New Year's Day with all its pleasures will be past." Another member of the family thus described the New Year's celebration in New York:

> New Year's Day was one of the great days of the year, for until after 1865 it was the custom for men to make calls on that day. They would sometimes begin as early as 9 o'clock in the morning, and call until 11 in the evening, frequently making a hundred calls. Ladies were always ready in the drawing-room by 10, and a very enjoyable day it was. Refreshments were always on the table in the dining-room. At houses where ladies were not receiving,

a basket was tied to the door-handle, into which cards were dropped. Gradually, with the growth of the city, the custom ceased."[9]

While he waited for the ice to clear from the river, Will dutifully called on the Phelps, Dodge customers in the city, and ventured to suggest to his father that the firm should have a St. Louis agent: "The consumption at the West is too large to give up without some effort to retain it."

Early on in his frustrating two-week stay, Will met a young New York friend, Frank Freeman, who was also going to New Orleans, so that the two of them could at least entertain each other. "Having tired all our friends here by our frequent calls," he told his mother, "young Mr. Freeman and myself have bought skates and been amusing ourselves by flying over the smooth surface of Lake Chateau, a beautiful frozen sheet of water back from the city." He also told Melissa about going one evening to a "prize concert. The Concert was a very ridiculous one, but the entrance ticket entitled the holder to a chance for a prize of some small article of jewelry. Being one of Fortune's favorites, I won a *lady's diamond ring* [which] I thought of sending to you, but knowing your horror for such articles of show, exchanged it for a fine gold pencil case and pen, which I shall keep to remember St. Louis and my ice blockade."

When the blockade finally lifted, the trip down the Mississippi to New Orleans took nine days. It was far more pleasant than the journey from Louisville to St. Louis. "So pleasant was the company, the fare so good and everything along the river bank so novel that I enjoyed every minute of the time," he said. He spoke of how impressed he was, approaching New Orleans from the river, by "the long rows . . . of ships and lines of steamers along the Crescent," adding that "the weather here is like June, and the open windows, soft air and summer dress of many around me makes it difficult to believe that in New York you are shivering in midwinter."

"I have never seen more beautiful scenery than that skirting the Mississippi between Bayou Sara and this city," Will wrote. "The constant succession of fine plantations, the manor house of each almost lost in the rich green of the orange groves around them, the long rows of neat cottages comprising the negro quarters give one quite a non-abolition idea of the comfort of the blacks in this part of the country. I wish I could send you a basket of the fruit I have been luxuriating in since reaching New Orleans. The rich oranges, pineapples and bananas are very different from their stale ghosts at the north."

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AFTER NEW ORLEANS, Will sailed to Cuba, then still a colony of Spain. The mother country kept a large detachment of soldiers in the island to discourage

William E. Dodge, Jr. [*1832-1903*].
Author's collection

rebellion or invasion. It will be remembered that Will's great-grandmother, Mary Stuart Earl, had lost her husband in Cuba in 1762, when he died of fever after the British capture of Havana. However, the colony was returned to Spain the following year. Thomas Jefferson, after his purchase of Louisiana from the French in 1803, had tried unsuccessfully to buy Cuba from the Spanish. After Texas proclaimed its independence from Mexico and then joined the United

States, many Cuban plantation (and slave) owners thought that it would be advantageous for Cuba to follow suit. Numerous influential Americans, including President James K. Polk, had encouraged them. Robert E. Lee, then a United States Army officer, was asked to head a free-lance army to liberate Cuba—a sort of nineteenth-century Bay of Pigs operation. He declined, but between 1849 and the opening of the Civil War in 1861, there were various other small and unsuccessful military expeditions launched from New Orleans.

From Havana in mid-February, Will sent his Dodge grandparents a letter apologizing for not having written before: "You will not I am sure have laid it to my want of affection or kindly interest. . . . My letters to head-quarters will have given you some information as to my trip thus far." He went on: "From all that I can learn your winter in 'Goodly Gotham' must have been a severe one, for no slight wind could give you a bridge of ice to the Long Island shore." He then described Havana to them:

"Built in the old Moorish style with narrow streets, the houses, painted of lovely blue, yellow, or white colors enclosing square courts give the whole town as decidedly foreign an appearance as any city to be found in Europe." He explained that the city was "surrounded by a strong wall and deep ditch after the fashion of the Middle Ages, and fortified by five fortresses of great strength and size."

He wrote that there were thousands of soldiers about, and described going to "their Military Mass last Sabbath morning. The fine old church . . . was filled with soldiers in their showy uniforms. Around the altar were a line of artillery men with their drawn swords which now and then were extended over the head of the officiating priest. The troops rose and knelt at the tap of a drum, while the music performed by the immense band of the artillery regiment echoed through the old building in sweet mournful strains."

Will's Puritan background and upbringing were clearly evident when he added: "It pained one to think that by this senseless and imposing mockery the sins of a whole week were thought to have been washed away, and their hearts left clean to receive anew stains of seven days' wickedness!!" He also wrote that the Spanish did not permit a Protestant church on the island (he went to service at the British consul's house) and that "it is an offense against the state to bring a Bible into a Cuban port, so fearful is Catholicism of Christian light and so determined to keep rivetted the chains of superstition surrounding the people."

In conclusion, he gave his impression after a trip through the island. "The railroads . . . are in good order and seem extremely well managed, though of necessity dusty. . . . Fine groves of coconut and royal palm trees wave in the mild trade wind, and oranges, limes, bananas, pineapples and tropical fruits of all kinds meet the eye on every side. Sugar and coffee estates line the entire road."

He mentioned stopping at Guines, which he said was "a great resort for invalids from the States."

The young traveler returned homeward via Charleston. He noted there that Phelps, Dodge business was decreasing. Shipbuilders were using "yellow metal" instead of sheathing copper for ships' bottoms, and builders preferred slate to tin for roofs because it could better withstand the damp salt air. He had been seasick on the "boisterous" sail from Cuba to the mainland, which may have influenced his request to be allowed to come home from Charleston by rail instead of by sea. He said he wanted to come that way because he had never seen Washington, Baltimore, or Philadelphia, and thought "the slight difference in expense will be amply repaid in the pleasure and information to be obtained on the land route."[10]

Whether permission was granted is not known. Two years later, Will took his bride to those three cities on their honeymoon—either he still had not visited them or had liked them so much that he wanted to return. His bride was Sarah Hoadley. As with the courtship and marriage of William Dodge and Melissa Phelps, the two families were well acquainted and shared a similar social position and outlook on life.

Sarah's father, David Hoadley (1806-1873) was yet another transplanted Connecticut Yankee, the son of one of New England's master builders and self-taught architect, David Hoadley, Sr. (1774-1839). Several of his buildings, both houses and churches, remain to attest to his skill, notably the North Church on the Green at New Haven. His designs faithfully followed the classical style, and he had a talent for gracefully transforming into wood the sort of work that Christopher Wren had wrought in stone.

David Hoadley, Jr., is said to have run away to sea as a youth. Later, he clerked in a New Haven apothecary's shop before he moved to New York in 1827 and set up as a wholesale drug merchant. Twenty years later, he gave up that business to go into banking. In 1851, he was made president of the Panama Railroad, which had been built across the narrow isthmus to meet the demands of prospectors seeking the quickest route to the California gold fields. Sarah's mother had died of tuberculosis in 1837, when Sarah was only five, but her father soon remarried, and much of her girlhood was spent helping her stepmother with numerous young half sisters and brothers.

Will Dodge and Sarah had been seeing a good deal of each other before he took his western and southern trip, and this continued after his return. Both families attended the Fourteenth Street Presbyterian Church, which provided them with an opportunity to meet on Sundays as well as during the week. As Helen Phelps Stokes pointed out in recalling *her* girlhood on Murray Hill: "I must confess that we did not attend . . . services entirely for spiritual benefit, but also because we thought some of our young men friends might be there and walk home with us."

Sarah was secretary of the Ladies' Sewing Circle of the church; Melissa had the

Sarah Hoadley Dodge [*1832-1909*].
The YMCA of Greater New York

title of First Directress, and its meetings were often held at the Dodges' house on Madison Avenue. While Will was away, his mother sent him an account of one such occasion. She wrote that "there were 39 or 40 ladies present and I should think nearly as many gentlemen." She did not say what the gentlemen did, but we know that the ladies dutifully plied their needles, for Melissa added that "the

ladies made 40 garments for the children of the Coloured Orphan Asylum" (Melissa's sister Caroline Stokes was directress of the asylum, which was later burned to the ground during the New York City draft riots in 1863).

When Will was made a junior partner of Phelps, Dodge & Co. after his grandfather Phelps' death, he was allowed a drawing account of $5,000 per year (equivalent to about ten times that amount today). He promptly proposed to Sarah and, to everyone's delight, was equally promptly accepted. They were married from her father's house on West Seventeenth Street on April 5, 1854.

Beginning with the day of their wedding, Sarah kept a sort of yearly diary in which she briefly recorded the principal events of their married life. It is so condensed that her thoughts and feelings rarely come through. But the last three sentences of the entry for 1854 are pathetically expressive: "In October we went to our own little house, 43 West 31st Street. And here on Christmas day, God sent us our first trial. I was very ill, and our little boy was born without life." Eighteen months later, however, she wrote that the "crowning event" of 1856 was the birth of a daughter, Grace Hoadley Dodge; there were to be five more children born between 1858 and 1867.

By the time of the Civil War, Mr. and Mrs. William E. Dodge, Jr., were well and happily established in "Old" New York society, with a daughter and two thriving sons (William E. Dodge, III, born 1858, and Cleveland Hoadley Dodge, born 1860), a host of relatives, and many close friends such as Morris and Maria Jesup and Theodore and "Mittie" Roosevelt. In 1859, Will had seriously injured his right hand while duck shooting, which precluded any military service in the war, but led directly to a significant task which he and his friend Roosevelt worked out and performed together.

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BEFORE THE MOST DIVISIVE OF AMERICAN WARS broke out in 1861, the Phelps, Dodge partners worked strenuously to avert it. Their attitude was much the same as the one old David Low Dodge had taken in his pacifistic treatise of 1815: "When nations wage war . . . prosperity declines." The senior partners, especially, foresaw a terrible business collapse and depression if the nation were to be split into two. A large part of their own trade depended on the cotton they bought in the South and shipped to Liverpool. Although William E. Dodge opposed slavery—as far back as 1840 he had called it "an evil thing"—he knew that it took slave labor to produce the product that Daniel James exchanged for English copper and tinplate. Therefore, he took a compromise position on the all-important issue. He advocated a hands-off policy where the "peculiar institution" was already established, but opposed its extension into the new western states such as Kansas and Nebraska.

Dodge and his fellow merchants had long felt that politics were best left to the politicians. They had leaned toward the conservative Whig party, but when Henry Clay was defeated in 1844, they had shrugged their shoulders and returned to their countinghouses. William E. Dodge had been asked to run for alderman that year and had refused, while James Stokes had declined the nomination for mayor of New York City. But when the election of 1860 loomed as one of the most critical ever, William decided it was time to take an active role. He supported the newly founded Republican party and its candidate, Abraham Lincoln. He made speeches, contributed funds, and added his name to those of other businessmen in newspaper advertisements urging Lincoln's election. He forecast that if the Republicans won, "political and economic tranquility" would result.

Daniel James' prediction was more prescient. "I am really alarmed at the state of things with you," he wrote from Liverpool after Lincoln's election. He was upset by the attitude of the South and said he would "look with intense anxiety to see what effect it will have on the North and also on business, as I fear it will

be most disastrous and lead to a Civil War." He blamed much of the trouble on outgoing President James Buchanan and thought he ought to be "impeached and tried for treason. . . . He has let this rebellion go quite too far, I fear, to stop it now."[11]

In the course of the winter of 1860–1861, first South Carolina and then other southern states seceded from the Union. William made two last-ditch attempts to stave off the seemingly inevitable conflict. He went first to Washington in January as a member of a New York Chamber of Commerce committee to present a petition to Congress. It bore some thirty-five thousand signatures and urged the senators and representatives to do something, somehow, to deal with the crisis. When this had no result, he returned in February as a delegate to the peace conference of twenty-one states called by the former president John Tyler, a Virginian.

The delegates took themselves extremely seriously and made long-winded speeches, but accomplished nothing. William spoke at length, predicting ruin for northern manufacturing and commercial activities unless some sort of compromise could be reached. "The North misunderstands the South, and the South misunderstands the North," he said, and urged delegates from the New England states to drop their obstinate insistence on the total abolishment of slavery. It was all to no avail.

Melissa went with William on this second visit to the capital, and they established themselves comfortably in the best suite at Willard's Hotel on Pennsylvania Avenue. "I can hardly have five minutes to myself," she wrote to her son Will. "Beside the interruption of gentlemen coming in constantly there are three or four ladies here from New York who have rooms quite up in the fourth story and they like to run in our parlor frequently."

President-elect Lincoln was scheduled to arrive in Washington at six o'clock in the evening of February 23, prior to his inaugural on March 4. The inefficacious peace conference was still deliberating. Just as William and Melissa were about to retire to bed on the evening of the twenty-second, one of the Willard brothers came to their suite and explained that Pinkerton detectives had discovered a plot to assassinate Lincoln as he passed through Baltimore. Therefore, the plans had been hastily changed, and he would be coming in clandestinely at six the next morning. Would the Dodges mind moving to other rooms so that Mr. Lincoln could have Parlor No. 6? The Dodges duly moved, and William afterward proudly related how he was called into the presence of the president-elect. Before he had finished dressing the next morning, there came a tap at his door and young Robert Lincoln introduced himself, saying his father would like to see Mr. Dodge.

William found Lincoln at work on his inaugural address; he laid it aside and they talked about the progress—or lack of it—being made at the peace confer-

ence. As he was leaving, William said something to the president-elect about the prayers of many having followed him on his journey, adding that they would follow him as he entered upon his administration. William recollected that Lincoln's eyes filled with tears while he took both of William's hands in his and emotionally thanked him.

That evening, Lincoln held a reception in Parlor No. 6 for the peace conference delegates. William E. Dodge dearly loved speech making and could not resist this opportunity. He began by saying that the whole nation was waiting anxiously for the inaugural address, then went on:

"It is for you, sir, to say whether the whole nation shall be plunged into bankruptcy; whether the grass shall grow in the streets of our commercial cities."

Lincoln smiled and responded, "If it depends upon me, the grass will not grow anywhere except in the fields and the meadows," but when William pushed on, saying, "Then you will yield to the just demands of the South. You will not go to war on account of slavery," the president-elect's smile disappeared. He spoke solemnly to William and to all the delegates.

" 'I do not know that I understand your meaning, Mr. Dodge,' said Lincoln in an even tone, with all merriment gone from his face. 'Nor do I know what my acts or opinions may be in the future, beyond this. If I shall ever come to the great office of President of the United States, I shall take an oath. I shall swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, of all the United States, and that I will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States. This is a great and solemn duty. With the support of the people and the assistance of the Almighty, I shall undertake to perform it. I have full faith that I shall perform it. It is not the Constitution as I would like to have it, but as it *is*, that is to be defended. The Constitution will not be preserved and defended until it is enforced and obeyed in every part of every one of the United States. It must be so respected, obeyed, enforced, and defended, let the grass grow where it may.' "[12]

Neither William E. Dodge nor any of his fellow conferees could think of an answer.

A month later, the nation was at war.

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IN MARCH, AFTER WILLIAM E. DODGE HAD RETURNED from Washington, James Stokes went south to see what could be done about Phelps, Dodge's business interests there. Only fragmentary accounts remain of this journey which he took with his wife and daughter Elizabeth at the very moment that the Union was breaking up. They went to Charleston, Savannah, and to Mont-

gomery, Alabama, then the capital of the fledgling Confederacy. One of the other Stokes daughters later wrote: "At Montgomery the Southern Congress was holding its first sessions, and sister Lizzie occupied a room that a member of Congress had just vacated, leaving the bureau in the room filled with designs that had been sent in for the Southern flag."

James Stokes had interviews with President Jefferson Davis, and when they left for Mobile, the gallant Southerner sent a tray of roses to the depot for the ladies. At Mobile, they ran into Anson Dodge, who was apparently on the same sort of business-saving errand for the lumber companies as Stokes was for Phelps, Dodge. They then went on by steamer to New Orleans, where they "found the whole city aroused and excited, and everywhere men drilling." Here Stokes was able to sell off the company's large stocks of tin in exchange for drafts on London which he mailed to Phelps, James in Liverpool. Once this was done, it was obviously time to go, for daughter Olivia wrote that "Father was waited upon by the Vigilance Committee and ordered to leave the city immediately."

The family group took the last steamer to make her way north up the Mississippi before war began in earnest. "The boat was fired into on the way North," Olivia recounted, "and Father only escaped by being taken for an Englishman. This illusion was helped by the fact that Father and Mother had passed most of the previous summer in England, and their trunks still had many of the English hotel and railway labels pasted on them."[13]

Once he was safely back in New York, Stokes told his stories to his partners, and William E. Dodge passed the information on in a letter to the aged General Winfield Scott ("old Fuss and Feathers," he was called), who was still the commanding general of the United States Army. "Since I had the pleasure of seeing you," William wrote, "one of my partners has returned from New Orleans. He passed through all the States South, and informs me that in every direction troops are moving East. He saw three thousand five hundred men leave Mobile in one day, all well-armed and equipped, many of them at the expense of the merchants, some of whom have subscribed fifteen thousand dollars each for that purpose. Last week he passed up the river to Memphis. There were six hundred troops on the boat, said to be for operating on Cairo. He remained there for a day, and took another boat, also full of soldiers, who were left twenty miles below Cairo. After landing passengers at that city, the boat proceeded twenty miles further up the river, and then stopped to put on shore seventy other men, who had been concealed before. My partner is convinced that more men and means are ready at the South than is generally supposed here. One of my sons has also visited New Orleans, Mobile, Montgomery, Savannah, Charleston and Richmond within a few days, and he believes that we are not all awake to the vast efforts making at the South, and the large numbers of troops coming East."[14]

Daniel James had become increasingly gloomy. After Fort Sumter was fired on

in April, he wrote to his brother-in-law, "I cannot think for a moment you can subdue the South and if that is contemplated it will take years and ruin both North and South, I fear. I am sorry to see Virginia has gone and of course all other slave states will go also. This, of course, was to be expected the moment the North used coercion. I fear an awful loss of life and property and what will be gained by it? The South is no doubt in the wrong, but the North are far from being free of blame. I fear we shall get accounts of Davis being in Washington."[15]

William E. Dodge had tried to stave off war, but once it began, he plunged with his usual ardor into efforts to raise and equip troops. Together with John A. Dix, soon to be general-in-charge of New York volunteers, the former governor and future secretary of state Hamilton Fish, the historian George Bancroft, and the banker August Belmont, he published an appeal to all New Yorkers to come to a mass meeting in Union Square to declare their support for the Union. When an enormous crowd turned out, he was among the speechmakers who aroused their patriotism. He threw himself eagerly into the job of finding arms and ammunition for the volunteers, even foregoing his strict Sabbatarianism to sign a check for the purchase of 25,000 rifles on a Sunday.

When southern sympathizers effectively closed Baltimore to the passage of troops bound for the defense of Washington, William went to the capital by a roundabout route, writing back to Melissa, "I have been twenty-four hours coming from Philadelphia, via Parrysville and Annapolis, in the government train, all under martial law. My 'pass' was viséd four times, quite in the European style. This city is full of soldiers at every turn. I am to meet Mr. Lincoln by appointment this afternoon, and have had already today a long interview with the Secretary of War."[16]

Altogether he helped to raise and equip sixty-six regiments, then turned to supplying their spiritual needs, providing Bibles and hymnals and religious tracts, and also chapel tents and reading rooms in the various camps. He worked tirelessly for the Christian Commission, as it was called, an outgrowth of the Army Committee of the New York Young Men's Christian Association.

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WILL DODGE, JR.'S CHIEF CONTRIBUTION to the Union cause was his work for the Allotment Commission, a task which, as mentioned earlier, he and his friend Theodore Roosevelt, Sr., carried out together in 1861-1862. The shooting injury to his trigger finger had kept Will from volunteering, while Roosevelt had a southern wife whose brothers were in the Confederate service, and evidently felt that joining the army might break up his otherwise happy home. Each man had four young children at home, of matching ages and sexes, who often played together: Grace Hoadley Dodge and Anna Roosevelt, known as

"Bamie," were both about six years old; Willie Dodge III and "Teedie" Roosevelt, Jr., were both four; Cleveland Hoadley Dodge and Elliott Roosevelt were matching two-year-old boys, and there was a brace of babies, Mary ("May") Dodge and Corinne ("Conie") Roosevelt.

The two men devised a system whereby serving soldiers could volunteer to have a portion of their monthly pay ($13 for privates) allotted either to their families or to a savings bank at home. They went to Washington, presented their plan to President Lincoln, and did much intensive lobbying for it among the congressmen. Congress passed the allotment bill, embodying their ideas, on Christmas Eve of 1861. On New Year's Eve, the president appointed Dodge and Roosevelt to be allotment commissioners for New York State, and they set out immediately to visit the many New York regiments encamped around Washington.

"This is a very busy, noisy place," Will wrote to his two older children, Grace and Willie. "The whole city is full of soldiers and drums and music and all over the hills and by the side of the river the ground is covered with tents where the soldiers live. They are funny little white homes. Some of the men have made little gardens around them and put green trees before the doors."

"The other day Papa and some other gentlemen got on horseback and galloped all over the hills and saw the forts and the big guns and all the soldiers had got on their handsomest clothes and the great General [George B. McClellan] came out on a beautiful horse and rode around them and then they all marched past him.

"Uncle Charles has been here with his soldier's clothes on and looks very fine."

"Uncle Charles" was Will's younger brother Charles Cleveland Dodge, the "Black-Eyed Boy" so loved by his grandmother Phelps, and the only one of William E. Dodge's seven sons to see active service in the Civil War. When he was a very small boy visiting his Dodge grandparents at Cedar Brook Farm, Sarah Cleveland Dodge had written, "Charlie is quite well and happy, playing horse in some form or other from morning 'til night," so it was natural that he should join a cavalry regiment. At the age of twenty, he became a major in the New York Mounted Rifles, and after Will saw him in Washington, he went off with his regiment to Fortress Monroe, on Virginia's lower peninsula.

Early in January 1862, Will wrote again to Grace and Willie:

> All day long Papa has been galloping over the cold hills on horseback or standing out in the snow, and he came back tonight very tired and just as sleepy as could be, but your sweet little letter has made him so glad and happy that altho' one of his eyes is shutting itself up and the other one wants to go to bed, he wants to tell you how much he thanks you and how many kisses are wrapped up in this paper to pay you.
>
> I'm so glad you had such nice presents on New Year's day and am very anxious to see you both flying about the parlor on your new skates. It must be real good fun. You mustn't fall down and break your heads.

You said poor little May was sick. I hope she is better and that you both take good care of her and of dear Cleve and Mamma and never make too much noise or cry.

I wish you would write and tell me whether you are both real good at the table and if Willie sets up in my big chair at dinner and knows how to carve a turkey without cutting his fingers.

Why don't you come and make a call on me New Year's day?

I have got a great big horse to ride on and they call him "Little Grey," I suppose because he is so large. He is quite gentle, but loves to stand up on his hind legs and jump around like a kitten.

Mr. Roosevelt, Bamie's papa, is with me and we run all over the country, thro' the woods and fields and little brooks without caring for the roads.

We have a soldier who trots behind us with a sword and pistol, who gets off and holds our horses whenever we stop. They call him an orderly. Isn't that a funny name! We see a great many soldiers. I think you would laugh to see them cook their supper.

They get some great big sticks of wood and build a fire out in the cold. Then they put a big kettle full of coffee over the fire and when it gets hot all of the men get out of their tents and run up and stick their cups in it and get a drink.

Then they all have a piece of bread and after that a big boy takes the drumsticks and beats the drum and everybody goes to bed except the Sentinels who march up and down all night. If you come along they make you stop or they will shoot you. They say "Who goes there?" and you tell them you are a friend with the "Countersign" & then you whisper a little word in his ear & you can go on.

Tonight it was moonlight when we got home & all the Camps and fires looked beautifully. When you both grow big I hope you will ride with me on horseback a great deal. . . .

I hope I shall come home soon and find you all well.

To his wife he wrote: "It would amuse you to see Roosevelt and I *attack* a Regiment. We go to the Colonel's quarters, read him our instructions from Head Quarters and invite his cooperation. If he does not give it willingly and frankly we demand it as a right (this has only happened in one instance). He then calls his adjutant, who orders out the Regiment Company by Company at an interval of fifteen to twenty minutes. Roosevelt then takes one wing and I the other. This gives us each five Companies. When the Company is formed in its avenue we step before it and make a short speech of ten minutes, in the presence of the officers, depicting as eloquently and succinctly as possible the sufferings and claims of the families at home, the temptations and useless Expenditures of the Camp, the advantages and the simplicity of the law, and commencing with the officers

we ask each one, man by man what he wishes to allot, the orderly Sergeant calling the roll. In this way the men follow each other's example and the great majority sign the allotment.

"This compels them to a fixed and systematic provision for their families and takes the means of temptation out of their hands."

He added, "The weather is cold but fine and I am in grand health and really feel that a kind Providence is enabling me to do a real good and on a grand scale.

"This is really one of the sweetest feelings in life and I know that you sympathize with me in it. . . . Love me and pray for me darling as I am sure you do and kiss the sweet pets for their absent father."

A few days later, he wrote to Sarah again, and the weather had deteriorated considerably, for he said, "This has been the strangest day as to weather I ever saw, the fog so dense we had to feel our way and the mud so soft and so deep that we were spattered from head to foot and almost encased.

"At the Camps it was like snipe shooting in April & we were fortunate in finding a place where the wet mud was not above our ankles.

"It had a depressing effect on the men but they came up nobly to the work and our day's result will be grand.

"We have just gotten our papers in from one of the Zouave Regiments—one of the hardest and meanest in the service. It is wonderful to see the result. An especial point delights me. The young unmarried officers, many of them the hardest and worst cases possible who have never saved a cent in their lives have put down $50 to $100 per month for the Savings Bank. This alone is worth all our trouble."

In a postcript, Will told Sarah that two senators, Harris of New York and "Senator Wilson the 'Great Tycoon,' "[ee] had just called on Roosevelt and himself and said they thought "our work altogether the best thing done for the Army."

By the end of January, the two allotment commissioners were growing weary—Will spoke of "the tedious slowness of the work here"—but they kept at it through February and March until they had visited every one of the eighty-eight New York regiments. As he said, "when I meet so many brave, true fellows who have torn themselves away from home for years, and perhaps forever, who are exposed to a thousand times more danger than I can be, I am ashamed of my own weakness."

He went on to give a vivid description of how they operated: "Take a cold, muddy, murky day with the sacred soil of Virginia ankle deep and wet and slimy all around the Camps and stand before an hundred men, cross and stupid, mad because they are called out of warm tents and sure that the strangers who have made so unexpected an inroad to their regiments are swindlers, their eyes cold

[ee] Sen. Ira Harris had been appointed to replace William Seward when the latter became Lincoln's secretary of state. Sen. Henry Wilson of Massachusetts was then chairman of the Military Affairs Committee of the Senate and later served as vice-president under Ulysses S. Grant from 1872 to 1875.

and suspicious and yourself wearied and disgusted with the constant repetition of the same story, and it really requires an amount of pluck almost equal to charging a battery to charge the front of the men and bring them into a sympathetic correspondence with you. The gradual and increasing attendance and interest, the feeling which finally grows to a certainty that they are not in any way being shaved, and at last the emulation among the men as to who shall send home the most, are very gratifying, to say the least.

"It requires more tact and ingenuity and quick adaptation than anything I ever undertook. But it's grand schooling.

"Hundreds of men sign the roll as they would a temperance pledge, to keep themselves from temptation, and constantly the officers tell us that the men who have given the most trouble, been most frequently drunk and in the guard-house, to their surprise are those who have committed themselves most deeply to this plan, which keeps them from the possibility of excess.

"So you see we have some pleasant things to cheer us."

He was writing this letter to Sarah from Willard's Hotel and mentioned that "crowds of prominent New Yorkers are here," adding, "Gen'l. McClellan was in the hotel last night & had quite an ovation from the ladies. He spoke most warmly . . . about our work and complimented us most highly."

Then he said that "Mr. Olmsted[ff] of the Sanitary Commission has just been in and detained me more than an hour. Unless I find some stray nook I cannot write you even on Sunday." He finished by saying "Bob Lincoln, son of the President has just come in and upset my writing another page."

Allotments, of course, subsequently became standard procedure for all American forces; it is an interesting footnote to history that William E. Dodge, Jr., and Theodore Roosevelt, Sr., were the pioneers of the system. Some of his biographers have speculated that Theodore Roosevelt the president was ashamed of his father's noncombatant role in the Civil War. However, when the Allotment Commission's history was published, he wrote from the White House to his lifelong friend Cleve Dodge: "It was always a pleasure to me that your father and mine were in that."[17]

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IN NOVEMBER 1861 came the *Trent* affair, when a United States warship stopped a British mail steamer in the Atlantic and forcibly removed two Confederate diplomats, James M. Mason and John Slidell, and their secretaries. Daniel

[ff] Frederick Law Olmsted (1822-1903), the landscape architect and designer of New York's Central Park, who was then general secretary of the Sanitary Commission, an organization formed on the lines of Florence Nightingale's work with British soldiers in the recent Crimean War and roughly equivalent to the Red Cross in the World Wars.

James in Liverpool was deeply upset. "You will see from the papers what a state we are in here in consequence of the boarding of an English vessel and forcibly taking from her four passengers by one of your cruisers," he agonized to William E. Dodge. "I have never seen anything like the excitement this has caused here. It has been most intense, and but one feeling of indignation has been manifested by all parties, and I am fully convinced if your government do not make an ample apology, and restore the persons taken from the *Trent*, we shall have a war. . . . I can but hope the capt. of your frigate has acted without orders, and your government will disown his act. . . . One thing is certain it will be a great thing for the South. . . . I cannot think your government will want to take such a suicidal course as to involve our country in a war with England. I have no confidence in [Secretary of State] Seward."

In these remarks, Daniel James was echoing the views of the British government. The prime minister, Lord Palmerston, had prepared an extremely stiff note to be sent to Washington, which had been toned down by the dying Prince Albert, Queen Victoria's husband. In fact, the paragraph inserted by the Prince Consort included the words: "Her Majesty's Government . . . are willing to believe that the United States Naval Officer who committed the aggression was not acting in compliance with any authority from his Government."

Secretary of State Seward defused the situation by giving up the hostages, and with relief, James wrote to Dodge six weeks later, "This '*Trent*' affair is amicably arranged and settled."

The northern blockade of the southern ports from whence the cotton had to come, and the raids on Yankee shipping by southern privateers and warships were a constant nagging worry to Daniel James. He compared the blockade to "black-mailing, or shutting up a public highway," his feelings being much the same as those of his father-in-law, Anson Phelps, during the British blockade in the War of 1812. James was outraged when a large shipment of tinplate that he had sent westward was captured by a Confederate privateer. Insurance rates of course shot upward, while the value of the United States dollar inevitably and steadily dropped. "If your miserable government goes on issuing paper and spending such enormous amounts of money . . . I fear we shall soon have it 50% below par," he wrote. Whenever he disapproved of what it was doing, the United States Government became "your," not "our," government, and he continued to rail against it as the war progressed.[18]

In the spring of 1862, Melissa and William went down to Fortress Monroe in the Union-occupied portion of Virginia to visit their son, Major Charles Cleveland Dodge of the Mounted Rifles. While they were there, they witnessed the indecisive but revolutionary battle between the Confederate ship *Merrimac* and the U.S.S. *Monitor*, the first-ever clash between two ironclad warships. Here is how William described it:

"Never can I forget that Saturday when it was announced that the *Merrimac*

The Battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac at Hampton Roads, Virginia, March 9, 1862.
The New-York Historical Society

was making her way to Newport News. . . . Soon the telegraph told that she had engaged the *Congress*, then the *Cumberland*, and then that the latter was sinking." These were both United States Navy wooden ships. While the *Merrimac* was thus wreaking havoc in Hampton Roads, the strange little *Monitor,* a flat-decked vessel topped by a revolving turret, had been making her way down from New York. "That evening," William continued, "when word went round that the *Monitor* had arrived, the air rang with shouts."

"Sunday morning early, the *Merrimac* was seen advancing towards the *Minnesota*, near which the *Monitor* had remained all night, and from which she promptly moved out to meet her enemy. Firing began, and for more than an hour the two vessels maneouvred back and forth, pouring their shots into each other as they passed, but with no apparent effect. At last the *Merrimac* ran directly for the diminutive craft, and drove its ram up on the *Monitor*'s deck, both vessels in this close position rapidly discharging their guns. It was an exciting moment! Soon the *Merrimac* backed slowly off, and the report spread that she was sinking! Then from that old fortress what a deafening shout went up! But at last two Confederate gunboats hastened to the disabled ship and towed her away."[19]

Major Charles Dodge, whose commission had come from New York Governor Edwin D. Morgan at his father's request, soon became the colonel of his regiment of Mounted Rifles, and then, again with Morgan's assistance, he was promoted to brigadier general in February 1863, at the age of twenty-one and a half! William E. Dodge wrote to Morgan, who had become a senator: "Please accept my sincere thanks for your kind efforts in behalf of my son who I see is confirmed. . . . All you have done since you first made him an officer until now will be gratefully remembered."

However, the promotion was too much for General John A. Dix, then in command at Fortress Monroe, who sent a private letter in March to Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton: "There is another subject I wish to mention. Col. Dodge of the New York Mounted Rifles has been made Brigadier General. This regiment has given me great trouble. It is known as 'Dodge's Rifles.' They have plundered in all directions, and since the first of October thirty-five have deserted to the enemy, from ten different companies, most of them from outposts, carrying away their horses, arms and equipment: a thing unprecedented in any Regiment in the service. General Peck does not want him, nor do I. His influence with his regiment is not salutary. Besides, he will be Chief of Cavalry, which would otherwise be commanded by Colonel Spear,[gg] a most gallant, experienced and efficient officer. I beg of you to put General Dodge on duty elsewhere. He is very

[gg] Major General John J. Peck (1821-1878), commanding the 1st Div. of the IV Corps. He had been a West Point classmate of Ulysses S. Grant.
Samuel P. Spear eventually became a brigadier in command of a brigade in 1864.

Brigadier-General Charles Cleveland Dodge [*1841-1910*].
Mrs. David Greenewalt, Washington, D.C.

young, and should be under an experienced officer if he is to be continued in the cavalry service."[20]

The upshot of it all was that the "Black-Eyed Boy" was permitted to resign his commission the following summer and came home to marry Marie Theresa Schieffelin and to enter Phelps, Dodge as a junior partner.

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DANIEL JAMES' OPINION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN was not high in 1862. "He is not the man for the place and has not the right men around him," he pontificated. When the Emancipation Proclamation was published in September of that year, he opined: "I much fear that it will do more harm than good and exasperate the South and drive them to madness and make the war far more savage and brutal than before."[21]

The dearth of American cotton had caused a bad depression in Lancashire, with many mills forced to close or to cut back on working schedules and employees. William Ewart Gladstone, then chancellor of the exchequer in Palmerston's cabinet, was told by the prime minister that intervention on the side of the South was being considered. He replied that he was glad to hear so, and urged that it be done promptly, especially because of what he called "the risk of violent impatience in the cotton towns of Lancashire." There was real fear among Union sympathizers that England might enter the war on the Confederate side, or at least would try to mediate to stop the fighting and leave the former United States permanently split into two nations.

In November 1862, William E. Dodge headed a group of New York businessmen who formed what they called the "International Relief Committee" to send food to the impoverished workers of Lancashire. The committee's motives were perhaps mixed, the humanitarian urge being combined with the desire to show the British government that the Union was strong enough not only to prosecute the war to a conclusion but also to extend relief to the English poor and that, therefore, neither intervention nor mediation was necessary.

The committee immediately set about raising funds—Phelps, Dodge & Co. gave $5,000—and named Daniel James with two other Americans to handle affairs at the Liverpool end. Daniel had his doubts about the scheme when he first heard about it. "Your sick & wounded soldiers want this assistance much more than it is wanted here, in my opinion," he told William E. Dodge. "I am sorry to see by the Telegrams you are raising such an enormous amount. . . . I do not think we are called on to assist in this way now . . . especially as this country are coming forward so nobly and doing so much." However, when New York's Griswold brothers, famous for their participation in the China trade, offered one

of their ships to carry flour and other supplies across the Atlantic; when the British authorities offered to remit any duties; and when the English railways agreed to transship it all to needy cities and towns at no expense, he changed his tune. There was a great deal of favorable publicity in the English newspapers about the committee and the relief ship. It arrived at Liverpool in February 1863, amid salutes from shore batteries along the Mersey. There were welcoming banquets and flowery resolutions of thanks. "It has already had a most decided good effect here on the public feeling toward the States," James reported, "and in this way will do much good."[22]

Conditions improved so markedly in Lancashire, especially as they began to receive cotton from India and Egypt, that the committee was able to wind up its relief work within six months. The good feeling that they had helped to generate toward the North, plus the success of the Union armies, especially after the battle at Gettysburg in July 1863, caused the British to change their minds about intervention. But well into 1864, Daniel James remained convinced that the North could never subdue the South by force. When victory was finally achieved, he went back thankfully to business as usual.

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IN SARAH HOADLEY DODGE'S ANNUAL DIARY for 1863, she noted that the Will Dodge family again spent the summer in the country at Mosholu, "a mile above Kingsbridge in Westchester County" (it is now part of the West Bronx), where they were "very much occupied in superintending our new future home in Riverdale." Then she continued:

"During the early part of July, a fearful riot occurred in New York and its neighborhood. The Irish people became exasperated against the Negroes, and for three days murdered them in the streets and burned their dwellings, and the property of those friendly to them. Living so near the city, we were greatly alarmed by unprincipled people in our neighborhood, and from night to night were in danger of an attack from them."

It was indeed a "fearful" riot, one of the worst in American history. In four days, nearly eight hundred people were killed, thousands injured, and millions of dollars' worth of property ruined. The rioting was touched off by the introduction of a conscription system which blatantly favored the rich and discriminated against the poor. Under the new law, any draftee could avoid army service by paying $300 for a substitute. Little wonder that, two days after the first draft was drawn, New York's poor people—the majority were foreign-born, and of these, most were Irish—came pouring from their miserable tenement homes in outraged protest.

They began by wrecking and burning the draft offices; then they invaded the State Arsenal and helped themselves to arms and ammunition. Thereafter, as Sarah wrote, the riots became more of a clash between races and between classes than a protest against the draft law. William E. Dodge spoke forthrightly to large crowds from the steps of the Subtreasury in Wall Street, calling for "immediate and severe measures to repress the riots, which were endangering property and human life besides harming the war effort." According to his son and biographer, D. Stuart Dodge, this was a courageous act on William's part, as he was courting the mob's vengeance by speaking out. From the Cliff Street offices of Phelps, Dodge, James Stokes wrote nervously to his wife, Caroline, in Ansonia: "I am glad you are away as the excitement is on the increase, and we close the store at three o'clock, with guards outside. Our folks are very much alarmed, as the excitement is now against the leading Abolitionists. The custom house is closed and cannons inside, and the post office and banks are guarded. Most of the shipping haul out into the stream at night."

It was Will Dodge who actually made a practical contribution toward restoring order. The crucial Battle of Gettysburg had only just been concluded; there the Southern invasion of the North had been stopped by throwing every possible northern regiment into action. All the New York State militia, including troops who would normally have been stationed in or near the city, had been sent to Pennsylvania. Now they were hastily recalled to help quell the riots. With the State Arsenal gone, it was urgent that ammunition be found for the returning militiamen. Will Dodge had the bright idea of going across to the Brooklyn Navy Yard and obtaining a load of powder, and it was said that he personally rode atop the kegs and succeeded in getting them through the city unmolested and safely delivered them to the troops.

The city gradually returned to normal. The construction of the Will Dodges' country house, overlooking the Hudson at Riverdale, was resumed. The architect was James Renwick, designer of Grace Episcopal Church and of St. Patrick's Cathedral. The stone for its walls came from a quarry on the property. Greyston, as the house was named, remains a splendid example of the Victorian Gothic style, with ecclesiastical overtones. Sarah and Will spent their summers there until the end of their lives; then their daughter Grace used it until her death in 1914; after that, it was the home of their grandson Cleveland E. Dodge until 1961. He gave it to Teachers College of Columbia University, which seemed especially appropriate inasmuch as Grace Hoadley Dodge had founded the college and Cleveland E. Dodge was for many years chairman of its board of trustees. But Teachers College could not find enough use for the place to justify keeping it up, and in 1979, they sold it to a Zen Buddhist sect. At the present writing the Zens are trying to sell it.

"Greyston," William E. Dodge, Jr.'s house at Riverdale, designed by James Renwick, built 1863.
The Cleveland H. Dodge Foundation, New York City

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NEITHER WILLIS JAMES NOR THE TWO OLDER STOKES BOYS served in the Civil War. There was not much enthusiasm for the war in the Stokes family. A few weeks after his return from the South at the very beginning of the conflict, James Stokes *père* wrote to his wife: "Nothing new but War, War. The Devil seems to have full sway just now, especially in the hearts of the Clergy. We used to think that War was wrong in my father's day, but now the Dr. Tyngs, Beechers, and Cheavers[hh] have taken up the sword of the Devil in place of the sword of the Spirit, and the Sabbath now seems the most appropriate day for starting a good fight. We are coming to queer times."

While almost every young man of good family in the South volunteered for Confederate service, it was simply not the done thing for their New York counterparts. Anson Phelps Stokes wrote that he did join "a drill with a number of

[hh] The Reverend Stephen Higginson Tyng (1800-1885) was rector of St. George's Church, New York, and a cousin of Sarah Cleveland Dodge; the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher (1813-87) was pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn; and the Reverend George B. Cheaver (1807-90) was pastor of the Church of the Puritans in New York.

friends, some of whom later joined the 22nd Regiment," but his father obtained for him a physician's certificate saying he was unfit to serve (he had had a severe case of whooping cough in 1859, which had left him with a bad throat). He and his brother James spent a good part of the first year of the war in Europe, and in 1863, they made a trip to California on behalf of Phelps, Dodge & Co.

The capture by a Confederate privateer of a large shipment of tinplate which Daniel James had sent from Liverpool probably stimulated the firm's interest in an investment they had in some tin mines at Temascal, near Los Angeles. The partners had been asked to put up $200,000 for further exploration and development, and the Stokes brothers were chosen to go out to look over the situation.

Anson and James started from New York in the steamer *Northern Light* for Panama. It was a crowded ship in which the forty passengers, including some women, slept on the floor of the main cabin, and there were three sittings for every meal. They crossed the isthmus on David Hoadley's Panama Railroad and had a more pleasant sea voyage from there to San Francisco.

The brothers spent four months in California. One of the tin-mine shareholders was Don Abel Stearns, a remarkable man by all accounts, including Anson's. Originally a Yankee boy from Massachusetts, he had gone to Mexico about 1826, drifted up into the province of Alta California, and in the early 1830s, settled in the village of Los Angeles, where he dealt in liquor and hides, selling to other Yankees who came there in sailing ships to supply the tanneries of New England. Although the Mexican authorities accused him of smuggling, they made him *sindico*, or fiscal agent, for the town. About 1840, he married Maria Francesca Paula Arcadia Bandini, who Anson said was "considered the most beautiful woman in California, and the richest in the land." Cattle raising on his wife's lands, and placer mining of gold several years before the great lodes were discovered further north had made Stearns the wealthiest man in California by the time statehood came in 1850. He was tall and craggy, and the Mexicans nicknamed him "Cara de Caballo," meaning "Horse-Face."

Anson and James Stokes stayed about a month with Don Abel and Donna Arcadia, both in the town and out on their various ranches. "Their house was then much the finest in Los Angeles," Anson wrote. "In one wing . . . was a large office in which he had formerly held court. It had a dais at one end, where he sat. On the top of a bookcase at the side of his desk, I saw a glass jar containing what appeared to me to be pickled clams. I asked what they were. He said, 'Those are the ears of men who stole my horses.' " Anson added that he had noticed a broken lamp over the front entrance to the town house; when he brought it to Don Abel's attention, the latter explained that he could not keep a light there as it was constantly shot out by drunken men.

One time, on returning from a visit to the mines, Anson said he "found the lock on my door at Don Abel Stearns' house in Los Angeles was out of order.

. . . As this door opened outside to the street, I sent for the carpenter to make the door secure. The Digger Indian who went for me returned and said, 'Sorry, boss, carpenter can't come; he busy building coffins. Had dance here last night.' "

Anson hired the services of a geologist and a Cornish tin miner whom he had met in San Francisco to advise him on the state of the mines, and when they reported unfavorably, he turned down Don Abel's suggestion that they should issue five million dollars' worth of stock and go public. "He then proposed to buy us out at cost plus interest, to which I agreed, taking his note at one year payable in gold, which commanded a high premium when we obtained payment after legal proceedings, so that the mining adventure showed a profit, over all expenses, on Phelps, Dodge's books."

Professor Blake,[ii] the geologist and mining engineer whom he had hired, told young Stokes of good copper-mining prospects "in the neighborhood of the Rio Colorado of the West, near the California and Mexican boundary." Anson duly relayed the information to New York, but the senior partners decided against having him check into them. It would be another eighteen years before Phelps, Dodge would consider investing in western copper mines, by which time Anson Stokes had left the firm.

The brothers returned home by the overland route. Since there was then no transcontinental railroad, they chartered a stagecoach (a Mr. Skinner, a Boston banker, traveled with them) and spent nineteen days getting from Sacramento to the Missouri River. "Boards were put across from seat to seat, to make the whole of the inside of the stage one bed," Anson recalled. "My brother lay in the middle with his head toward the horses, and Mr. Skinner and I had our heads toward the back. We changed horses on an average of every twelve miles, and stopped about twenty minutes for meals."

For fear of encountering scalping Indians along their route, he wrote that before they left Sacramento, they had their hair cut very short. "The Indians on our route were quiet," he continued, "except the Gosh-Utes, part of the Shoshone tribe, in Nevada, where there were U. S. soldiers, and we were given a guard of one soldier." This soldier regaled the travelers with bloodthirsty tales of how he and his mates punished the red men for their depredations: "Pointing up a valley, [he] told me that one night his company saw a little smoke up there, and going around, got to a camp of sleeping Indians and shot 'every squaw, buck, and papoose.' " Anson went on to say that they passed "the remains of one of the station stockades that had recently been burned and the agent killed by Indians," and noted that another stagecoach, passing along their same route a few days afterward, was attacked by Gosh-Utes.

[ii] William Phipps Blake (1825-1910) was a distinguished geologist and mining engineer. When Anson Stokes met him in San Francisco, he was on his way back East after having set up the first school of science in Japan for the Japanese government.

He wrote that they stopped for three days at Salt Lake City and there met Brigham Young, with two of his sons and several other prominent Mormons. "Mr. Street, who had put up the telegraph line there, had telegraphed an introduction for us." This had probably been arranged by their uncle, William E. Dodge, who that year became a director of the United Telegraph Company (later known as Western Union).

"Brigham Young appeared like a well-to-do New England country merchant or bank president," Anson recollected. "He was dressed in yellow cotton seersucker. He was very kind to us, but did not introduce us to Mrs. Young! Two of the apostles talked a long time to us, quoting Scripture and arguing in favor of Mormonism. One of them said to me and my brother: 'We do not usually cast pearls before swine, but as you appear to be ingenious young men, we think it right to warn you to flee from the wrath to come in New York, which is going to be destroyed.' "

"The common people among the Mormons appeared prosperous and happy," he went on. "Their houses were surrounded by gardens, orchards, etc. and the good order and quiet was very noticeable after seeing California mining towns. There was not a ball-room in Salt Lake. The regular breakfast station for stages arriving from the West was the house of the 'head Nethinium,' or 'Destroying Angel.' On our way East from Salt Lake, we took dinner at a house owned by a Mormon who had three wives, all sisters, from Massachusetts."

Referring once more to the man who had introduced the telegraph to Utah Territory, Anson explained that "Brigham Young had been opposed to the idea of a telegraph, and the Indians had been given to understand that the telegraph poles were intended to be made into great fences with wires reaching all the way down to the ground to interfere with the migrations of the buffaloes. But Mr. Street, after becoming well acquainted with Brigham Young and putting up a short telegraph line for him from the Lion House (government offices) to his children's schoolhouses, induced him to let the lines be built, arranging that the Mormons should furnish the poles."

After Salt Lake, Anson and James continued eastward. "We stopped with Mr. James Lemmon . . . fifty-eight miles east of Fort Kearney," he wrote, "to hunt buffalo on Little Blue River . . . not far from the Kansas line. We saw the great herd of buffaloes running toward the south and extending as far as the eye could see. The shooting was done with revolvers. One followed the buffalo on horseback, and getting up alongside, shot him in the small of the back to prevent his being able to charge. . . . Some soldiers were hunting at the same time nearer to Fort Kearney, and I heard that two were killed by the buffaloes, which are apt to turn very quickly when slightly wounded. . . . We preferred buffalo calves' meat to veal."

They left their stagecoach at Atchison, where they were able to attend what Anson described as "a remarkable religious service" held by a large group of former slaves who had run away to freedom by crossing the Missouri River into Kansas. Their long trip ended when they came back to New York by way of St. Louis, Indianapolis, Chicago, and Niagara.[23]

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WHEN THE ELECTION OF 1864 CAME AROUND, William E. Dodge had so overcome his distaste for politics that he agreed to be the Republican candidate for Congress in New York City's "silk stocking" Eighth District. He was pushed to accept the nomination by his fellow members of the New York Chamber of Commerce. In the short campaign before election day, he made it clear to the voters that he wanted to go to Washington to represent the city's mercantile and commercial interests.

He was given little chance of success, for the city was full of antiwar, prosouthern sympathizers (they had the reptilean nickname of "Copperheads"). William's Democratic opponent was the incumbent James Brooks, a newspaper owner and editor as well as a congressman. George Templeton Strong in his *Diaries* called Brooks "that most coprageous of Copperheads," for he was known as a leader of these dissidents.

When the election returns came in, it appeared that Brooks had indeed won, but only by the slimmest of margins: about 150 out some 22,000 votes cast. Dodge decided to contest the result. He hired the lawyer son of one of his Madison Avenue neighbors, young William Walter Phelps, to collect evidence of counting frauds and irregularities and to prepare a case. This was to be presented to the new Congress when it assembled.

The Thirty-ninth Congress did not meet until December 1865, more than a year after the election. In the meantime, the South had surrendered, Lincoln had been assassinated, and Andrew Johnson had succeeded him as president. The outstanding issue before the legislators, with the Republicans overwhelmingly in the majority, was Reconstruction. They were concerned with the conditions under which the defeated southern states would be readmitted to the Union and with assuring civil rights to the former slaves.

The House of Representatives was led by the sour, cynical, and fanatical Pennsylvanian, Thaddeus Stevens. He and his so-called "Radical" Republicans

seemed intent on three objects. They were bent on vindictive punishment of the South; they wanted to perpetuate their own power by giving the vote to the Negroes and denying it to as many white Southerners as possible; and they were determined to remove Johnson from office, since they violently opposed the policy of forgiveness and reconciliation that he had inherited from Lincoln.

It was February 1866 before the House Committee on Elections took the case of Dodge vs. Brooks under advisement, March before they reported themselves as five to four in favor of Dodge, and not until April did the whole House vote on the contest. Seventy-two were in favor of seating Dodge, fifty-two were for Brooks, and fifty-nine did not bother to vote. Growling that the controversy was between "dollars, almighty dollars, and numbers, almighty numbers," Brooks reluctantly gave up his place.

William and Melissa rented a house on "E" Street, where they entertained lavishly but dryly, since he was a strong temperance advocate, and William plunged happily into congressional life. He had to deal with the multitudes of requests that came then and still come to every congressman. Stuart Dodge, in the biography he wrote of his father, listed some of them: "Please push our railroad bill; we believe it to be a most righteous measure"; "I should be obliged by a copy of the Medical and Surgical History of the War"; "Thanks for your help in obtaining second lieutenantcy; only needs active pressure to secure the further promotion to which I feel my services are entitled"; "find myself in need of seeds from the Agriculture Dep't."; "I have a niece who is seeking a clerkship in the Treasury"; "We sent an ingenious and useful invention to the Patent Office; cannot understand why it was refused"; "Please send all public documents; we are filling up our library," and so on and on.[24]

William was appointed to the Committee on Commerce and began to make his voice heard in the House almost at once, as if trying to make up for the lost time spent in arguing over his right to be there. Many of the colleagues who listened to him were destined for future notoriety of one sort or another. James A. Garfield and Rutherford B. Hayes were both presidents-to-be; James G. Blaine of Maine would almost achieve the same office; George Boutwell and Jacob Cox would serve in Grant's cabinet. There were Josiah Grinnell of Iowa, the man who had received and acted on Horace Greeley's famous advice to "Go West, young man," and Oakes Ames of Massachusetts, who would later be convicted of corrupting his fellow legislators over the building of the Union Pacific Railroad, as well as many others of lesser fame.

Faithfully reflecting the views of the New York merchants, William E. Dodge was generally in favor of raising protective tariffs on manufactured goods and against higher taxes on anything except liquor. He wanted federal aid for the westward-probing railroads; he wanted a ship canal built around Niagara Falls; he wanted a new post office for New York City.

When it came to Reconstruction, his public position was more moderate than that of the Radicals in his party. He spoke eloquently against some of their most vindictive proposals, saying at one point: "We fought for four long years that we might continue one undivided people; and if these Southern states are still to be kept year after year in this state of disquietude, we at the North, sympathizing with them in our social and business relations, must to a certain extent suffer with them." Yet when it came to the voting, he often went along with the leadership, to whom, after all, he owed his presence in the House. He was against the effort to have Andrew Johnson impeached, as he thought it would set a bad precedent; besides, he reasoned, the president already stood impeached in the minds of the voters, and a Senate trial would "tend to galvanize him again into life, to give him an amount of sympathy which he would never get otherwise."[25]

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WHEN THE UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT to impeach Johnson actually came, the Fortieth Congress had succeeded the Thirty-ninth, and William was no longer a member. He had been renominated, but had refused to run again. His erstwhile opponent, James Brooks, returned to the seat, elected this time by a large majority. Although he never ran again for office, William supported Ulysses S. Grant in his two election campaigns, serving as a delegate to the Republican nominating convention and as a presidential elector in 1872.

Grant appointed William in 1869 to the newly created Board of Indian Commissioners, set up under Secretary Jacob Cox in the Department of the Interior to try to solve the problem of what to do with the native peoples who had been forcibly deprived of their lands and of their traditional nomadic way of life. For years the tribes of the western plains and mountains had been abused and cheated by land-hungry frontiersmen and self-serving government agents. The westward push of the railroads had compounded the threat to their existence; when they tried to resist, the United States Army sent cavalry to subdue them.

The board consisted of nine men "eminent for their intelligence and philanthropy," who were to serve without pay. Their task was "to determine upon the recommendations to be made as to the plans of civilizing or dealing with the Indians." Among William E. Dodge's fellow commissioners were several men who had served with him on the Christian Commission during the Civil War; also, the former senator Henry Smith Lane of Indiana and John V. Farwell of Chicago (the merchant who first hired Marshall Field when, as a young man, he arrived in the Midwest from New England). They were all benevolent, evangelical types who, like William, took a paternalistic attitude toward the unfortunate,

the uneducated, and the underprivileged, especially those of a different race or color.

The summer after the board was appointed, William and Melissa, together with Commissioners Nathan Bishop and Felix Brunot and Mrs. Brunot, went out west to see for themselves how the Indians of the southern plains were being treated. In a letter from "Camp Witchita, Medicine Bluff Creek" (in what is now northwestern Oklahoma), dated August 21, 1869, William gave the following account of their journey:

> We arrived here after a fatiguing journey of eighteen days over the plains. We had, from Fort Hays, Kansas, where we started, an escort of forty soldiers; one ambulance and four mules for Mr. Bishop, the doctor, our clerk, and the cook; while Mr. and Mrs. Brunot and wife and myself had a small carriage, like a depot-wagon, with two fine gray mules. If it had not been for our having a chance to buy this carriage, the ladies must have turned back. Then we had two large six-mule wagons for our tents, baggage, beds, eating arrangements, etc., and two more for the troops and their forage, making quite a respectable force, and compelling us to travel at army rate—say twenty to twenty-eight miles a day, according as we found wood and water for our camp. The first six days were over a vast prairie, without a drop of water or a tree for miles together, or as far as the eye could reach. But after we crossed the north fork of the Canadian River we found an entire change, the prairie more rolling, and land of the very best quality; the grass and weeds in some places growing as high as the top of the carriage, and covering the trail so completely that every few miles, with all our efforts in sending men ahead, we were often detained in trying to find it. The country became more and more beautiful as we continued our course south. After leaving Camp Supply we found ourselves amid vast herds of buffalo. We had every chance to see the excitement of chasing and killing them. We had good saddle horses, and the ladies have taken turns in riding, and I have generally ridden twelve to fifteen miles each day. We have managed to get on with the discomforts of our three weeks' camp life very well, thanks to a Kind Providence. What we should have done without the tin cans of fruit, milk, and vegetables, I hardly know. We had fresh meat almost every day—venison, buffalo, birds, etc. Think of our travelling over four hundred miles, and not seeing a single human being, except at Fort Dodge and Camp Supply, near which the Indians are gathered!
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> At the point where we are now, and within twenty miles around, some six thousand Indians have been brought together. There are six tribes—the Kiowas, Comanches, Apaches, Wichitas, Wacos, and what are called the "affiliated" Indians, made up of several remnants of once large tribes. The

agency is under the charge of the Quakers, who are taking hold in good earnest. Their agent has several hundred acres of corn and other crops planted. Yesterday we met in council some fifty of the principal chiefs of all these tribes. It was a most interesting occasion. We had native speeches that would have done credit to any people in the world. Some of the young men in one band of Comanches who came in last week from the mountains with a hundred and twenty lodges, had never seen a white man. They are among the wildest of the Indians. Today three to four thousand have encamped nearby to receive from us a present of sixteen hundred pounds of sugar and eight hundred pounds of coffee, which the head man will distribute to each lodge according to the number in the families. Every man, woman, and child has a horse or pony. The day of our arrival we passed six large camps, with thousands of horses grazing. We have still four hundred miles of slow travel before we can reach the railroad; but we dismiss our escort at Fort Arbuckle, and can then go somewhat faster.

William's speech at the council, addressing the Indians as though they were children, was as follows:

Brothers of the Arapahoe and Cheyennes, we, the Commissioners from the President, the Great Father, have come this long journey to see you and to let you know that the good white people love the Indians and want to do them good. We have come to see you, and take you by the hand, and say good words to you. We know there are some bad white men who have come among you, and have cheated you, and made you think the white man is your enemy. We want you to look at your present position and see that the white man is inclosing and surrounding you, and that railroads will be built through the country and will soon drive away the buffalo, and then you will have nothing to depend upon. We want you to decide to settle down in one place, and each to select your home, cultivate the land, and learn to support yourselves, and become part of the American people and children of the Great Father. There are a great many people East who love the Indians. They wish to save the Indian from ruin. They remember that many moons ago the red man lived where the white man now lives; but they are gone. The great tribes called the Narragansetts, Mohicans, Mohawks, Stockbridges, the Delawares, the Oneidas, Senecas, and Tuscaroras, have passed away before the white man, while the Cherokees, Choctaws, and Creeks, who have gone on reservations, have lived and prospered. Now, we want you to begin to live like the white men. Cultivate your land, and we will send good men to teach your children to work, to read and write; and

then they will grow up and be able to support themselves after the buffalo has gone.

You must not drink whiskey if you want to do well. We are glad to see you here today, and hope all will be peace.

At another great meeting, William explained his own role and that of Bishop and Brunot by saying, "We are not Indian agents. We live at home and have our own business; but the Great Father sent us to see you." He said they had come to hear what the Indians themselves had to say, and would report it back to the Great Father, and he warned that "if the young men wander off and go on the war-path into Texas or elsewhere, they must be punished."

"The Great Father does not want to give you guns or powder, but wants you to have clothing, food, and farming implements, and to help you to raise corn and support yourselves," he said. "He will be careful to send you good agents hereafter, who will give you all that is promised. He wants you to cultivate your lands and become a part of this great nation." And he concluded by saying that "bad white men have given whiskey to the tribes in the East, and they have all perished from it. Keep it away from you."[26]

At one place where they stopped on a broiling hot day, a number of agents and contractors were mingled with the Indians in the crowd that assembled. William and one of his fellow commissioners hit on a plan to show them up. They obtained suits of the type sold to the Indians—suits whose seams were glued rather than sewed together—and wore them for the speech making. Each man carried a good supply of pins.

William E. Dodge spoke first, and as the sun melted the glue and his suit began to come apart, he continued to talk while his friend kept pinning up the coat's back, its sleeves, and other seams for him. Then when the other commissioner's turn came to talk, Dodge pinned *him* together as it became necessary. They hoped to give the impression that when the Great Father heard of these shoddy goods, he would see to it that a better quality would be sent in future.

At home in New York, William worked hard on the board's purchasing committee to see that the quality of the supplies and provisions improved and that they were being honestly acquired for the Indians at the lowest possible prices. But the Department of the Interior and its Indian Bureau had the final say over what contracts should be awarded, what bills should be paid, and what agents appointed. Although the board members made a good deal of progress under Secretary Cox, who was an honest man and an early advocate of civil service reform, things changed when he was forced out of Grant's cabinet and replaced by Columbus Delano, a political hack. The board's recommendations were constantly overruled, and corruption once again became the order of the day. In

1874, William E. Dodge and the other original members resigned in disgust and frustration.

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CORRUPTION IN THE INDIAN BUREAU was only one incident among many in the freewheeling 1860s and 1870s, when everyone, politicians and businessmen alike, seemed to be grabbing for a slice of the rapidly expanding national pie. These were the days of "Boss" Tweed looting New York City's till for himself and his friends; of Daniel Drew and "Commodore" Vanderbilt struggling by doubtful practices to control the Erie, the railroad that William E. Dodge had helped to build; of Jay Gould and Jim Fisk conniving with members of the Grant administration to corner the nation's supply of gold; and of Oakes Ames, once William's colleague in Congress, passing out stock in the Crédit Mobilier (the consortium that helped to finance the Union Pacific Railroad) to fellow members of the House of Representatives. Even the clergy were not immune to scandal: the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher, the most famous preacher of his day, had to stand trial for adultery.

William E. Dodge and the firm of Phelps, Dodge & Co., confident in their good name, seemed to stand above all this. They were not interested in stock speculation; instead, they invested in more lumber lands, particularly in the South, which was rich in natural resources but lacking in capital; in Michigan copper mines; and in railroads that promised not to run on Sundays. As head of the National Temperance Union, William never attended champagne balls or gala suppers at Delmonico's restaurant; if his younger sons decided to slip away from the brownstone mansion on Madison Avenue to go to a theater, they were careful first to stop and pick up a program at a church-hall lecture or musicale, which they could leave on the hall table when they came home. There were no yachts or elaborate Newport "cottages" for William and Melissa, though they did have a summer house at Tarrytown.

But scandal did touch William E. Dodge and his firm early in the 1870s, and it was triggered by the actions of the men at the New York Customhouse, which was considered to be one of the juiciest of all political plums. The revenues from duties, fines, and forfeitures collected in New York constituted one of the government's chief sources of income at a time when there was no income tax, and there were many ways for the numerous customhouse employees, all appointed by the party in power, to skim some of it off for themselves.

At the head of them all in 1872, bearing the title of collector of the port, was a dapper politician and future president of the United States, Chester A. Arthur, who was reputed to own one hundred pairs of trousers. A clergyman's son and a

The New York Customhouse.
The New-York Historical Society

former school teacher in Pownal, Vermont, Arthur had proved himself such a helpful and loyal Republican that President Grant had rewarded him with this post. One of his deputies, called surveyor of the port, was Alonzo Cornell, son of the founder of the Western Union Telegraph Company and of Cornell University.

One of the most attractive features of the Revenue Act, from the point of view of customhouse employees, was something called the "moiety clause." It provided that half of any fines or forfeits collected from duty-evaders should be divided amongst all the employees—from the collector of the port on down—and their informers. Moreover, in the case of underpayment of duty on one or more items in a shipment, the law stated that the customhouse could claim the value of the entire shipment.

Naturally, merchants like William E. Dodge objected to this system, especially as the large consignments of copper, tin, and other metals that came to Phelps, Dodge from Phelps, James in Liverpool had to pass through the customhouse. Testifying before a congressional committee looking into the uses and abuses of the Revenue Act, William called the customhouse "a hospital for broken-down politicians," and thereafter its denizens awaited their chance to get

back at him. It came at the end of 1872 and had its origin in a secret voyage to Russia the preceding spring by Phelps, Dodge partner Anson Greene Phelps Stokes.

He went there hoping to sign a contract for the exclusive importation of five million dollars' worth of fine polished sheet-iron. This was being produced at Ekaterinburg in the Ural Mountains, the place where Czar Nicholas II and his family would be murdered by the Bolsheviks in 1918. There, a Countess Steinbock-Fermor, descendant of the blacksmith who had worked with Peter the Great at his forge, owned large iron mines and mills on an estate that the old czar had given to the blacksmith as a reward for his services. As Anson explained it:

"The family long continued to produce the only fine polished sheet-iron imported into the United States. We had heard that these works contemplated making an exclusive contract for this polished sheet-iron for a term of five years, so I left New York secretly under part of my name, as A. Greene."[27]

It soon turned out that a Phelps, Dodge competitor had also learned about the deal and was demanding at least a share of it. Although the man they sent hurrying after "A. Greene" to St. Petersburg did not arrive until a few days after Anson had successfully executed the contract, the Phelps, Dodge partners in New York immediately began to check on how the competitors had learned of the deal. They found that some of their clerks and a watchman had been bribed to let their competitors into the offices at night to go through the confidential files. Suspicion fell on one particular clerk, a West Indian creole named Hervé, who, according to David A. Wells' history of this whole affair, "had been hired by a member of the firm simply out of compassion for his utter poverty and friendlessness," and who "had gained admission to the store at night under the plea of . . . bringing up arrears of copying."[28]

When Hervé realized that he was under investigation, he knew he would lose his job, so he snatched up a mass of shipping invoices and fled to the New York Customhouse, where he gave them to an employee with the title of special agent, a man named B. G. Jayne.

The Revenue Act stated that goods intended for importation into the United States were to be assessed for duty at their market value on the day of shipment. In England, Phelps, James & Co. bought metals for Phelps, Dodge and stored them in Liverpool until ordered to ship them across the Atlantic. The Phelps, James clerks there were supposed to write out shipping invoices and swear to them before the United States consul. Since market value fluctuated, there was often a difference between what Phelps, James had actually paid for the goods and what they were worth the day they were put aboard a ship bound for New York. Sometimes market value would be higher, sometimes lower, than what they had paid. Apparently in a few cases, the Phelps, James clerks had neglected to increase the dutiable value of certain special items to the current price.

Therefore, the customhouse officials could plausibly say that Phelps, Dodge had been defrauding the United States Government. It was later brought out that the undervaluations came to about $6,000 and that only $1,665 in duties had been lost as a result. In fact, errors of *over*valuation had been far greater. But, to make it all worthwhile for the customs people, there was that clause in the law which allowed the government to claim the value of the entire shipment. There was also the lure of the "moiety clause," promising that half of whatever they got would be shared out among the customhouse employees, their informers, and the prosecuting attorney.

So, on December 22, 1872, Willis James was asked by Special Agent Jayne to come to the customhouse, and he was soon joined by William E. Dodge.

"I received a note from my partner asking me to come to the Custom House," William testified later. "I went there; was taken into the little dark hole, lighted by gas, where this business is done, and there for the first time I confronted this man Jayne. The then District Attorney, Judge Davis, was also there, and my junior partner, Mr. James. I had no more idea of what we were called there for than the man in the moon. Not a thought had ever crossed my mind that anything was wrong. . . . Mr. Jayne opened up on me in his bland way, and said that he was very sorry to be obliged to say that the Government was in possession of facts to show that the firm with which I was connected had been engaged for a series of years in deliberate attempts to defraud the revenue."

Jayne pointed out that in addition to having to forfeit the entire value of shipments in which undervaluations had occurred, the partners were liable to fines and imprisonment for perjury. He added that he had a warrant to seize all the firm's books and papers. William replied that a warrant would not be necessary and invited him to come there and then to Cliff Street and to take what he wanted, which he did. "Jayne had two or three of his men with him," William said. "Our young men at their desks were looking on with astonishment. . . . Mr. Jayne took out a list of books that he wanted: invoice books, cash books, letter books and papers. A cart was backed up to the door, and his men took out the books and carted them away."

The partners were as astonished as the young clerks at their desks, and thoroughly frightened. Knowing only too well how the customhouse operated, they waited anxiously for the next move. William E. Dodge put up a brave front in the days that followed, addressing a public meeting of the Temperance Society on the evils of New Year's Day drinking and presiding at meetings of the Chamber of Commerce and of the Church Union. He and his partners knew they were being shadowed and spied upon: William told of how his elderly partner James "Stiffy" Stokes had for years been in the habit of clearing out his desk annually shortly after New Year's Day, throwing the papers on the floor and having an office boy burn them. This year when he did so, William said that "within half

an hour we received a letter from our attorney to come directly to his office. We went up there, and he said: 'What in the world is the matter? Jayne is tearing about in the most terrible way. He says that Phelps, Dodge & Co. are burning their papers, and that he will have every soul of them in Ludlow Street jail before night.' "

Early in January, the anxious partners were informed that the government was planning to sue them for a million dollars, and a few weeks later the figure rose to $1,750,000. Rumors were beginning to get out—William said that when old Daniel James first read of it in an English newspaper, "the shock well-nigh killed him"—and, afraid for their firm's reputation, they reacted by offering to settle out of court. After some dickering, the sum of $271,000 was proposed and accepted.[29]

Once they had paid up, the Phelps, Dodge partners began to have second thoughts. Realizing belatedly that they had been victims of a brazen extortion scheme, they decided to publish their side of the story. They emphasized the horrors of their confrontation with the customhouse hacks and the piddling amount of their underpayments. Most of the newspapers sympathized with them, although some wondered editorially why they had compromised if they were in the right. One result of all the publicity was a decision by Congress to reexamine the revenue laws. The investigation was undertaken by the House Ways and Means Committee, and lasted from February to May 1874; a large part of that time was spent in going over the Phelps, Dodge case from every angle. The committee's final report took the form of a bill repealing the "moiety" clause. The customhouse people, their informers, and the district attorney would no longer split revenue fines and forfeitures with the Treasury. This was passed unanimously by the House and after three days' debate passed the Senate with only three dissenting votes.

Thus the whole unpleasant affair ended, and the Phelps, Dodge partners consoled themselves with the belief that the repeal of the worst feature of the old law was a vindication of their position. Of all the yards of newspaper columns, magazine articles, and editorials written about Phelps, Dodge and the customhouse, the one that seemed best to outline and sum up the case appeared in the *New York World*, a Democratic paper, on March 21, 1874:

> When it was announced many months ago that the firm of which Mr. William E. Dodge is the head had been charged with frauds upon the revenue, and that the charges had been compromised by the payment to the Government of more than a quarter of a million dollars, a thrill of amazement and horror ran through those sections of the community with which Mr. Dodge had long been connected politically, commercially, and socially. . . . That Phelps, Dodge & Co. could possibly have been "blackmailed" out

of such an amount of money by a Republican Government the public utterly refused to believe.

But now we have the whole story deliberately and clearly told in a perfectly responsible manner before a Committee of Congress. The positive evidence of Mr. William E. Dodge has been supplemented by . . . the negative evidence of Jayne, who testified that he received and put into his own pocket more than the whole salary of a whole presidential term for his services in scaring Phelps, Dodge & Co. into paying over the great sum of money before mentioned as the price of his forbearance to push proceedings against them for alleged frauds, based upon an error amounting to less than one twentieth of his own gain in this case. . . . Phelps, Dodge & Co. were robbed . . . of a small fortune by a conspiracy of petty official rogues with leading Washington politicians. . . . Mr. Dodge is obviously exasperated by the reflection, which has come to him rather late in the day, that he never ought to have succumbed to the menaces of this gang of official blackmailers. . . .

It will be well for these gentlemen, and well for the country at large, to remember how eternally true it is that they who "sow the wind must reap the whirlwind."[30]

Whether or not William E. Dodge took that editorial to heart, it is certain that he had almost nothing to do with politics after 1874, except to congratulate his former congressional colleagues Hayes and Garfield upon their elections, and to applaud Mrs. Lucy Hayes' refusal to serve wine or spirits in the White House.

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WILLIAM KEPT AN OFFICE at Phelps, Dodge & Co.'s headquarters in Cliff Street, but after the customhouse imbroglio he left nearly all business dealings to the younger partners. The Stokes family—father James Stokes and his sons Anson and Thomas—withdrew from the firm at the end of 1878. They had always been resentful of the fact that the Dodge and James families had a larger share of the Phelps, Dodge partnership than they did. James and Anson Stokes, and Anson's father-in-law, I. N. Phelps, formed an investment banking house, Phelps, Stokes & Co., but it was closed shortly after old James Stokes died in 1881. The departure of the Stokeses left Will Dodge, Jr., and Willis James as the executive heads of Phelps, Dodge.

Although no longer active in business, William kept up his involvement in religious, philanthropic, and temperance affairs until his death in 1883. One of his friends neatly summed up his devotion to the temperance cause when he said of

William: "His business had been, in part, to furnish materials for good roofs, and while he has done more than any other man to keep them tight, he has done all in his power to keep the people living under them from getting tight."[31]

In June 1878, William and Melissa gave a large party at their country place in Tarrytown to celebrate their fiftieth wedding anniversary. Their seven sons, with wives, were all present, along with some six hundred other guests, many of whom came up from New York in a special train. The day began with a grandson's christening (Murray Witherbee Dodge, youngest son of the youngest son, Arthur), and after a buffet lunch, the couple received "in front of a great floral screen bearing their names and the date of their wedding day," according to the fulsome press coverage of the event. There were speeches and poems, a Mr. Thomas' orchestra furnished music out on the lawn, and for those who stayed until dark, there was a fireworks display from two yachts anchored in the Hudson below the house.

The *Evangelist*, a religious weekly, reviewed the great day some time afterward, and in speaking of the couple, mentioned that Melissa had always been as generous as William. "Possessing wealth in her own right," said the paper, "it has been her delight to share in every great object of benevolence which engaged his attention, while . . . her help has flowed out in a hundred unseen charities." In his prepared speech on the occasion, William had spoken of Melissa's "even, loving, tender disposition," which he said "was just calculated to meet the need of one naturally earnest, nervous, and driving like myself," and he had spoken of "her affectionate interest in all that concerned me," adding, "I feel it due to her to say today that in all these fifty years not an unkind word has ever been spoken to me by my dear wife."[32]

A different sort of tribute to Melissa lies in the autobiography of J. Marion Sims, M.D., a pioneer gynecologist who had moved to New York from the South in 1853, determined to start a hospital exclusively for the care of women. In his book, he described how he went about trying to interest fellow physicians and important laymen in his project. When he had canvassed all the men and was still short of the necessary funding, a friend gave him some revolutionary advice: "Appeal to the heads and hearts of intelligent women."

Sims wrote that "the first woman I attempted to reach was Mrs. William E. Dodge." He did not approach her directly, but instead asked another lady, Mrs. Elisha Peck,[jj] to see her about the matter. "Mrs. Dodge said that she had so many irons in the fire already that she did not see her way clear to do anything with any new enterprise, and she had to decline."

Undaunted, the doctor lined up some dozen other women to act as a board of

[jj] Mrs. Peck was the daughter-in-law of Anson Phelps' partner in the old firm of Phelps and Peck. Dr. Sims said she had been the first directress of the Home for the Friendless which Melissa and a Mrs. Stone had "organized and managed and run."

Melissa Phelps Dodge [1809-1903],
from a portrait by Daniel Huntington.
The Frick Art Reference Library, New York City

"lady managers," then went himself to see Melissa. "I went to see Mrs. Dodge, knowing her executive ability," he wrote, "and had a long talk with her. She was a great invalid, confined to her house most of the time, and she had gout worse than any woman that I ever saw in my life—occasionally I had seen a man that had it as badly as she—and altogether, physically, she had more than her hands full to do. But she weighed this matter well. She looked over the list of a dozen or so of names that I had, and she said:

William E. Dodge [1805-1883], from a portrait by Daniel Huntington.
The Frick Art Reference Library, New York City

" 'Your work is a grand and noble one, and it is obliged to succeed, because such an institution as you propose is needed today, and it must be built. How I do wish that my own health were such that I could throw all my energies into it, and organize and initiate the movement for you. But that cannot be.' "

Melissa proceeded to give Dr. Sims the kind of shrewd and experienced advice that seems to turn a revealing spotlight on her character, showing the practical grasp and organizational flair that she inherited from her father and passed on to her son Will and to his children. Having looked over his list of prospective man-

ageresses, she told him frankly, "Those names are good enough in their own way, but with the exception of three or four, you had better not have had them."

She understood what was needed as he obviously did not. "Pick out three names from this list," she told him, "and it is all the twelve are worth." The others, she said, "are a dead weight, for they have no social status, no fortune, and they have nothing that will help you in your organization."

Since she could not take on the job, she suggested that he go to her friend Mrs. Doremus. "Lay the whole subject open to her precisely as you have done to me," she urged, "and I am sure that she will grasp it, and organize the work for you immediately."

Sarah Haines Doremus was a woman much like Melissa herself: she was wealthy, she knew everyone, and she got things done. As Melissa had predicted, Dr. Sims' New York Women's Hospital was soon a going concern, to which the Dodge family contributed financially both then and in generations to come.

Melissa and William had nearly five more years together between their Golden Wedding and his death on February 9, 1883, at the age of seventy-seven. Death came to William quickly and relatively painlessly. On the Saturday at the end of a busy week, he went with Melissa to visit a newly opened Home for Inebriate Women, and there was seized with severe chest pains. He went home and rested for a day or two and seemed to be improving. He saw visitors; he told one of them that he was "comfortably sick" and said to Dr. Henry Jessup, a missionary on home leave from Beirut, "Henry, take warning from me and stop overwork." But on the morning of February 9, he fell over in his dressing room and died instantly.

His funeral the next week was a huge affair, attended by crowds of relatives, friends, employees, and representatives of the many organizations he had supported. There were fifteen pallbearers: Old New York merchants such as A. A. Low and Samuel B. Schieffelin, and lawyers, bankers, and railroad presidents, including John Jay, John Stewart, and Samuel Sloan. There were almost as many clergymen present, three of whom gave lengthy eulogies. One compared William E. Dodge to "a beautiful banyan that dropped its limbs into every land."[33]

Editorials in all the newspapers and many periodicals extolled him as a man of business, a man of faith, and above all as a philanthropist. The similarity between Dodge and Lord Shaftesbury of England, mentioned in several articles, seems more apt than comparing him to a banyan tree. When Shaftesbury died (in 1885), the statue of Eros in the center of London's Piccadilly Circus was erected as a memorial to him. In 1886, nearly four hundred New Yorkers contributed toward a bronze statue of William E. Dodge by the eminent sculptor John Quincy Adams Ward. It was erected in Herald Square as a full-length portrait of William, over nine feet in height, leaning somewhat casually against a classical column, and

stood atop a large granite pedestal with a drinking fountain for horses beneath. Today the statue is in Bryant Park, in back of the New York Public Library.

Some three weeks after William's death, Mark Twain, who was then living in Hartford, Connecticut, wrote a letter to his friend William Dean Howells, the novelist and editor. It included the following paragraph:

> You remember Governor Jewell, and the night he told about Russia down in the library. He was taken down with a cold about three weeks ago, and I stopped over one evening, proposing to beguile an idle hour for him with a yarn or two, but was received at the door with whispers, and the information that he was dying. His case had been dangerous during that day and he died that night two hours after I left. His taking off was a prodigious surprise, and his death has been most widely and sincerely regretted. William E. Dodge, the father-in-law of one of Jewell's daughters, dropped suddenly dead the day before Jewell died, but Jewell died without knowing that. Jewell's widow went down to New York to Dodge's house, the day after Jewell's funeral, and was to return here day before yesterday. And she did—in a coffin. She fell dead, of heart disease, while her trunks were being packed for her return home.[34]

William E. Dodge, then, was the last to die of the three sons-in-law that Anson Phelps had taken into partnership. While Anson honored and appreciated Daniel James and James Stokes for their very different qualities and abilities, it seems safe to say that William gave his father-in-law the greatest satisfaction. He had been the most like the older man in background, ambition, energy, and imagination. He had worked in amicable harness with his father-in-law for twenty years, and had then guided the firm through the ups and downs of three more decades. He died just when Phelps, Dodge & Co. was about to be transformed from a trading concern into a mining concern. Conservative though he was, such a change would not have worried him. His conservatism had never prevented him from taking risks. He had been involved in lumbering, mining, and railroads when those industries were young. He could have had few qualms about the company's future in the capable hands of his son and his nephew, Will, Jr., and Willis James, for they had already shown that they had absorbed their heritage of good work and good works.

Anson G. Phelps Stokes [*1838-1913*].
The New-York Historical Society

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AS HAS BEEN SAID, THE STOKES FAMILY WITHDREW from the Phelps, Dodge firm at the end of 1878. Caroline Phelps Stokes died in the spring of 1881, and her husband only survived her by a few months. Their eldest son, Anson, promptly closed down the investment banking house of Phelps, Stokes & Co. because, as executor of his parents' estates, he felt that he had his hands more than full. Some of the other children squabbled in the courts over their inheritance. The semi-invalid daughter, Dora, and her husband claimed that the youngest son, William Earl Dodge Stokes, had unduly influenced their aged and ailing father to write codicils to his will which deprived them and favored *him*. These claims, after a great deal of publicity and palaver, were denied by the surrogate.

Once the estates were settled, Anson Phelps Stokes was free to get on with the Anglo-American style of living he favored. He increased his wealth by buying New York City real estate on which he constructed and operated large business office buildings. Having first favored Staten Island and then Newport with his summertime presence, he erected a huge mansion, Shadowbrook, at Lenox in the Berkshire hills of Massachusetts. Perhaps the best-known story about Shadowbrook and its one hundred rooms concerns one of his sons, who was in the class of 1896 at Yale. The son wired to Lenox from New Haven, saying that he would like to bring "some '96 fellows" for a weekend. His mother's reply was: "Many guests already here. Have only room for 50."[35]

Of the other children of James and Caroline Stokes, two spinster daughters, Olivia and Caroline, became particularly noted for their many philanthropies and eventually for the setting up of the Phelps-Stokes Fund, which still carries on giving in their many fields of interest both in the United States and abroad, particularly in Africa. James B. Stokes was a benefactor of the International YMCA and also of the American Church in Paris. But it was the youngest son, William

Anson Stokes' summer home, "Shadowbrook," at Lenox, Massachusetts.
The Berkshire Eagle, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

Earl Dodge Stokes, who had the most notorious career and who attracted the most attention in the press.

Beginning with the contest over his father's will, he became over the years the most litigious of men. Hardly a year passed between 1881 and his death in 1926 when he was not involved in some sort of court action. His titillating sexual adventures were the subject of much speculation and gossip, as well as of many headlines in the newspapers. He interested himself in the breeding of fine horses and is reputed to have combined this interest with another: the seduction of young women. It was said that he often took young girls to his stud farm in Kentucky where, if they refused to cooperate, he would tie them up, naked, and make them watch the stallions mounting the mares. Later his passion for bloodlines extended to the human species as well as the equine, and he wrote a book called *The Right to Be Well Born*. In it, according to the *New York Times*, he "suggested to legislators the experiment of registering members of the laboring classes so that . . . employers, by looking up the genealogical records of prospective employees, could estimate the amount and quality of the work of which they were capable." The book was so ill-received that his publishers sued Stokes to recover the five thousand dollars that they had spent on its publication.

On January 3, 1895, by which time he was forty-two years old, Will Stokes married a fabulously beautiful Cuban girl of nineteen, Rita Hernandez de Alba de Acosta. Their wedding night was passed at the Waldorf Astoria, and it has been said that, thanks to the brutality of the groom and the outraged innocence of the bride, before morning numerous members of the hotel's staff had had to intervene. They then proceeded to the Jekyll Island Club off the Georgia coast for their honeymoon. This club had been organized in the 1880s by J. P. Morgan, Sr., William K. Vanderbilt, and other wealthy men who had bought the island and erected a rambling brick clubhouse as a winter retreat where they could have complete privacy.

Will Stokes had not expected any of his fellow club members to be there so early in the season and, with sadism added to lust in his makeup, is supposed to have had all sorts of plans for the visit. Fortunately for Rita, it turned out that Henry B. Hyde, founder of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, and Joseph Pulitzer, the publisher, each with a good friend, were in residence. According to the story, recorded in Cleveland Amory's *The Last Resorts*, when the bride and groom came into the dining room the first evening, the beautiful Rita looking miserably frightened and clutching for companionship a mongrel puppy she had picked up on a Georgia station platform, the older men immediately recognized her predicament and somehow managed to see to it that she had a room to herself. They made sure she was never left alone with Stokes, accompanied her whenever she went out riding or bicycling, and altogether foiled his plans.

Despite her sad and innocent appearance at Jekyll Island, Rita de Acosta Stokes, in addition to her dark beauty, developed a mind and will of her own. She was as fond of horses as Will himself, an expert rider and driver and an exhibitor every year at the New York Horse Show. She exercised great ingenuity as a hostess; again it was Cleveland Amory who told about one of her parties. She gave it for some seventy guests at Bar Harbor in the summer of 1899 (the Will Dodge, Juniors spent ten weeks there that year, but we can be reasonably sure they were not invited). A pair of caged lovebirds graced the table in front of each lady's place, while before each gentleman lay a closed Indian basket from which came a ribbon with a golden safety pin on the end of it. Halfway through the soup course, Mrs. Stokes arose and asked the men to attach the ribbons to the tablecloth with the safety pins, and then to open the baskets. Out from each basket popped a large bullfrog, tied round his middle with ribbon. Soon thirty-five bullfrogs were cavorting about the table, jumping into the soup, knocking over glasses, and leaping onto the guests themselves. One man who was there said the ensuing hullabaloo came as close to a riot as he had ever seen at a society dinner party!

The Stokeses had a son, William Earl Dodge Stokes, Jr., in 1896, but nothing could save their marriage, obviously doomed from the start. In the spring of

William Earl Dodge Stokes [*1852-1926*].
The New-York Historical Society

1900, Rita was granted a divorce and custody of the child, but a few years later, with more glaring publicity, he was turned over to his father. He became known to the newspaper-reading public as "the Million Dollar Baby," since that was reported to be the amount his father paid his mother to get him.

Will Stokes' next big project was the building, at Broadway between Seventy-

third and Seventy-fourth streets, of a huge chateauesque apartment hotel, which with fine family feeling he called the Ansonia. Stanford White was the architect, and he designed seventeen stories of grand luxe where many well-to-do people rented furnished apartments. As we have seen, the Reverend David Stuart Dodge was a denizen from 1908 until 1921; there were numerous other families, such as the actor Richard Bennett with his wife and daughters Constance and Joan. It was said that Will Stokes kept some of the suites on the top floor for his lady loves, and it is known that he kept pure-blooded pigs and geese on the roof until the New York City Health Department forced him to remove them. They were presented to the Central Park Zoo.

In 1911, Will Stokes married again. A few months after the wedding, he went to the apartment of two chorus girls of his acquaintance, ostensibly to recover some letters he had written to them. Both girls shot at him and wounded him in the legs, and to add a bizarre touch, three Japanese men ran in and attacked him "by jiu jitsu methods." The girls claimed they fired in self-defense; Will said they had been trying to blackmail him. After another splashy trial, the girls were acquitted (the fate of the Japanese gentlemen is unrecorded).

By 1919, after the births of two children, the second marriage had broken down, and the last seven years of Stokes' life were taken up with court battles. He sued twice for divorce and was defeated; his wife sued for a legal separation and got it; then there were more struggles over money and custody of the children. After Will's death, it was discovered that in his will he had left everything to the son of his first marriage. Another legal fight loomed, but the former "Million Dollar Baby" agreed to make provision for his half brother and half sister, and the whole unfortunate story finally ended.

It is hard to believe, in reading the press accounts of his life and loves, that Will Stokes could have been the son of two such proper people as James and Caroline Phelps Stokes, or the brother of such eminently respectable brothers and sisters. Undoubtedly he was a bright and energetic man and a great entrepreneur, but there is also no doubt that he was, to use Lady Caroline Lamb's phrase about Byron, "mad, bad, and dangerous to know."

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ALL OF MELISSA AND WILLIAM DODGE'S YOUNGER SONS eventually married and moved from under the parental roof. The subsequent careers of Anson and David Stuart Dodge and of some of their offspring have already been outlined, and we have seen that the fourth son, Charles Cleveland Dodge, was the only one of the seven to go on active service in the Civil War. Although he acquired the exalted rank of brigadier general at the age of only twenty-one, he

Rita deAcosta Stokes, from a portrait bust by Malvina Hoffman.
The New-York Historical Society

did not cover himself with glory. There was great relief at the War Department and among his superiors when he resigned his commission in the spring of 1863 and returned to New York.

He stayed briefly in Phelps, Dodge & Co. as a junior partner, and then was set up independently in the tinplate business when that product first began to be manufactured domestically. He married a daughter of Samuel Bradhurst Schief-

felin, a wealthy wholesale drug merchant who was William E. Dodge's summer neighbor at Tarrytown.

The son of their marriage, Charles Stuart Dodge, was brought up in New York, sent to Yale, and given a year's trip to Europe after graduation. On his return, he married Flora Bigelow, daughter of John Bigelow, the distinguished historian and diplomatist. After seventeen years of marriage and two children, Flora divorced Charles Dodge in South Dakota in 1902. South Dakota was then one of the few states where it was possible to get a divorce on grounds other than adultery; Flora's decree was given for desertion, and she was granted custody of their daughter and son, Lucy and John. Three years later, Flora was remarried to the Honourable Lionel Guest, a nephew of Lord Randolph Churchill and therefore a first cousin of Winston.

The Guests, according to Flora's daughter, lived in Edwardian London in "a constant social whirl." The daughter, perhaps influenced by the activities of the Suffragettes, then agitating for women's rights (especially the right to vote), came to hate what she considered the silly emptiness of her life. When Flora, after engineering the girl's debut from the Guest house in Mayfair, decided it was time for her daughter to marry into the British aristocracy, Lucy rebelled. She ran away from home. As with the attempted elopement of Ada and Anson Dodge, Jr., back in the 1870s, Lucy's flight made front-page headlines in the *New York Times* for several days in April 1913.

With the aid of private detectives hired by Mr. Guest, she was tracked to a rooming house off Shaftesbury Avenue, in London's theater district, giving rise to speculation that she planned a career on the stage. Her irate mother bundled her off to the English countryside, telling reporters that "she is as safe as if she were under lock and key, perfectly reconciled to being supported by us, and with several very romantic ideas removed." But the stubborn Lucy had had enough of England, and of her overbearing mother. Ten days later, the newspapers announced that she was on board ship on her way to New York. A year or so later, she married an American, and spent the rest of her life in the United States.

The son, John Bigelow Dodge, remained quite happily in England. When World War I began, he immediately enlisted with a group of his friends in the Royal Naval Division. This hybrid special service outfit, a forerunner of World War II's Commandos, was the brainchild of Lionel Guest's cousin Winston Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty. Among "Johnny" 's fellow subalterns in what was sometimes called "Winston's little army" were some of Britain's brightest and most talented young men. Arthur "Oc" Asquith, son of the prime minister, and Rupert Brooke, the poet, had received commissions by virtue of being protégés of "Eddie" Marsh, Churchill's faithful private secretary, whose avocation was fostering the careers of young writers, artists, and musicians.

John Bigelow Dodge [1894-1960] in Royal Naval Division uniform during World War I.
Mrs. Jane Aitken, Toronto, Canada

The division boarded cross-Channel steamers at Dover early in October 1914, and for one vital week helped to hold off the Germans at Antwerp. After further training in England, they were sent to the Mediterranean as part of an amphibious force that was to try to capture the Dardanelles Straits, between Europe and Turkey. This was Churchill's pet project. It was planned that the Royal Navy would bombard the Turkish forts on either side of the straits and force its way

into the Sea of Marmora; at the same time, the troops were to stage an amphibious landing on the Gallipoli Peninsula, overwhelm the Turks, and march on Constantinople. The object was to open the Black Sea to Allied shipping and get arms to the hard-pressed Russians.

Johnny Dodge's company commander was Bernard Freyberg, a New Zealander soldier of fortune who later won the Victoria Cross (Great Britain's highest award for valor) and still later had a distinguished record as a general in World War II. Rupert Brooke was also in Johnny's "A" Company. Writing home before the fighting began, another officer reported Brooke as "splendid"; young Asquith, "a calculated and measured delight"; Freyburg, "a fine big jolly thing." He called Johnny "a dear unconscious funny."[36]

Shortly after that letter was written, Rupert Brooke became ill with blood poisoning and died. His friends buried him at night in an olive grove on the herb-scented island of Skyros, Johnny helping to dig his grave. Next morning, they sailed away to Gallipoli. During the first assault, Johnny and his platoon were detached from the rest of the Naval Division to serve in a sort of Trojan horse ship, the *River Clyde*. She appeared to be nothing more than an old collier, but she had two thousand soldiers hidden in her holds. After a paralyzing naval bombardment, it was planned to run her aground at Cape Helles, whereupon the troops would come bursting out in a surprise attack to overwhelm the dazed and battered Turks. Unfortunately the bombardment had not fazed the Turks, and the assaulting British were met with devastating rifle fire. Bernard Freyburg said: "When Johnny saw that all was not going according to plan, he led his platoon into the fighting with the utmost gallantry until he was badly wounded and he had to be sent home to recover."

The *River Clyde* tragedy was only the first of many in the course of the ill-starred campaign. Despite the courage of Johnny and of thousands like him, it was so mismanaged by political, military, and naval squabbling back in Whitehall, as well as by delays and faintheartedness on the part of the commanders on the scene, that in retrospect it seems to have been doomed from its beginning. The bitter end came after a quarter million Allied casualties, when the remaining troops were evacuated in January 1916.

In February of that year, Lady Cynthia Asquith, the prime minister's daughter-in-law, recorded meeting Johnny and his mother in London. Her description of Flora Dodge Guest was not kind—she called her an "astonishing voluble gushing American woman"—but she liked Johnny and said he had been "recommended for the V.C."

Johnny Dodge did not receive the Victoria Cross, but he won every other British decoration for bravery: the naval Distinguished Service Cross at Gallipoli, and later the army's Military Cross and Distinguished Service Order. He switched from the Royal Naval Division to the army and served on the western

Colonel Dodge in World War II after one of his escapes from prison camp.
Mrs. Jane Aitken, Toronto, Canada

front until the Armistice, then went out to the Caucasus with the British troops sent to Batum to back the White Russians against the Communists. He was taken prisoner and accused of spying, but managed to escape and got away via Constantinople.

Between the wars he lived in London, married an American lady, fathered two sons, and had a career in business and politics. In 1939, he rejoined the British army as a major in a territorial battalion, Queen Victoria's Rifles. Sent to the defense of Calais when the Germans were overrunning France in May 1940, he and his whole battalion became prisoners of war after only four days of fighting.

Johnny Dodge's subsequent hair-raising adventures in and out of various German prison camps have been described by Paul Brickhill in his book *The Great Escape*. Johnny was known to all his fellow inmates as "the Artful Dodger," and Brickhill portrayed him as "a tall and courtly character . . . with an incredibly charitable nature and a strange insulation from fear." At Calais, "he swam miles out into the Channel to intercept a ship, missed it, swam back, was caught, escaped, then caught again by the Luftwaffe and always thereafter stayed in Air Force prison camps (when he wasn't escaping)."

In Germany, he and some of his fellow prisoners were moved from one camp

to another. At least four times Johnny got away briefly, but each time was recaptured. Finally, after months of work on a cleverly constructed tunnel from the Silesian camp known as Stalag Luft III, seventy-six prisoners got free, Johnny among them. Dressed in a workman's cap and suitably dirty clothes, he and another man had almost reached Czechoslovakia when a policeman decided their passes were suspicious and turned them over to the Gestapo.

Johnny was sent to the Sachsenhausen concentration camp north of Berlin. While there, he and the other four officers who made up the British contingent in that notorious place learned that, of the seventy-six who had tunneled out of Stalag Luft III, only three had made it back to Britain. Fifty escapees had been shot by the Nazis in defiance of the Geneva Convention dealing with the treatment of prisoners of war.

No one had ever escaped alive from Sachsenhausen, but "the Dodger" and his companions immediately began to dig still another tunnel. After four months' work, by September 1944, they had reached a point beyond the electrified barbed wire that surrounded their compound. Helping each other over the nine-foot-high stone outer wall, they escaped once again on a damp and moonless night. Johnny spent more than two weeks on the outside this time, sleeping in barns and haylofts and trying to make his way northwestward, but once again he was caught. Back at Sachsenhausen, he was put into solitary confinement for four months.

Then one day in February 1945, he was suddenly let out, driven to Berlin by a German officer, and treated to a complete outfit of civilian clothes. He was taken to a comfortable flat occupied by a German SS officer and his family, and given a bedroom of his own. Next, a German Foreign Office official named Thost (formerly a newspaper correspondent in London) took him to the Hotel Adlon—bomb damaged but still elegant—and there introduced him to a man who was supposedly Hitler's interpreter. This man—a Dr. Schmidt—gave Johnny scotch whiskey to drink, and indicated that because he was a kinsman of Winston Churchill, he would be sent home to convey the führer's point of view to the prime minister. As Brickhill describes it:

" 'You are going home, my dear Sir,' said Dr. Schmidt, as if the news made him happy. 'No doubt you will be seeing your kinsman Mr. Churchill when you arrive.' And then, confidentially and solemnly, 'I want you to remember three things. One: no unconditional surrender; two: ethnographical boundaries; and three: the balance of power in Europe. For Britain's safety, it must be maintained.' He nodded vaguely towards the east where the Russians were preparing their assault on Berlin. 'You know what I mean.' "

Some days later, the Foreign Office man drove Dodge to Dresden, where he was given his own room in a hotel and taken to a circus. It was while he was at the circus that the first of three devastating Allied bombing raids on Dresden be-

gan. Thost shepherded him to safety outside the city; then the two men shunted about, going first to Weimar, where there was more bombing, then Regensburg. At the latter place, someone heard them speaking English, and despite Thost's furious protestations, both were arrested as spies. After two days of waiting to be executed at any moment, the local Gestapo were persuaded to query Berlin, and the word came back that they were to be freed.

From Regensburg the pair moved down to Munich, and finally reached the Swiss border at Lake Constance on April 25. Johnny Dodge was taken to Bern, debriefed by British intelligence officers there, and flown back to England by the Royal Air Force. Two days before V-E Day, he dined with Churchill and the American ambassador J. Gilbert Winant and told them his story.

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NORMAN WHITE DODGE, William and Melissa's fifth son, spent his business career in the lumber enterprises begun by his father and grandfather. His first wife died as a young woman, and he remarried in 1880. His second wife was Emma, daughter of Marcellus Hartley, a man who had made his first fortune supplying guns to the Union army in the Civil War. He had made subsequent ones from manufacturing sporting rifles and ammunition, building electric-lighting plants in collaboration with George Westinghouse, and from banking.

Interestingly enough, Marcellus Hartley had received his formal education in the 1830s and early 1840s at Rose Hill, an experimental school on Twenty-seventh Street run by the New York Public School Society. Also known as Public School No. 15, in Hartley's days as a student it was managed under the personal supervision of three members of the society: Anson Phelps, his son-in-law James Stokes, and Peter Cooper. One or another of these men had visited the school nearly every day. It is also interesting, as another example of the close interweaving of these New York families, that another of Hartley's daughters married James Stokes' son, James Boulter Stokes.

When Norman married Emma Hartley, her father was living on Madison Avenue near William E. Dodge. For a wedding present, he bought the young couple a house on Thirty-seventh Street which adjoined his own. A door was knocked through between the two so that father, daughter, and son-in-law could live as intimate neighbors in the interconnecting households. Unfortunately, the cozy arrangement did not last long. Some ten months after the marriage, Emma Hartley Dodge died in childbirth.

The surviving child, a boy, was named Marcellus Hartley Dodge and was brought up by his Hartley grandparents. Norman married for a third time but had no more children. When he died in 1907, he was a resident of Nyack, New

York. His obituary said that he was fond of all sports, owned some splendid trotting horses, and was a superior billiards and chess player.

"Marcy" Dodge was still an undergraduate at Columbia when his grandfather Hartley died, leaving him as heir to all his business undertakings, which by then included the Remington Arms Company. The young man divided his time between the university and his grandfather's office until his graduation in 1903. With typical Dodge energy, he found time to cox the crew, manage the track team, and run the Columbia branch of the YMCA, as well as to attend classes. At twenty-one—having been voted the "luckiest" member of his class—he was made president of M. Hartley and Company, and in a few more years was knowledgeable and experienced enough to take over everything from the executors of Hartley's estate.

Early in his business career, Marcy was able to rescue Adolph S. Ochs, of the *New York Times*, from an embarrassing financial situation. When Ochs had obtained control of the paper in 1896, a large chunk of its stock belonged to the Equitable Life Assurance Society. Marcy's grandfather Hartley had helped Ochs with a $100,000 loan for working capital to reorganize the ailing daily. With the money, the publisher had succeeded in turning the *Times* into a respected and influential newspaper. He had repaid Hartley. However, he still owed $300,000 to the Equitable. Now, in 1905, Ochs wanted to take an editorial stand calling for a public investigation into the doubtful practices and sometimes scandalous procedures of the big insurance companies, including the Equitable. He came to Marcy with his problem.

The young man lent him the amount needed to pay off his debt to the insurance company, taking Ochs' 51 percent share of *Times* stock as collateral. The investigation went ahead: former President Grover Cleveland was in charge, with a young red-bearded lawyer named Charles Evans Hughes as his principal assistant. The *Times* editorial support helped considerably in the successful outcome of the hearings. The insurance companies were cleaned up—the head of the Equitable Life Assurance Society had to leave the country—and the *New York Times* gained in both reputation and circulation. About ten years later, Adolph Ochs was able to repay Marcy Dodge and to take back his stock.

His business responsibilities did not preclude Marcy's having fun as a wealthy young man-about-New York. He liked to attend the Friday Night Cotillions at the Waldorf, and it was there in 1905 that he met Geraldine Rockefeller, daughter of William and niece of John D. Rockefeller. "Gerry" Rockefeller considered herself a very advanced young woman, and proved it the following summer by going off to tour Europe in her own motor car. A year after her return, she and Marcy were married.

The newspapers featured their wedding as the union of two of America's greatest fortunes, even though it was a small and quiet one due to the bride-

groom's father's recent death. Eighteen months later, their only child, Marcellus Hartley Dodge, Jr., was born at the William Rockefellers' country place on the Hudson.

When World War I came, the Remington Arms Company, of which Marcy was now chairman, was swamped with orders for arms and ammunition from the British, French, and Russians. It seems ironic that a great-grandson of David Low Dodge, devoted pacifist and founder of the first American peace society, should have been at the head of the nation's largest arms manufacturing company. However, Marcy always felt that what he did was both moral and patriotic. Indeed, he was nearly bankrupted in the process of expanding to meet the Allies' insatiable needs. At the time of the Russian Revolution, when that country's new leaders opted out of their contracts (and out of the war as well), Marcy wrote: "Each night when I tried to go to sleep, I lay there thinking that I had nothing left of all I had once owned, and that I had no further employment for the thousands of men who had worked hard and loyally during the days of stress."[37] It was America's entry into the war a month later that saved the company.

In the years between the wars, Remington went back to making rifles and shotguns for sport. It fell upon such hard times during the Depression that the company was sold to du Pont. It kept its separate identity, however, and Marcy remained its chairman for many years. He guided it through another enormous expansion to meet the military needs of World War II, and saw a second retraction to peacetime conditions before he retired in 1953.

In 1916, the Marcellus Dodges had bought a country estate at Madison, New Jersey. This purchase was, in a way, a rounding out of the Dodge-Stokes-James family connection, for the place had been built by Will Dodge, Jr.'s partner and cousin, Willis James, son of old Daniel. It consisted of a thirty-five-room, Tudor-style mansion and extensive grounds. Geraldine Dodge had a passion for dogs, and here she could indulge it to the fullest extent. She had model kennels built at Giralda, as they called the place, to house more than a hundred dogs of different breeds. From 1927 to 1957, the prestigious Morris and Essex Dog Show was an annual event at Giralda, interrupted only by the war years.[kk] Gerry also sponsored an animal shelter, known as St. Hubert's Giralda, where stray dogs and cats were brought from the surrounding townships to live in incredible luxury until reclaimed by their owners or given away. In New York City, she bought property at Fifth Avenue and Sixty-first Street and had a town house built to her own specifications. It was six stories high, with the entire fifth floor specially arranged for the comfort and convenience of her dogs.

The Marcellus Dodges' great tragedy was the death of their only child. Marcellus, Jr., had graduated from Princeton in June 1930. He was as keen about

[kk] During that hiatus some of the silver cups that would have gone to prize dogs and bitches were given by the Dodges as wedding presents to wartime brides—the author has one.

flying as his mother was about dogs, and Gerry was morbidly afraid that he might die in a plane crash. In order to keep him away from flying, she urged him to go on a trip to Europe that summer. In August, the red sports car in which he was driving at high speed left the Bordeaux-Bayonne highway, crashed into a tree, and young Marcellus was instantly killed.

The grieving parents drifted apart, though they preserved the facade of their marriage. Marcy lived in a separate house on the Giralda estate and occupied himself with business and philanthropy. He gave especially generously to Columbia University, of which he was a trustee for fifty-six years. Toward the end of his life, when the New York Port Authority threatened to create a jet airport in northern New Jersey, Marcy almost single-handedly thwarted their intentions by quietly buying land in that area, known as the Great Swamp. He turned it over to the National Wildlife Federation, who gave it in turn to the United States Government for a nature preserve. He also gave much of the land he owned around Madison to the local government for parks and recreation areas.

Gerry devoted herself to animals and to collecting art works—paintings and sculpture—that depicted animals. But she, too, was a generous giver. In the worst of the Great Depression, she gave a magnificent municipal building to the town of Madison as a memorial to Marcellus, Jr. As the years went on, she developed arteriosclerosis and became increasingly eccentric. In 1963, a few months before Marcy's death, she had to be declared legally incompetent. When she died ten years later, all her property was sold (Sotheby's Parke Bernet had a five-session sale of her paintings, sculpture, and household possessions, which they exuberantly advertised as "the sale of the century"), and most of the proceeds were used to set up the Geraldine Rockefeller Dodge Foundation. It is empowered to give money to almost any charitable or scientific or artistic cause, or "for the prevention of cruelty to animals."

The sixth and seventh of the William E. Dodges' sons, George Egleston and Arthur Murray, were born in 1849 and 1852 respectively. They were thus almost a generation younger than their eldest brother, Will Dodge, Jr. They were the only two—other than the clerical brother, D. Stuart Dodge—to be sent to college, and both went to Yale. Both also made their careers in the lumber business and were not involved in the partnership of Phelps, Dodge & Co. The references to George are sparse among the family papers. He married a Miss Mary Cossitt (again the intertwining of families: George Dodge's first cousin Thomas Stokes married Mary Cossitt's sister) and had an only daughter. In the spring of 1904, after an illness, he went to England seeking better health, failed to find it, and died in Brighton.

Arthur, after graduating from Yale in 1874, married Josephine Jewell, the vivacious and outspoken daughter of President Grant's postmaster general, Marshall Jewell, who had served also as governor of Connecticut and as United States

A view of Waubaushene, Ontario, headquarters of the Dodge family's Canadian lumbering operations.
Professor James Angus, Lakehead University, Thunder Bay, Ontario

minister to Russia. "Jo" 's years at St. Petersburg had helped to make her more sophisticated than most twenty-year-olds of her era, and according to their grandchildren, Arthur was somewhat nervous about how his parents would take to their new daughter-in-law's uninhibited manner. Shortly after their marriage, the young couple went to stay with William and Melissa at 225 Madison Avenue. Brother Norman was there, back under the parental roof between marriages, and was apparently given to surreptitiously drowning his sorrows.

One evening Jo decided to switch places with her brother-in-law at the dinner table. The butler hastily tried to exchange their water goblets, but before he could do so, she had taken her first sip—of straight gin! By the end of the meal she had drained the goblet but had not betrayed Norman's secret.

Arthur Dodge was sent by his father to Canada to try to rescue the Waubaushene lumber operation after his older brother Anson had made a hash of its affairs. He managed to turn the Georgian Bay Land and Lumber Company into a profitable enterprise, whereupon it was sold and he returned to the United States. There is an impressive memorial to him in Waubaushene's community church. He was only forty-four when he died, and his death seems to have ended the Dodge family's long connection with the lumber business. Although he was survived by five sons, none chose to follow in his footsteps.

PART IV

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Philanthropic Copper

The first permanent home of the New York City YMCA, opened in 1869 at the corner of 23rd Street and Fourth Avenue.
The New-York Historical Society

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AS EARLY AS 1865, New York lawyer George Templeton Strong noted of Will: "Dodge is certainly among the best men we have. He must spend nearly all his time in undertakings for the public good, in which he is most useful without the least self-seeking or ostentation, keeping himself always in the background as far as may be. His manners are refined and attractive. He is likely to become a very prominent man." Strong's forecast was amply fulfilled as Will involved himself during the ensuing years in nearly every community enterprise designed to benefit the citizens of burgeoning New York.

He was particularly active in reorienting the city's YMCA just after the Civil War. The organization had been founded in London in the 1840s and was brought to New York in the 1850s. Its aim was to uplift young men spiritually, mentally, and socially. It went well at first, but factionalism over the abolition cause and increasing tensions as the war approached led to its breakup. Toward the end of the war, Will was enlisted to help reorganize and revitalize the movement. A number of meetings were held at his house (he and his growing family moved in 1865 to No. 262 Madison Avenue, at the southwestern corner of Thirty-ninth Street). In 1866, he agreed to become the association's president. When she heard the news, his wife, Sarah, remarked: "I told you, William, that if you invited those young men to your house, you would have to go into the work."[1]

Will's greatest contribution to "the work" was to add a fourth dimension—the physical—to its spiritual, mental, and social goals. Under his guidance a new headquarters building was erected at Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue and opened in 1867. At his insistence, it featured a large and well-fitted gymnasium, but Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan's contribution of a billiard table had to be hidden away because the trustees felt that it would provide "an unhealthy, poolroom atmosphere."

William E. Dodge, Jr's interest in the YMCA was not confined to New York

City. He contributed significantly toward the establishment of a training school for YMCA directors, or "secretaries," as they were called. Located in Springfield, Massachusetts, the school evolved into Springfield College. Will's son Cleveland took up his father's interest there, and is said to have made the suggestion that Springfield should develop a good game to be played in gymnasiums. The faculty adopted his suggestion, turning over the task to a staff member named Naismith, who came up with the game of basketball.

It was also through the YMCA that William E. Dodge, Jr., became acquainted with the evangelist Dwight L. Moody and his muscial associate, Ira D. Sankey. The first series of Moody and Sankey revival meetings in New York were held in the winter of 1876 under YMCA auspices and drew overflow crowds to the Hippodrome. Moody stayed with the Dodges during that time, and he and Will became good friends. As Moody and Sankey's fame grew and they held revival meetings all over the world, a board of trustees headed by Will was set up to handle the money that flowed in to their collections. Most of it went to the endowment funds of the Northfield School for girls and the Mt. Hermon School for boys founded by Moody in Massachusetts in 1879 and 1881 respectively.

The American Museum of Natural History was established in 1869. Will had earlier contributed towards the cost of a scientific shell- and bird-skin collecting expedition to the Dutch East Indies led by Albert S. Bickmore, who became the museum's first director. When Bickmore came to him for building funds, Will was already heavily committed to financing the YMCA's new headquarters. Just as his mother, Melissa Phelps Dodge, had sent Dr. Marion Sims to Mrs. Doremus when he was seeking help for his women's hospital, so Will recommended Bickmore to Theodore Roosevelt the elder, his good friend and associate on the wartime Allotment Commission.

This favor paid great dividends: when the building opened in 1877 in the presence of President Rutherford B. Hayes (President Grant had laid the cornerstone three years previously), all its windows and showcases contained plate glass donated by Roosevelt's manufacturing firm. Also, its collections included "1 Bat, 12 Mice, 1 Turtle, 1 Red Squirrel's Skull, and 4 Birds' Eggs," the contribution in 1872 of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., aged fourteen. Will himself later became a trustee and served as vice-president under another close friend, Morris K. Jesup, who was president of the museum for twenty-seven years and its greatest benefactor.

The Natural History Museum had been built on the west side of Central Park. On the other side of the park, the Metropolitan Museum of Art received its charter in 1870 and opened its building in 1880, also with President Hayes attending. Will Dodge became a trustee in 1876 and served until his death. It has been written that the trustees of the early days "believed in art without knowing very much about it."[2] That may be true, but certainly William E. Dodge, Jr., did

all he could to learn about the subject. He owned a lovely Thomas Cole landscape and corresponded with such artists as Albert Bierstadt and John Frederick Kensett. Whenever he went abroad, he made a point of visiting museums and talking to people connected with the art world.[11] Although it would undoubtedly have shocked his father, whose strong Sabbatarian principles never wavered, Will Dodge, in the early nineties, joined his fellow trustees in voting to keep both the Natural History and the Metropolitan museums open on Sundays. As he once said: "Men are of no use who study to do exactly as was done before, who can never understand that today is a new day."[3]

Will was responsible for correcting one great artistic mistake made by his firm. In March 1871, Lucy Bakewell Audubon, widow of the great artist-naturalist John James Audubon, was in extreme financial straits. In 1863 she had sold her husband's original water-color drawings to the New-York Historical Society for four thousand dollars. Now, eight years later, she tried to sell, as works of art, the copper plates which had been engraved by William Lizars and Robert Havell, Jr., from Audubon's drawings. These plates had been used to produce the large "double elephant" prints that formed his famous *Birds of America* portfolio.

No one seemed interested, and so she sold them to Phelps, Dodge & Co. for their value as scrap copper. They were stored in a warehouse, and according to a story in the *New York Times*, the company had agreed "to wait a reasonable time for any proposition to redeem the plates from the destruction which otherwise awaits them."

Still no one came forward, and a couple of years later, the plates were sent off to the firm's smelter at Ansonia, Connecticut. Here, Charles A. Cowles, the teenaged son of the general manager, was one day watching the ever-fascinating process by which solid metal is transformed into a molten liquid, when he noticed what he thought was an etched bird's foot on a piece about to be thrown into the furnace. Being a keen ornithologist, he tried to persuade the furnace foreman to hold the plate out, but was told to mind his own business. The smelter superintendent was equally unsympathetic, so young Cowles finally went home and asked his mother to come and have a look. She recognized the plates as Audubon's work, and the remaining ones were set aside. Eventually, Mrs. Cowles persuaded her husband to notify the Phelps, Dodge head office in New York. Word came back to clean them up and return them to New York. When William E. Dodge, Jr., saw what they were, and how beautiful, he gave

[11] Among his letters and papers, there is a letter of introduction written in 1894 by Sir William Vernon Harcourt, then chancellor of the exchequer, to the British painter Edward John Poynter, later president of the Royal Academy, who was at the time in Rome. It reads: "This note will be handed to you by Mr. William Dodge who is a very eminent American who takes great interest in the promotion of art collections in New York and is extremely desirous of making your acquaintance and deriving information which will be of service to him in forwarding art collecting in America."

some of them to the Natural History Museum and to the Metropolitan. Others went to Princeton and to the Smithsonian Institution; several, including Plate No. 1, the Wild Turkey,[mm] were kept in the family. Will made sure that two plates went to Audubon's granddaughter, and then let Charles Cowles's father have the rest. Thus some, at least, of the four hundred and thirty-five plates prepared in Edinburgh and London under Audubon's supervision were saved from the fiery furnace.

One of the many "good works" in which he became involved may serve as a reminder of Will's heritage from his pacifist grandfather, David Low Dodge. As president of the Evangelical Alliance (ancestor of the World Council of Churches), Will was active in promoting arbitration as a substitute for war to settle disputes among nations. Anglo-American relations had been badly strained in 1896 by a dispute over the boundary between Venezuela and British Guiana. The United States government felt that the Monroe Doctrine was being violated; the British government thought it was none of the United States' business. After a number of cabinet meetings, official messages, and headlines on both sides of the Atlantic, the matter was fairly speedily settled—mostly to Britain's advantage. In order to prevent similar incidents in the future, an Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty was negotiated between Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British ambassador to the United States, and Richard Olney, the American Secretary of State.

With typical Dodge energy, Will pushed for the Senate's consent to ratification. He sponsored meetings, wrote to important people both in and out of government; even went to England to urge influential Britons to back the treaty there. The replies he received from his various correspondents make interesting, predictable reading:

President Grover Cleveland (Will's distant cousin) was in favor of the treaty, but with his politician's sixth sense predicted that it would not pass the Senate. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge—foreshadowing his actions in 1919 in the fight over the League of Nations—wanted to water it down with amendments. The militant "Teddy" Roosevelt had been corresponding with his intimate friend Lodge about "futile sentimentalists of the international arbitration type," but was properly respectful toward his beloved father's old friend. In replying to "Mr. Dodge," he merely noted that "of course there are some things we should not arbitrate."[4] Harvard's President Charles W. Eliot seemed less concerned about ratification than he was about President-elect William McKinley's appointment of Senator John Sherman to be the new Secretary of State. Eliot considered Sherman to be "senile."

As foreseen by Grover Cleveland, the Senate failed by three votes to approve

[mm] Cleveland E. Dodge gave Plate No. 1 to the American Museum of Natural History in 1981, where it is now on display.

The original copper plate, No. I, of John James Audubon's "Wild Turkey."
The American Museum of Natural History, New York, and Alecto Historical Editions, London

the treaty. All of Will's work was not in vain, however. Anglo-American relations improved rapidly, and the idea of arbitration soon led to the establishment of the World Court at The Hague.

In the spring of 1903, the trustees of Princeton made it known to Will that they would like to give him an honorary degree in recognition of his many services to worthy causes. He replied to Princeton's president, Woodrow Wilson:

> Secretary McAlpin of the University has informed me of the great honor suggested by the Trustees in proposing my name for an honorary degree at the next Commencement.
>
> I very deeply appreciate the kindness but am in doubt as to my duty in accepting it because as a layman without any literary pretension or position I fear it might be misunderstood.
>
> I have already declined the honor from another College where I had no association, but it would be a great pleasure to have a direct connection with Princeton for which I have a warm regard and where my sons graduated.
>
> May I ask you confidentially, if you think such an appointment would be well received by those who feel degrees should only go with scholarship to which I have no pretension?

Wilson's answer was in itself a fine tribute:

> Your letter of yesterday does you great honor as an additional proof of your genuine modesty.
>
> I never knew an honour of this kind conferred with greater heartiness and unanimity and it received my warmest support. You probably do not realize how universally you are regarded as the representative, as well as the patron, of all that college men like to be taught to stand for. There is a learning and experience got outside universities for which the degree of Doctor of Laws is as appropriately given as for the more formal acquirements of scholarship—and that eminence, which is of public service and of wide acquaintance with men and books, you represent in a most unusual manner.[5]

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THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE SAID OF WILL: "It is doubtful if in proportion to his means any other citizen of New York has more largely contributed, through a long series of years, to the promotion of good ends. His sagacity and

enthusiasm supplementing his liberality were of incalculable value." His value to Phelps, Dodge could also be called "incalculable." It was Will, together with his first cousin and partner, Daniel Willis James, who made the decision to turn the old importing and trading firm's focus westward, toward the copper mines of Arizona Territory. Thus they laid the foundation of what has become America's largest—and last independent—copper-producing corporation.

The year 1881 marked the opening of the new era. Daniel James had died in Liverpool, the Stokes family had withdrawn from the firm, and William E. Dodge had retired. Will and Willis, who as teenagers had begun working side by side on tall stools in the outer office back in the 1840s, were now in charge. They felt that the time was ripe for changes, especially as tinplate, long Phelps, Dodge's largest import, was now being manufactured domestically. They owned a small island in Long Island Sound where the senior Dodge had proposed building a copper smelter, but nothing had been started. The younger men now began to think of going ahead with that project. They had learned from their fathers that it was always well to get expert advice before launching a new scheme. Therefore, they made inquiries and were told that the man who knew most about both the geology and the chemistry of copper was a Dr. James Douglas, then working at Phoenixville, Pennsylvania. He was invited to New York for a consultation.

On the morning of the day that Douglas was to come, an uninvited stranger arrived at Phelps, Dodge's office. His name was William Church. He was a mining man, originally from Michigan, who had gone west in the 1870s and had located some copper claims in northeastern Arizona, near Clifton. He had named his operation the Detroit Copper Company and the mine area Morenci, after the copper-rich Michigan district of the same name.

Early in 1881, he had started east to try to raise enough capital to begin operations. He had not had any luck in New York. On this particular morning he happened to be walking along Cliff Street, saw the Phelps, Dodge & Co. sign, started to go by, then on an impulse turned and went in, thinking that since they were leaders in the metals trade, they might be worth a try. Once inside the door, Church came face to face with the unique atmosphere of Number 11 Cliff Street, where good work commingled with good works. There the financial, philanthropic, and religious affairs of the partners were met and dealt with in an unorthodox mixture. Edmund Coffin, who for many years was the firm's lawyer, once tried to explain what it was like. "When one entered the counting room," he wrote, "there was almost always a line of persons waiting for some advice, or assistance in some kind of charity, taking their turn with the others who were engaged in some purely business matter of dollars and cents."

Church joined that morning's queue and, upon reaching the head of it, ex-

plained himself to William E. Dodge, Jr. He was open, frank, and to the point, bluntly asking for $30,000 and promising a large block of Detroit Copper Company stock in return. Will liked the look of the man and the way he set out his story. He promised to think the matter over and to give Church a definite answer soon.

Will's second, expected, visitor arrived in midafternoon. James Douglas of Phoenixville, tall and rugged in appearance with piercing blue eyes, was something of a Renaissance man in the sense of his wide-ranging interests and abilities. He was the son of an equally remarkable man. The senior Douglas, a Scottish-born surgeon, had wandered the world as a youth, going first to the Arctic as doctor to a whaling expedition, then out to India for a time. In 1823, he had accompanied a group of British emigrants to what was known as the "Mosquito Shore" of Honduras, in Central America. Lack of supplies and the ravages of malaria soon doomed their little settlement, and Douglas himself nearly died. "Thin as a whipping post and yellow as a guinea," he found himself on board a ship bound for Boston. From there, he moved westward along the newly completed Erie Canal. He settled in Utica, married a local girl, and began to practice medicine.

Always keen to learn, Dr. Douglas liked to perform dissections in order to increase his knowledge of anatomy. His supply of suitable cadavers was never very great, as he had to depend on newly dead-and-buried paupers, or drifters who had had the misfortune to die in the town. One winter's night he made a mistake and brought the corpse of a leading citizen back from the cemetery vault. One of that late gentleman's employees came into the surgery and recognized his former boss, so Dr. Douglas found it necessary to leave Utica in a great hurry. Piling his wife and a few possessions into a "pung" (a small sleigh), he drove north to Ogdensburg and crossed the frozen St. Lawrence River into Canada. He settled in Quebec City, and there practiced surgery for many years. His first wife died, and he married again. Eventually he founded and administered Canada's first insane asylum.

The younger James Douglas was forty-four years old when he first met Will Dodge that afternoon of 1881 in New York. He had taken an arts degree at Queen's University in Canada and a theological degree at Edinburgh University in Scotland, and had studied medicine in Quebec in order to assist his father at the lunatic asylum. But the Canadian government took over the asylum, the older Douglas lost all his money speculating in nonproductive gold and copper mines, and the younger man perforce had to seek a different career. As he wrote many years later in an autobiographical sketch: "I started on my industrial career with a general education, a license to preach, a considerable knowledge of med-

icine and surgery, and an acquaintance from childhood with the crazy side of humanity—not a bad branch of the education of a mining engineer."[6]

He was able to build the fascination with chemistry awakened by his medical course and the interest in geology aroused by his father's mining misadventures into a recognized expertise. He developed a method for chemically extracting copper from its ore and, later, a way to refine it electrolytically. On the geological side, American and British investors hired him to go wherever promising claims were being discovered to examine them and give his estimate of their value. Also, in the course of his travels he was frequently asked by the owners of mining claims to sell them on commission. And since he could write clearly and interestingly on a wide range of subjects, he supplemented his income by writing articles for magazines and scholarly journals.

In his talk with Will Dodge, Douglas recommended against building a smelter on Long Island. It would be a waste of money, he said flatly. The supply of ore from the midwestern states was dwindling rapidly and would soon be exhausted, and all the new ore in the Far West would be smelted at the mines. He suggested that Phelps, Dodge might like to build a refinery instead, to employ his revolutionary new electrolytic process. There was much self-interest in this suggestion, for the company where he worked in Phoenixville was in the process of closing down. Douglas' consulting fees, occasional commissions on sales of claims, and the money received for magazine articles did not bring in sufficient income to support his wife, six children, and aged father.

Will did not seem particularly interested in the refinery idea. He listened with his usual courtesy, but there was no spark of enthusiasm. Then it was Will's turn to talk, and instead of discussing smelter versus refinery, he began to speak about the stranger who had come in unannounced that morning. Did Dr. Douglas by any chance know anything about William Church and his Morenci claims? Douglas replied that he did not, but added that he had heard good things from reliable sources about an adjacent property, the Longfellow mine. Knowing that Douglas was on the point of leaving for Arizona Territory to investigate some claims for other potential investors, Will asked him how much he would charge to check out William Church and the Detroit Copper Company at Morenci and bring back a report. Douglas named an amount, Dodge agreed to it, and thus the turning point in the firm's history can be traced to a January day in 1881, when two strangers arrived in Cliff Street and captured Will Dodge's imagination.

The swing from mercantile trade to mining was more of an evolution than a revolution, however, and for a long time it seemed to Will and Willis to be discouragingly slow and financially draining. Only their complete confidence and trust in James Douglas kept them from cutting their losses by giving up. On his recommendation, they advanced the $30,000 that William Church had asked for.

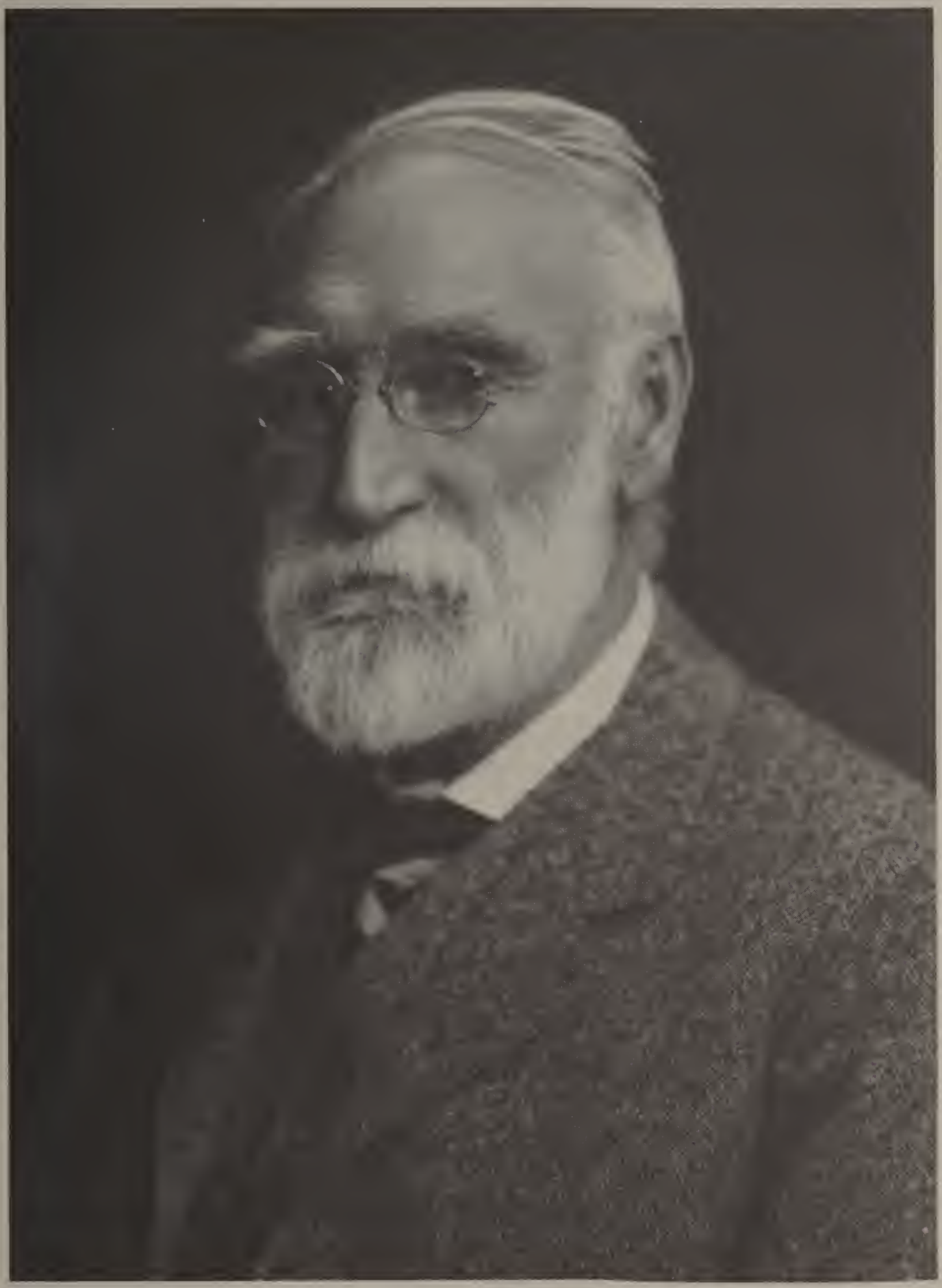
But all kinds of problems developed: heavy rains in the summer of 1881, trouble getting the new smelter to work properly in 1882, Indian raids in 1883 (the Apaches wanted the white men's cattle, not the copper), and then just as they got into production, the price of copper dropped disastrously. Indeed, the Detroit Copper Company did not pay a dividend until 1897, by which time William Church was so tired and disillusioned that he sold the rest of his stock to Phelps,Dodge for $1.5 million and retired to Denver.

In the same year that the Phelps,Dodge partners advanced money to Church for development at Morenci, James Douglas also recommended the purchase—for $40,000—of another claim. This one was down at Bisbee, in southern Arizona. Mining in this area near the Mexican border had been going on for a number of years, but by 1881 the only production of any note was at the so-called "Copper Queen" mine, where immensely rich ore was being scooped from the surface of a hillside. Douglas was convinced that such rich outcroppings meant there must be further vast amounts of valuable ore under the ground. But he said later that he would never have suggested the purchase to the partners "had they not been able and willing to lose with a good grace."[7]

Their good grace was somewhat frayed before they had a working mine. At the end of two years, they had expended another $60,000 and still had not seen even a carload of ore. Will's renowned patience and courtesy had worn thin, and Willis' well-known temper was ready to explode. Douglas, who had been offered and had accepted a 10 percent interest in the mine in lieu of fees, was equally worried, but he begged for just $15,000 more to sink one final shaft in what he considered a likely place. He had planned to go down 400 feet, but only 210 feet below the surface struck what he described as "the largest and most productive bunch of ore ever discovered in the region."

The discovery was heartening and justified Will and Willis' faith in James Douglas, but there was still a long way to go before there could be any return on their investment. They had to put out a great deal more money in order to build a smelter and to amalgamate their property, the "Atlanta," with the "Copper Queen." The stockholders of the latter company were afraid that their ore was running out, and Phelps,Dodge wanted to avoid costly legal battles over who owned what, so the Copper Queen Consolidated Company came into existence. Buying out the original stockholders was costly, and the price of copper dropped to a record low, so that by 1887 the debt incurred was nearly $300,000.

A contract negotiated with a French syndicate saved the company and put it on the road to fabulous success. A Frenchman named Secretan had decided to corner the world's supply of copper. For this purpose, he put together a syndicate of fellow Frenchmen, persuaded the prestigious British bankers Baring Brothers to guarantee the contracts he made with producers all over the world, and set out to buy every pound of copper he could lay hands on. The new Copper Queen Con-



James Douglas [*1837-1918*].
The Cleveland H. Dodge Foundation, New York City

Entrance to the Copper Queen mine.
The Bisbee Mining & Historical Museum, Burgess Collection, Bisbee, Arizona

solidated was only too happy to sign a three-year contract with the Secretan syndicate to sell all they could produce at prices up to 50 percent over the market. As Dr. Douglas wrote, their debts "evaporated like dew and were replaced by handsome profits." The syndicate crashed, almost toppling the mighty Baring Brothers as well, and Secretan committed suicide, but the Copper Queen Consolidated boomed. In the ensuing twenty years, the Bisbee mines produced more than 730 million pounds of copper and paid 30 million dollars in dividends.

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THE PIONEER SOCIAL WORKER, Louisa Lee Schuyler, a great-granddaughter of Alexander Hamilton, wrote of Will Dodge: "It seemed that he always had time for 'the one thing more.' " Certainly he found time to be a wonderful parent to his brood of children and, later, to be a loving and generous grandfather to his numerous grandchildren. This was a contrast to the home life of his cousin and partner, Willis James, who had only one child, Arthur Curtiss James, and no grandchildren. Will loved his children tenderly, and they loved him back, although his younger daughter May found him rather domineering after she grew up.

The children's mother, Sarah Hoadley Dodge, seems to have suffered from ill health a good deal of the time when they were small, and to have been generally rather languid. A series of nurses and governesses, some good, some bad, were employed to help with their upbringing, but it was to Papa that the older children, especially, turned.

The eldest, Grace, was large for her age and serious-minded, and was more of an aunt than a sister to her siblings. When only eight or nine, if her mother was unwell, she would pour tea for her Papa when he returned from the office. Willie and Cleve, only fifteen months apart, were good friends even though they fought a lot, and May—Mary Melissa Hoadley Dodge—was included in most of their activities as she was less than two years younger than Cleve. These three formed a group within the group, Alice and Morris being considerably further down the age scale.[nn]

The family spent their winters at 262 Madison Avenue and their summers at Greyston, the house Sarah and Will had built overlooking the Hudson at Riverdale. Here the young ones could roam on foot or on ponies to their hearts' con-

[nn] Wm. E. Dodge, Jr.'s children were: Grace Hoadley (1856-1914), Wm. E. III (1858-1884), Cleveland Hoadley (1860-1926), Mary Melissa Hoadley (1861-1934), Alice Clinton Hoadley (1865-1946), and Morris Jesup (1867-1875).

William E. Dodge, Jr.'s children with their nurse, circa 1864. Left to right: Grace, Cleve, Mary, nurse, William E. III.
Author's collection

tent. In addition to sweeping lawns and huge old oak and copper beech trees, colorful flower beds and a productive vegetable garden, there were wonderful rock formations in which to climb, tangled bushes and wild woods and several ponds—a real paradise for both children and grown-ups.

Among the children's best friends were the young Pynes—"Momo," Percy, and Tina—who lived on the next estate to the Dodges' at Riverdale. There were also the children of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Harriman, and the young Roosevelts, whom they saw both in town and for several summers in the country as well. There is a story—possibly apocryphal—that when "Teedie" Roosevelt was shut into a dark closet by several little Dodges, he screamed, "If you don't let me out of here, when I get to be President I won't let you in the White House."[8] Up on the Hudson, the president-to-be could indulge his passion for collecting mice and bats and birds' nests. His sister Corinne wrote that, at Riverdale, "groups of joyous children invented and carried into effect every imagineable game. . . . Those summers stand out as peculiarly happy days. . . . We were allowed great freedom, although never license, in the summer-time, and situated as we then were, with a group of little friends about us the long sweet days passed like a joyous dream."[9]

Once when their big sister, Grace, was ill in bed at Greyston, Willie and Cleve dragged her favorite pony upstairs to her room to comfort her—how they got it back down again was not recorded. When Grace became a teenager, she grew more and more sensitive about her size and flatly refused to go to dancing school. All the children except Morris were tall and well built, but Grace, who in maturity stood six feet two inches in height and weighed nearly two hundred pounds, was the largest of them all. She had a strong face with a prominent, determined chin, a clear and practical mind, a burning desire to help the less fortunate, and no sense of humor whatever.

When she was sixteen, her parents sent her to Miss Porter's School at Farmington, Connecticut. Then, as now, it was considered one of the best girls' boarding schools in the country, but Grace was homesick and unhappy there despite being allowed to have her favorite horse with her. In later years, she told a friend, "You know, really what I learned at Farmington was to ride horseback. We did a little history, learned how to be good girls, and then rode horseback all over those hills."[10] She stayed not quite a year and a half, leaving in January 1874 to accompany her parents and younger sister May on a five-month journey to England and the Continent.

Her brothers Earl (previously known as Willie) and Cleve also went away to school. They were sent to Williston Seminary at Easthampton, Massachusetts, where they were happier than Grace was at Miss Porter's, especially after they were joined there by their friends "Momo" and Percy Pyne. A small group of letters that Cleve wrote from Williston to cheer his sister at Farmington has survived. Addressing her as "little Giant," "little Dwarf," or "Giant (500 lbs)," he commiserated with her and wrote an account of his own doings that gives some flavor of school days in the 1870s. The fact that the students attended churches or prayer meetings three times each Sunday was to have been expected, but it is surprising to learn how much dancing they did. Cleve went to dancing school every

Wednesday afternoon and spoke of doing the Lancers, Quadrilles, and the Virginia Reel, as well as other dances. The Adelphi Society met on Friday evenings for debates, which Cleve greatly enjoyed. He wrote to Grace on one occasion that he upheld the negative on the subject "Resolved, that the annexation of the Sandwich Islands would be beneficial to the United States." There were apparently no organized sports, at least not in winter. The boys went sleigh riding, skated on the Manhan River, or exercised in what Cleve called the "Jim." On Saturday afternoons, they were free to "lounge around," which, as he described it, consisted of "making a few visits, bowling, reading, and playing backgammon." None of his letters even mentioned studying, but his penmanship and spelling showed a neatness and correctness that would put a modern thirteen-year-old to shame.

In his final year at Williston, 1875, Cleve began a diary on the first day of the year, and kept it until the following August. In it, he mentioned working ("boning," he called it) for classes in Greek, Latin, and algebra; writing compositions and memorizing set pieces for "elocution." He was also extremely keen on photography. In the spring holiday, he tried to teach its mysteries to his sister May, and later, when a professional photographer came to the school to take pictures of the seniors, Cleve acted as his assistant.

During that spring holiday, their father took Earl and Cleve to Princeton to be interviewed by the redoubtable Scot, James McCosh, president of the College of New Jersey. Will Dodge was a great admirer of Dr. McCosh, who combined a liberal view of Darwin's theory of evolution with a conservative theological outlook. Also, Will's friend and neighbor Percy Pyne had sent his sons Moses Taylor and Percy, Jr., from Williston to Princeton and spoke well of the place. These appear to be the chief reasons why Will chose Princeton instead of his brothers' alma mater, Yale, for his boys. "Went with Papa to Princeton," reads Cleve's diary entry for Thursday, March 18, 1874. "Had a very good time. Dr. McCosh, Butler, and Percy [Pyne] took charge of us and we were showed all the sights."

Just before he was to return to Williston, Cleve noted that "poor dear little Morris has the diphtheria." The youngest of the Dodge children, Morris, was then seven years old and a frail child who had narrowly survived a bout of meningitis and pneumonia two years before. Cleve went back to school, but five days later he wrote, "Whilst in elocution I received a telegram saying that Morris was very sick and for me to come home. I came down in the eleven o'clock train & reached home at 4½. Found that the dear little fellow had breathed quietly away his life last night. . . . Dear Mamma is quite broken down with watching and anxiety."

A trip to Europe was prescribed for Sarah Hoadley Dodge's health and nerves after this tragedy. Since the boys had been accepted for Princeton, they were allowed to leave Williston before the end of the term—"all the class bore us trium-

phantly to the Depot & there we said goodbye to them and Easthampton forever," Cleve wrote. The entire family except for Grace set off at the end of April on a journey that took them to Ireland, Wales, and England, then to the Continent and a long tour through France, Switzerland, Germany, and the Low Countries. They went on to Scotland before returning home from Liverpool. They got back in August, and the next month Earl and Cleve entered Princeton as freshman members of the class of 1879.

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GRACE HOADLEY DODGE HAD CHOSEN to stay at home with her grandparents that spring of 1875 because by then, at the age of nineteen, she was already launched on a lifelong career of good works. She and May, the two sisters who never married, both led out-of-the-ordinary lives for women of their class and time. Although their lives were totally different in style and content, both were motivated by the desire to serve others. Grace chose to stay in New York and devoted herself to the overlapping causes of working women and of education. She lived with her parents and took care of them in their old age. May elected to live in England; among the English, her freehanded generosity became something of a legend as she involved herself with the esoteric cult of Theosophy and with the British socialist movement.

"Little Giant" Grace, as her brother Cleve had addressed her when they were both at boarding school, went out from home into the wider world of New York City at a time when it and its problems were growing at an explosive rate. Devout, earnest, and completely humorless, she also had within her ample frame all the typical Dodge energy, enthusiasm, and executive ability. Her accomplishments over the next thirty-nine years brought her world fame in her own time within her field, and have assured her a place among the heroines of the women's movement in our day.

Her principles, absorbed from her father and his philanthropic associates, from social reformers Josephine Shaw Lowell and Louisa Lee Schuyler, and from the evangelistic message of revivalist Dwight Moody, were simple and forthright. Grace understood the practice of Christianity to mean helping people to help themselves. She believed that the best way to help people to help themselves was to provide for their education. Her conviction that the family unit was the mainstay of general wellbeing and that moral, skillful women were essential for good families underlay all her efforts for girls and young women. Putting these beliefs into practice became her life's task.

She began in traditionally ladylike fashion by teaching Sunday school and weekday sewing classes, but soon moved beyond them. She went to see for her-

self the living and working conditions of the city's poor people in their tenements, sweatshops, and factories. She became a regular visitor at Bellevue Hospital, where conditions were still nearly as appalling as James Stokes had found them twenty-five years before. Her practical reaction there was to help start a training school for nurses.[oo] Working girls crowding into the cities from rural homes or from abroad engaged her concern early in her career. So did the plight of slum children who could not attend the public schools because they lacked clothes to wear or were unable to speak English. Grace formed Working Girls' Clubs, saw her idea spread from New York to other cities, and combined them into a Working Girls' Association. She originated and guided the Industrial Education and Kitchen Garden associations, in whose classes boys could learn carpentry and mechanics, and girls, the various domestic skills.

As the years went by, she came to look on New York as her family and the organizations she developed as her children. This idea of hers—that women can maintain their traditional role as nurturers yet extend it outward into broader spheres—is what assures Grace H. Dodge a niche in today's feminist pantheon. From each organization that she formed, another seemed to grow. The line is clear from Sunday school classes to Working Girls' Clubs to the Young Women's Christian Association and the Travelers' Aid Society; from the Industrial Education and Kitchen Garden associations to serving as one of the first women on the New York City Board of Education to founding what became Teachers College of Columbia University. Once Grace felt that she had done her best for a cause or an organization, she had no compunctions about leaving it in other hands and going on to something else. She was never proprietary about the things she had pioneered. Like a wise mother, she was willing to let these "children" of hers stand on their own feet.

Her shyness and awkwardness were gradually transferred into a controlled but commanding presence that both awed and impressed most of the people with whom she came into contact. Yet she could never shake the sense of inferiority she felt about her lack of formal education. This was clearly evidenced when her successful programs in the industrial and domestic arts brought out the need to train teachers to teach those skills.

The New York College for the Training of Teachers (in 1892, it became officially Teachers College) came into existence chiefly owing to Grace's unremitting efforts and fund-raising skills. It was she who took a risk before the necessary money was in hand and acquired for the college the old Union Theological Seminary building on University Place (the Seminary, thanks in large part to the generosity of the Dodge and James families, had recently moved to a new location uptown). And when Teachers College outgrew that building and decided to

[oo] Grace's sister, Alice Dodge Osborn (1865-1946) later took over the training school as her special, life-long concern.

Main Hall of Teachers College, opened 1894.
Teachers College, New York City

build next door to Columbia University's new campus on Morningside Heights, Grace Dodge almost single-handedly raised the necessary funds by writing thousands of letters and making hundreds of personal calls.

In the early days on University Place, she approached George Vanderbilt, grandson of the old Commodore, for a large contribution. He offered her a library, but she told him that the college needed a dynamic president more than it needed books and bookshelves. "Here is your 'brain money,' " he wrote to her a few days later, enclosing a check for ten thousand dollars. The money was used to pay the salary of the twenty-four-year-old Columbia philosophy professor chosen by Grace and her fellow trustees to be the first president of the college. His name was Nicholas Murray Butler.

Butler was an ambitious and self-serving man who eventually became president of Columbia University. From the beginning, he worked to bring Teachers College under Columbia's control. He had little patience with Grace Dodge's

aims; as he wrote in his autobiography, he wanted to see the college "converted from a philanthropic enterprise into one for educational advancement and reform." His assumption of intellectual superiority brought out Grace's feelings of inferiority over the paucity of her own formal schooling. He definitely let her know that he, a Doctor of Philosophy, did not need advice from a woman with a bare eighteen months of Miss Porter's curriculum. Trying not to feel resentful, Grace humbly went to work to provide the financial underpinning for his lofty schemes.

Donors who had been willing to contribute toward the training of poor children were not equally sympathetic to an academically oriented college for the professional training of teachers. "I would start out mornings and afternoons," Grace recalled later, "walk up and down the avenues or streets, would call at large houses, would be refused as a book agent, find people out or engaged."[11] She kept at it, however, and in addition to her calls and letters instituted a series of Saturday afternoon receptions at the college where she did her best to transmit her own enthusiasm to potential donors. Gradually the deficits were overcome, and the college was placed on such a solid basis that its future well-being and growth were assured.

The biggest problem that remained was the search for another president after Butler resigned to return to Columbia. A much weaker man, Walter Hervey, was his immediate successor. He found the tension between the intellectuals and the "do-gooders" too much to handle and soon quit, along with the professor of psychology. Grace Dodge and two other trustees, philanthropist V. Everit Macy and financier Spencer Trask, decided to ask Andrew F. West, then professor of Latin at Princeton, to be the president. West turned down their offer, remained at Princeton, and a few years later, in 1896, was appointed dean of the Graduate School there. His plans for the latter clashed with those of Woodrow Wilson, Princeton's president, and a bitter battle ensued. Trustees, faculty, even townspeople chose sides. Grace's brother Cleve, by then a Princeton trustee, was one of Wilson's principal supporters. When West and his faction won the fight, Wilson left the groves of academe to enter politics. He was elected governor of New Jersey in 1910 and president of the United States in 1912. One can only speculate how different the course of history might have been had West accepted the invitation of Grace H. Dodge and the other Teachers College trustees.

Eventually, an educator named James Earl Russell, originally hired to be professor of psychology, took over the reins as dean. He was able to get along with the Columbia administration, with the educational reformers on his own faculty, and with his philanthropic trustees. Above all, he got on well with Grace Dodge. Together, he and she made a formidable team, each recognizing clearly what the other had to offer. Grace was as nearly in love with James Earl Russell as she ever was with any man. Nicholas Murray Butler had bullied her, and she in turn had

bossed Walter Hervey. But she and Russell became warm friends and together they built the college into a world-renowned center of pedagogy.

The continuity that is such a recurring theme in the Dodge family's record is reflected again in the further history of Teachers College. After Grace's death, her nephew Cleveland Earl Dodge became a trustee and eventually chairman of its board, serving for more than fifty years.

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EVEN BEFORE THE BIRTH OF TEACHERS COLLEGE, Grace H. Dodge had become well known nationally through her many speeches and articles concerning working girls. Having herself visited the dirty, noisy factories where these girls worked for pitifully low wages and having gone to the dingy rooms or large, disorderly tenement households in which they lived, she described the scenes vividly for the general reader. She also committed to paper a series of "Practical Talks" she had given to the girls themselves at their club meetings. These emphasized purity, moral uplift, and women's special role as builders and maintainers of the home. They warned against such dangers and temptations of city life as evil men, drink, and drugs. Although couched in Victorian terms, the "Talks" were frank and plainspoken on the subjects of sex and female hygiene. Girls were told how to handle their menstrual periods and their own sexual urges and were abjured to avoid premarital sex and masturbation. Grace was also very much against the wearing of tight corsets and told the girls that it was "more important to be strong, happy women than to have for a few years a *small* waist." She opposed high heels, too, on the basis that they "put out of position almost every part of the body."

In view of her own situation, it is revealing to read what she had to say about spinsterhood: " 'Old maid' is not a pleasant term to us, and we shrink from the state which it suggests, but it is often a very happy thing. . . . The unmarried daughters, sisters, friends, are most necessary and useful in many a home. . . . They can bring cheer or gladness into many a home instead of only one. Their influence over others can be great."[12]

From 1903 to 1909, Grace found herself both useful and necessary in her own home, as first her father and then her mother grew weak and ill. William E. Dodge, Jr., at the end of his life suffered from some kind of intestinal disorder. According to one source, he got into the hands of a quack doctor who put him on a diet of peanuts. If so, he must have found this a great trial, for he had always been something of a gourmet. Theodore Roosevelt, Sr., back in 1861, mentioned to his wife that his companion on the Allotment Commission had trouble finding food to suit his high standard when they went the rounds of the army

Grace H. Dodge with her Working Girls' Club.
The Cleveland H. Dodge Foundation, New York City

camps; and from shipboard Cleve Dodge once wrote to his children that "the table is not very good and would not suit Grandpa." One of his grandsons remembered that, in later life, he always drank a pint of champagne with his dinner, saying it was good for his digestion.

In the spring of 1903, saddened by the death of his mother, Melissa Phelps Dodge, at the age of ninety-three, Will grew steadily worse. He and Sarah for

some years had rented the James Blaine "cottage" at Bar Harbor, Maine, for the summer months. He was just strong enough in May to make the down-East journey to Maine from New York for the final time. Grace of course went with her parents, as she had complete charge of running their households in addition to all her other work.

"*Our cure* during the past two weeks has reached a hard time," she wrote to James Earl Russell on August 6. "My Father has not walked a step for two weeks, & cannot even lift his limbs on the bed. . . . My Mother fell downstairs three weeks ago & has suffered much since, & is *so* tired! You see my hands are full of home duties." Three days later, her father died. After his funeral at Riverdale, Grace wrote again to Russell: "I have now a precious charge in my Mother who is 71, frail & weak, but so lonely in this terrible break after 50 years of close-union."[13]

Sarah Hoadley Dodge had never been strong, and after her husband's death, she declined rapidly. In the years between his death and her own in January 1909, a series of strokes reduced her to complete helplessness. She became unable to walk or talk, and Grace compared her to "a lovely little child of two." In order to be with her, Grace curtailed most of the activities that took her away from home. Yet it was during this time that she accomplished one of her most significant services: the formation of the National Board of the YWCA.

Until Grace Dodge came on the scene, there had been two sets of Young Women's Christian associations in the United States. One set, formed in New York and Boston before the Civil War, emphasized the practical. Although full of moral uplift, its principal aim had been to make life more bearable for young working women in big cities. The other set, which had its origins in the Middle West, looked particularly to the needs of female college students and was strongly evangelical. It went in for prayer meetings, Bible and mission study groups, as well as other forms of spiritual uplift; affiliation with a Protestant church was a prerequisite for voting membership. Even though it seemed practical to merge, each of these groups felt theirs was the right approach; neither wanted to give way to the other. The movement's official historian summed up the conflict by saying that it was a case of "the older against the younger, the religious liberal against the more restricted, the East against the Middle West, and the influence of the Young Men's Christian association against a distinctly women's movement."[14]

The conflict came to a head when a squabble arose over which group had jurisdiction in Washington, D.C. Grace, able to see right on both sides, offered her services as a mediator. Representatives of both sets gratefully accepted her offer and came to a conference that she called in New York in May 1905. A joint committee was set up with Grace as chairman. She worked solidly with it for more than a year, using her diplomatic, organizational, and managerial skills to the

fullest. Her niece, Elizabeth, best described Grace's way of doing things when she spoke of her "loving tact." Grace emphasized what the two groups had in common rather than what divided them and convinced them of the need for unity. Finally a joint convention was held in December 1906, the report of Grace's committee was accepted, and the National Board of the YWCA was formally established. She was unanimously elected its first president.

All of Grace's experience came into play as she guided this new entity through its formative years. Not only had she spent thirty years working for women, but from earliest childhood she had watched behind the scenes as her grandfather, father, and brother had worked for the YMCA. She steered the YWCA toward the same sort of strong national organization, central headquarters, and trained professional staff that served the YMCA so well. Her expressed desire for "a four-fold work, namely the physical, social, educational, and spiritual" was an echo of what her father had achieved for the men.

Between 1907 and her death in 1914, Grace's accomplishments for the YWCA were remarkable. The organization grew rapidly and, within those seven years, came to supervise over eight hundred associations nationwide. A national headquarters building rose at Fifty-second Street and Lexington Avenue; a staff training school was established; New York City's metropolitan YWCA, with its eight independent centers, was efficiently reorganized under a single coordinating board of directors. The United States organization took its place in the World YWCA, sending secretaries to work in Asia and in South America, and Grace herself led the United States delegation to a world conference at Berlin in 1910.

Dozens of other causes clamored for her attention and her executive touch during those last busy years, including the Travelers' Aid Society (originated by Grace under the aegis of the YWCA, with the problems of young women travelers particularly in mind), Constantinople Women's College in the Near East, the American Social Hygiene Association, and the Women's Municipal League.

After her parents' deaths, Grace continued to live at 262 Madison Avenue for half of each year and at Greyston in Riverdale for the other six months. Every moment of every day was filled with activity of some sort. In the mornings she held meetings and interviews or dictated letters to a secretary, since her right hand had become partially paralyzed as a result of so many handwritten messages over the years. Afternoons and evenings were almost invariably taken up with luncheons, teas, and dinners with co-workers or family members. A corporation, consisting of Grace, her brother Cleve, and her sister Alice Dodge Osborn, was formed to hold the town house (Greyston had been willed directly to Grace by her father). In May 1912, Grace, always businesslike even in dealing with her own siblings, prepared a report "To the Stockholders of No. 262 Madison Avenue" to sum up "the uses made of the house for the three years I have managed it."

Besides "immediate family, aunts, uncles, cousins, and old friends," she pointed out that it had been used for Teachers College, YWCA, and Travelers' Aid trustee meetings and for hundreds of other committee meetings. The family had been there each year for Thanksgiving dinner, and in addition there had been a total of seventy-six "Formal Entertainments," including receptions for foreign students and "a large dinner and coming out dance for Aileen," Alice Osborn's daughter. There had been 963 "Informal Guests," and 885 others had come for "interviews and small conferences with G.H.D." One wonders who kept the meticulous count!

Expenses over the three-year period, including taxes, came to just under $25,000. Despite the staggering total of 7,500 people who passed through the front door, Grace concluded her report by saying, "I would express my regret that 262 has not been more used."

It was a full and incredibly busy life for Grace Dodge, but a lonely one nevertheless. She could give guidance and sympathy and moral uplift to people—especially women—and to institutions, but she never mastered the art of intimacy. Worn out by her good works, she died quite suddenly on December 27, 1914. One New York newspaper described how women stood in the rain and sleet along Madison Avenue during the funeral service—the last gathering at Number 262.

Shortly after her death, J. Pierpont Morgan was quoted as having said of Grace: "She has the finest business brain in the United States, not excepting that of any man." But of all the tributes that poured in, the comment of her old playmate and friend, Theodore Roosevelt, was one of the simplest and nicest. He wrote to her brother Cleve:

"Grace was one of the finest and truest women I have ever met, and not only did I admire her but of course I always kept the memory of our young days when we were all together."[15]

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GRACE'S DEATH LEFT ONLY THREE of the five children of William E. Dodge, Jr., and Sarah still living. Cleveland H. Dodge and Alice Dodge Osborn by 1914 were both married and living in New York, with grown-up children of their own. And by that same year Grace's unmarried sister May—Mary Melissa Hoadley Dodge—had been living for more than twenty years in London.

May as a girl had worshiped her older brothers, Earl and Cleve, and had tried to keep up with them both mentally and physically. Once as a teenager she accepted their challenge and walked with them all the way from the town house at 262 Madison Avenue to Greyston at Riverdale, having to spend weeks in bed afterward. Like her mother, her health was never very good. As a result, her education had been even sketchier than Grace's, consisting mainly of private lessons at home and trips abroad with lady tutors or members of the family. She had developed strong interests in art, music, and literature, however. Unfortunately, she suffered increasingly from what was then known as "rheumatic gout," the same arthritic complaint that had plagued her grandmother Melissa Phelps Dodge and that effectively ruled out any prospect of marriage. May was nearly as tall and heavily built as Grace, though her features were softer, and she, too, suffered agonies of shyness which she covered with a certain brusqueness of manner.

The improbable reason given for her permanent move to London in the 1890s, after many long visits there, was that the English climate would be beneficial to her rheumatism! The real reason appears to have been her desire to be independent, undominated by her parents or her dynamically do-gooding elder sister. With the others all married and gone to households of their own, May could not have found life at Number 262 very amusing. Grace ran the household; Grace acted as hostess when their mother was indisposed; Grace had her own office in the basement and went earnestly about her myriad projects. May desperately

wanted to *be* someone, to do something on her own, but was not sure what her role could be. Her many visits had convinced her that London life, with its older, subtler culture, had more to offer than she could find in New York in the shadow of her family. She had been brought up, just as her siblings had, to consider the possession of wealth a trust and a responsibility, but she must have reasoned that she could better carry out those responsibilities in a more enjoyable atmosphere where she could combine them with her other tastes.

The Dodge family's long-standing connections with England gave her the entrée to society there. Her father cooperated by buying her a house in Brompton Square. After a few years she moved to the more fashionable Eaton Square. Since it was considered unthinkable for a lady in her circumstances to live alone, a much younger New Yorker, Julia Schreiner, was installed with her as housemate and companion.[pp] May was presented to Queen Victoria at Court and soon had a wide acquaintance among prominent people in overlapping aristocratic, political, and artistic circles. Surviving letters to her show the different sorts of people she knew. Among her correspondents were the novelist Mrs. Humphry Ward, Lord Baden-Powell of the Boy Scout movement, and Queen Victoria's daughter-in-law, the Duchess of Albany, as well as American expatriates Henry James, John Singer Sargent, and Edwin Austin Abbey. All were glad to welcome another well-born, wealthy, and generous American to their world and way of life. May was delighted at their reception, and also in her modesty possibly somewhat surprised. Relishing her independence, she responded with opulent entertainment and large donations to her new friends' favorite charities.

In addition to contributing to organizations for the alleviation and education of the poor, it was part of May's nature to take special pleasure in doing particularly nice things for individuals whom she admired. Two occasions stand out as examples: her Baltic cruise of 1906, and her sponsorship in 1909 of Ethel Smyth's opera, *The Wreckers*.

In September of the former year, May chartered a luxurious steam yacht, the *Miranda*, from Lord Leith of Fyvie and invited seven guests to join her on a leisurely trip through the Kiel Canal and on to Copenhagen, Stockholm, and St. Petersburg. Her good friends Sir Herbert and Lady Jekyll of Munstead, near Godalming, Surrey, with their two daughters, were of the party, as was Lord Gerald Wellesley, a future Duke of Wellington. Herbert Jekyll's sister, the garden planner Gertrude Jekyll, had for some years been working closely with the rising young architect Edwin Lutyens. It was he who originally designed Monkton House for the William Dodge Jameses when they decided they needed a retreat

[pp] Although she left May's household about 1907, Julia Schreiner stayed in England, and the two ladies remained good friends. In 1914, she married Robert Greg, an English diplomat, and went with him to posts in Portugal and Egypt. After he was knighted, he served as British ambassador to Siam and Romania.

Miss Mary Dodge and Miss Julia Schreiner in court dress.
Author's collection

from the high living at West Dean, and he and Gertrude Jekyll were much sought after for the creation of country houses and gardens. The rest of Gertrude's family knew Lutyens well and liked him enormously.

Just at that time the Herbert Jekylls were feeling rather sorry for Lutyens; he had been overworking, and his wife, Lady Emily—the somewhat soulful daugh-

Sketch by "Ned" Lutyens of himself in yachting clothes.
Jane Ridley, ed. *The Letters of Edwin Lutyens*

ter of the Earl of Lytton, Viceroy of India, and granddaughter of Edward Bulwer-Lytton, author of *The Last Days of Pompeii*—had gone away for the summer with their children. Herbert's wife, "Aggie" Jekyll, suggested that "Ned" be asked to come along on the cruise and, with May's consent, had contacted him herself. Ned accepted with some trepidation, for his only previous seagoing experience had been on cross-Channel steamers, and he had been seasick more often than not.

Despite his fears, his letters to his "darling Emmie"—and one delightful little sketch of himself in specially ordered "yacht shoes and a yacht cap"—reveal how much he enjoyed the trip. He characterized May as "a dear," but "rather brusque," with "a knack of finishing up a conversation."

Once across the North Sea—to Ned's relief "as calm as the Thames"—and through the Kiel Canal, they cruised in leisurely fashion, putting into harbors large and small to "sight see and curiosity hunt." After one such expedition, Ned remarked that "Miss Dodge buys regally—but I fear not always wisely." The weather was excellent most of the time: "The days are so hot and the seas so calm that it all seems fairyland," he wrote. "The meals are bountiful and frequent and no time to do anything between them but frivol."

"It is such fun and such a delicious life on yacht board," he said in a later letter,

"and Miss Dodge is really a wonderful hostess and we are all such a happy party. We have everything you can think of . . . and no one is allowed to pay for anything." He added that their hostess "does little herself and seems easily tired but just likes us all to do what we like."

At Stockholm, Lutyens left the others, who were to sail on to St. Petersburg. For him, it had been a perfect eighteen days of rest and relaxation and "frivol"; he was, he wrote, "sad to leave the Miranda and the vortex of intimacy she has engendered."[16]

The other example of May's spectacular generosity to individuals came in 1909, when she rented His Majesty's Theatre from Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree in order to stage an opera written by her friend Ethel Smyth, the composer. It was called *The Wreckers*, with a plot centered on pirates luring ships onto the rocky Cornwall coast. May greatly admired Ethel, a rumbustiously vital, talented woman and an ardent suffragist. In order to advance her friend's career, May hired the Queen's Hall for rehearsals, the theatre for six performances, and paid all the production costs. The conductor Thomas Beecham, who like Ned Lutyens in the architectural field was just rising to fame, provided an orchestra and his own services to lead it. Ethel invited King Edward and Queen Alexandra to one of the performances and arranged for young Beecham to be presented to them afterward. She also persuaded Thomas's father Joseph Beecham, maker of the famous "little liver pills," to come to the performance that same evening.

Father and son had long been estranged, and Thomas had been financially cut off. The sight of his son being hailed by a fashionable audience and chatting with royalty greatly pleased old Joseph, who was a terrible snob. The two were immediately reconciled—an inadvertent result of May Dodge's generosity—but there was also another, not so happy outcome. Thomas Beecham, in his excitement over the reconciliation, wrote exultantly and amorously to his mistress about it. That lady, who was married, stuffed the letter into her stocking. When her maid was washing the stockings, she found the incriminating letter and showed it to the lady's husband. The end of the affair came when the husband sued for divorce, naming Beecham as co-respondent. *The Wreckers* had lived up to its name.

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THE YEAR BEFORE THE OPERA PERFORMANCES May had moved to Warwick House, an imposingly handsome eighteenth-century house facing Green Park and backing onto the stable yard of St. James's Palace. Here she could entertain even more grandly than she had done at Eaton Square. About this time

Ethel Smyth, from a drawing by John Singer Sargent.
The National Portrait Gallery, London

she apparently came to feel that her life was too much of what Ned Lutyens had called a "frivol." It was owing to his having gone on her Baltic cruise that she was introduced to Theosophy.

Lutyens had as clients a wealthy French family named Mallet, for whom he built a house, "le Bois des Moutiers," at Varengeville, near Dieppe. On one of his consulting trips, he took his wife with him. Lady Emily, never one to "frivol," was feeling unfulfilled and frustrated. When M. and Mme. Mallet, who had

recently become ardent Theosophists, spoke of the cult to her, they found an eager listener.

Theosophy—which in Greek means "wisdom concerning things divine"—was a cult invented in New York by a spiritualist medium, Helena Blavatsky, and her press agent, one Henry Olcott. After the Civil War there had been a great craze in America for spiritualism—table-rappings, messages from the Other World, etc.—perhaps as a result of the loss of so many young men and the anxiety of their survivors to get in touch with them. This fad was fading by about 1875; the huge success of the Dodge-backed revivalists Moody and Sankey may well have had something to do with its demise. In order to keep their hold on the New York public, Blavatsky worked up Theosophy. It was a fantastic blend of Hinduism and Buddhism, plus a pinch of Mohammedanism, a dollop of Christianity, and a generous seasoning of occultism. From this arcane jumble, its adherents believed, there would be a miraculous Second Coming: a reincarnation of the Lord Buddha, Mohammed, and Christ all inhabiting one body.

In the 1890s, Mme. Blavatsky died, and leadership of the Theosophical Society was taken over by Annie Besant, a small, stocky woman of enormous energy and great magnetism who had already been through several careers. She had been an advocate of atheism, free love, birth control, women's rights, and socialism. She had been married to and separated from an Anglican clergyman and had lived with George Bernard Shaw. Now she turned to Theosophy.

Since there was so much of Eastern religion in the theosophical recipe, and since many westernized Indians had joined the movement, its headquarters had been established at Adyar in the Indian state of Madras. Annie went there to live, returning often to England to lecture and to proselytize. It was at Adyar, in 1909, that she and her colleagues decided they had found the vessel that would eventually hold the new Messiah. They chose a fifteen-year-old, high-caste Indian boy, Jiddu Krishnamurti.

Mme. Mallet had sent Lady Emily Lutyens a book by Mrs. Besant explaining Theosophy, its practices, and its hopes for the future. Soon afterward, Lady Emily met the charismatic woman face-to-face, when Annie brought "Krishna" and his younger brother "Nitya" to England for the first time in the spring of 1911. She became completely mesmerized. For the next twenty years, she was a totally devoted disciple, willing to go anywhere and to do anything for Annie Besant, Krishna, and the Cause, even though it meant practically deserting her husband, Ned.

At the time, Annie Besant's greatest need was for wealthy and titled members to give cachet and financial support to the movement. Lady Emily willingly sought such converts and, at Warwick House, found two who proved to be exactly what was required. May Dodge had the money, and "Munie" DeLaWarr, who had recently gone to live with her, had the title. Muriel, Countess De-

LaWarr, was another rather masculine woman, a former member of the White Heather ladies' cricket club, who had divorced her husband some years before. She had three children, but nonetheless was in almost constant attendance on May, whose arthritic condition was steadily worsening.

Lady Emily Lutyens wrote of May that she was, "without exception, the most nobly generous woman I have ever met." The idea that Theosophy stood for the best truth of all religions appealed to her, and she quickly became the chief contributor to the society. When Ned Lutyens was prevailed upon to design its London headquarters in Tavistock Square, May gave most of the money for it. She paid for theosophical publications and for theosophical schools and gave financial aid to a great many theosophical people. "The wildest schemes were financed by her," Lady Emily noted in her autobiography. The money poured out as from a cornucopia. Only once did May balk. Several theosophical clergymen founded a church as an adjunct to the society, which they called the Liberal Catholic church. They devised a new liturgy and consecrated each other as bishops. When asked to pay for richly embroidered vestments for these bishops, May finally and flatly refused.

Mrs. Besant had brought Krishna and Nitya to England in the firm belief that an Oxford education would provide the finest foundation for a God-to-be. The university authorities believed equally firmly that even a God-to-be must pass his entrance examinations, so the boys were provided with a series of tutors (good Theosophists all, and one of them a brother of the novelist P. G. Wodehouse) over the next several years. While Annie Besant shuttled back and forth between India and England and divided her attention between Theosophy and Indian politics, the boys spent much of their time with May Dodge and Lady DeLaWarr. They stayed often at Warwick House or at West Side House on Wimbledon Common. When wartime austerity and her own increasing physical restrictions prevented her going away to Scotland in the summers, May had bought the latter place, another lovely eighteenth-century house with sweeping lawns, massed plantings of rhododendrons, and a tennis court in its grounds.

During this period, Krishna and Nitya behaved more like typical teenagers than like candidates for godhood. May's niece, Aileen Osborn Webb, remembered being at Warwick House once when little Nitya's turban flew off during a particularly high-spirited game. He was so embarrassed, she said, that he hid himself inside May's voluminous drawing-room curtains and refused to come out until Krishna gave it back to him. Later, Krishna took up tennis and golf and learned to ride a motorbike. All his attempts to pass Oxford and Cambridge examinations came to naught; well-connected Theosophists tried to use their influence to get him admitted but without success. He was eventually sent to France to complete his education.

In the mid-1920s, Annie Besant and her second-in-command, Charles Lead-

Lady Emily Lutyens.
Mary Lutyens Links, London

Krishnamurti.
Mary Lutyens Links, London

Mrs. Annie Besant.
Mary Lutyens Links, London

beater, decided that the time had come to proclaim the new Messiah. They did so with a worldwide blare of press publicity. Unfortunately for them, Krishna, who up to then had seemed to go along with all their occult fantasies, decided that he could no longer do what they desired. "You must become liberated not because of me but in spite of me," he told his loyal followers in 1927. "You must not make me an authority."[17]

Krishna's denial of godhood seemed to rob the Theosophical Society of its *raison d'être*, and many members resigned, including May Dodge. She had left home many years before to avoid domination by her parents and by her sister Grace, yet she had allowed herself to be dominated for many years by Annie Besant. Now, like the young Indian, she finally rebelled. She remained to the end of her life on good terms with Krishna, who went on to be a much-respected teacher and lecturer. Until his death in 1986 he based himself in Ojai, California, where May had bought him land and a house, and received an annuity of £1,000 a year from her estate.

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THEOSOPHY WAS BY NO MEANS May Dodge's only concern in the last twenty years of her life. Just as Grace had continued to watch over Teachers College while at the same time involving herself in the organization of the YWCA, May also branched into support for the women's suffrage and the socialist movements. Since active participation was barred by her physical disabilities, May's role, as with Theosophy, lay in opening her homes and her checkbook.

Grace Dodge had kept the YWCA out of the American suffragist campaign on the grounds that it should be apolitical, but May took a different line. She was a staunch supporter of those English Suffragettes who were willing to go to wild extremes and to risk their lives in order to gain the vote for women (Lady Emily Lutyens's sister, Lady Constance Lytton, went to jail four times and was forcibly fed at least once in the course of the long struggle). Through their contact with Annie Besant, who occasionally seemed to neglect the Theosophical Society in her zeal to obtain home rule for India, May and Munie DeLaWarr came into sympathetic touch with the more radical wing of Britain's Labour party. A combination of circumstances involving the Theosophists, suffragists, and radical politics led to their meeting and backing a young activist named Francis Meynell, who later became one of England's most renowned printer-typographers.

The two good ladies of Warwick House went one evening to an *anti*suffragist meeting at the Queen's Hall—possibly hoping to come away with ammunition for their own cause. Francis Meynell was there, and May and Munie were greatly impressed by the way he stood up and eloquently opposed every resolution the

antisuffragists offered. May knew his parents, the poet Alice Meynell and her husband, Wilfred, a publisher. The day after the Queen's Hall meeting, she and Lady DeLaWarr went to Wilfred Meynell's firm, Burns and Oates, where Francis worked. It was a Roman Catholic house, specializing in religious books. May congratulated the younger Meynell on his prosuffragist views and gave him £500, asking him to use it to buy Burns and Oates books for distribution to "poor Catholic communities." Later she asked him to come to Warwick House to give poetry readings for groups of her friends. In his memoirs, Francis recalled going there to hold forth in May's drawing room, formally attired in morning coat, striped trousers, grey waistcoat, and spats. He also recalled that she gave him a gold watch, which he soon pawned and never reclaimed.

Meynell was leftward leaning, to say the least, in his political views and was a friend of Annie Besant's ally, the Socialist George Lansbury. It did not apparently take much persuasion to get the two ladies to help them purchase the bankrupt Labour newspaper, the *Daily Herald*, and buy off its former editor. Indeed, May and Munie acted for a long time as a pair of fairy godmothers to Meynell. When he married, May gave him a Whistler painting—"Cremorne Gardens–Dusk"—as a wedding present.[qq] His daughter was born in the quiet comfort of Lady DeLaWarr's country house, and May Dodge agreed to be the little girl's godmother.

Francis had long been intrigued by typography and the "look of books," but had never had a printing press of his own. Soon after his marriage, May gave him one small enough to set up in his dining room. With it, he brought out the first in the long line of beautiful books he was to produce in ensuing years. It was a slim volume in an edition of fifty, consisting of ten of his mother Alice Meynell's poems and dedicated "To M.H.D."

The Romney Street Press, as he called it, did not last long, partly because of "the constant fear that the printer's ink would get into the soup," and chiefly because Meynell needed more lucrative employment. World War I had begun, and the *Daily Herald* had had to subside into a weekly. Francis had also resigned from Burns and Oates out of fear that his increasing notoriety as a conscientious objector might embarrass the firm. At this point, his needs and those of the Theosophical Society conveniently dovetailed, since the Theosophists needed a printer for their publications. In 1916, Miss Dodge and Lady DeLaWarr put up the money for Meynell to start a new and larger enterprise called the Pelican Press.

"The ladies' first object was to prepare the way for the Lord," Meynell noted. "I wanted to prepare it for the Socialist International." In the next three years, he did a great deal of printing for both.

[qq] May's liking for pictures was lifelong, and her gifts of them illustrate both her generosity and her fine taste. In addition to the Whistler for Meynell, she gave a Blake painting to the Tate Gallery and left a lovely small Guardi to her nephew Bayard Dodge.

Francis Meynell as a young man.
Lady Meynell, Lavenham, England

He went often to May's pleasant West Side House at Wimbledon, with its lovely garden and tennis court, and remembered tennis matches there with Krishnamurti. Krishna had an unreturnable serve, known as the "American reverse twist." Francis found this rather unfair, his thoughts running somewhat on the order of "all this, and Heaven too."

At the end of the war, the weekly Labour *Herald* was able to resume its daily status. Meynell turned over the running of the Pelican Press to a colleague and returned to the paper as assistant editor under George Lansbury. Financial strains threatened its existence in 1919 and 1920, but help from May Dodge was unavailable, as she was feeling the pinch of the postwar depression in America. Francis turned instead to the fledgling Soviet Russian government.

He approached Maxim Litvinov,[rr] whom he knew through the latter's English wife, and pointed out to him that the *Daily Herald* was the only newspaper in England which supported the Soviets and reported fully and sympathetically on their affairs. After consultation with his superiors in Moscow, Litvinov arranged for Meynell to be given £75,000 worth of Red-confiscated czarist jewels. He smuggled them into England—some hidden in chocolates, some carried in his mouth—and sold them in Hatton Garden. British intelligence agents then intercepted telegrams about the matter between Lenin and the Soviet trade delegation in London. Scandal threatened, and the *Herald*'s directors—who included Ernest Bevin, a future Foreign Secretary—decided that the gift should not be accepted. Francis had to turn the money over to the trade delegation and resign from the paper.

He returned to the Pelican Press and soon was asked to rework the layout and typography of the *Communist*, a weekly of the newly formed Communist party of Great Britain. He did so well with this assignment that the party chairman asked him to edit the paper for six months beginning in January 1921. In April, he published a cartoon showing J. H. Thomas, head of the railwaymen's union, as Judas. Thomas sued for libel, a trial was held, and Meynell was ordered to pay £2,000 damages. It was a tremendous sum for those days—a sum which Meynell did not have.

His fairy godmothers came to his rescue one final time. Having followed the sensational accounts of his activities in the press, they were as fearful for their own reputations as they were concerned for him. May had Warwick House on a Crown lease, which meant that she had to have the approval of Buckingham Palace to remain there, and both ladies, despite their involvement with Theosophy, Indian home rule, and radical English politics, had maintained their friendships within the Establishment. So Francis Meynell was summoned, not to Warwick

[rr] Maxim Litvinov (1876-1951), at the time assistant commissar for foreign affairs. He headed that ministry from 1930 to 1939 and was Russian ambassador to the United States from 1941 to 1943.

House but to Lady DeLaWarr's hairdresser's, "where she had the use of a private room and where no detective would follow her," as he explained. There she handed him the necessary £2,000—May's money—and the good ladies retired permanently from the political scene. So, too, did Meynell; he wrote that, a year later, he left "the world of politics and special pleading" to found his highly successful Nonesuch Press.[18]

Dodge family members who knew May always said that she had no real interest in politics per se, but thought the condition of the English lower classes and of the Indian masses so miserable that she was willing to support anyone who tried to help them. As the years went by, her ties with home grew tenuous—she never returned to America after 1907—though she was always eager to see and entertain any of her relations who came to England. When the recently married Aileen Osborn Webb (daughter of May's sister Alice) arrived in England in 1913 to spend several months while her law-student husband, Vanderbilt, attended Oxford, she was pregnant. May turned one of the upper floors of Warwick House into a lying-in hospital and nursery, engaged the services of a leading London obstetrician, and provided an elaborate, lacy layette for the expected baby. Derrick Webb was born at Warwick House in June of that year.

May kept up her interest in her American family's affairs, but evidently told them little of her own involvements. They had no inkling of her relationship to Francis Meynell, and when Krishnamurti's godhood was proclaimed in the New York newspapers, May's brother Cleve knew so little about it that he could only pass on to his daughter and son in the Near East the inaccurate information that Krishna had "lived at Lady DeLaWarr's home for some time."

Politics had frightened May, and Theosophy had disillusioned her. She had become so crippled that she was confined entirely to a wheelchair. She gave up Warwick House in 1925, after which she and Lady DeLaWarr for a time shared a much smaller house in Buckingham Gate. The Wimbledon house was also sold, and about 1930 May moved permanently to Hove, near Brighton. As her sister Alice Dodge Osborn wrote to Cleve's widow, she kept up "her gallant efforts to be someone" to the very end, dying on Christmas Eve of 1934. She did not live to see either the arrival of the welfare state in Great Britain or the independence of India. She most likely would have been pleased by both.

The Princeton campus circa 1877.
Princeton University Archives

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CLEVE DODGE WAS FIFTEEN MONTHS YOUNGER than his brother Earl and not yet sixteen years old when they entered Princeton in September 1875. There were then about 500 undergraduates, thirty faculty members, and twelve buildings on a somewhat barren campus at what President James McCosh called "me college." It was officially known as The College of New Jersey—it did not become Princeton University until 1896. Its central building, the pre-Revolutionary Nassau Hall, stood at the center of the campus facing the unpaved main street of the sleepy small town. Nothing much had happened in Princeton since the Americans had defeated the British in 1777 and the Continental Congress had met there in 1783. Isolation from the mainstream of life would have been complete, except that a spur railway line ran from the edge of the campus to join a main line at Princeton Junction. It was of little use to the students, however, since President McCosh's rules for their behavior provided that they could not leave town without his permission. On no account could they visit the nearest city, Trenton. "Jimmy" called that place "the graveyard of purity."

The class of 1879, with 126 freshmen, was the largest that had ever entered Princeton, and always considered itself the best. Fifty years on, those who remained and attended a reunion boasted that the class had produced a president of the United States (Woodrow Wilson), a justice of the Supreme Court (Mahlon Pitney), two Congressmen (Pitney and Charles C. Talcott), and an attorney general of New Jersey (Robert McCarter). For their alma mater, they had furnished a president (Wilson), a dean ("Billy" Magie), and five trustees (C. C. Cuyler, Cleve Dodge, Cyrus H. McCormick, Edward W. Sheldon, and Parker Handy). They had turned out thirty lawyers, twenty clergymen, twenty physicians, and sixteen teachers, as well as many prominent businessmen.

The undergraduates lived either in college dormitories or in privately owned boardinghouses in the town. The dormitories had neither plumbing nor central heating, and the occupants provided their own furniture for their rooms. Earl

The Alligators. T. Woodrow Wilson is third from the right, Earl Dodge is behind him.
The Princeton University Archives

and Cleve lived on the third floor of the south entry of East College, a building since demolished. Their quarters must have been quite commodious, for their furnishings included a piano. Coal for the students' fireplaces was supplied by the college. Washerwomen took care of their laundry, and Negro menservants did the cleaning and bed making. A rectangle of whitewashed brick latrines stood behind Nassau Hall, and the only bathtubs were in the recently constructed gymnasium.

The college had no arrangements for feeding those boys who lived in dormitories, so they ate in the town. Often a group of students would band together to rent a house where they could take their meals. Earl Dodge and "Tommy" (Woodrow) Wilson belonged to one such group called the Alligators, who had themselves photographed, fourteen strong, on the steps of their small rented house. The picture shows a dandified collection of youths exuding a palpable aura of "big men on campus," sporting velvet-collared overcoats, bowler hats, stick-up collars, and silk cravats. Even the Negro waiter standing in the background with a tray under his arm looks pleased with himself.

The course of studies at Princeton in those days was rigid and dull for freshmen and sophomores and overly eclectic for juniors and seniors. McCosh had strug-

gled hard to improve the quality of the faculty and had acquired a number of real scholars, but much of the teaching was handled by young underpaid and overworked "tutors." Afterward, many of the graduates recorded that they got more education from independent reading and from Whig and Clio, the literary and debating societies, than they did from the lectures and recitations of the curriculum.

Emphasis on religion was of course strong at the predominantly Presbyterian college. In addition to required chapel services, most of the undergraduates attended churches in town and class prayer meetings. During the autumn of 1876, when Earl and Cleve were sophomores, the first big revival meetings of Moody and Sankey were being held in New York under the auspices of the YMCA and of the Dodge boys' father. Moody came down to Princeton and preached, whereupon revival fervor swept the campus. It was about this time that Earl invited a small group of students to the rooms he shared with Cleve. Under his leadership, they organized a YMCA at Princeton and then carried the idea to students at other colleges. This was the beginning of what came to be known as the Student Volunteer Movement, which Moody's evangelistic heir, John R. Mott, took round the world in the 1890s and early twentieth century.

Earl was one of the most popular men in his class. Good-looking, a brilliant student, and a fine athlete, as well as an earnest Christian, with a natural instinct for leadership, he seemed from the day he arrived to embody every Princetonian's notion of the ideal. As captain of the football team in his junior year, he was instrumental in having British rugby rules adopted. Up to then, the game had been a soccer-type free-for-all with twenty men on a side. He also introduced a uniform for the players which consisted of black shirts with orange stripes on the sleeves; thus the Princeton "Tigers" were born. Earl and his fellow Alligator Tommy Wilson would sit over lunch using the tablecloth to diagram plays for the team, which beat Harvard and tied Yale that year. Earl resigned from the captaincy before his senior year (possibly due to the pressure of YMCA evangelizing—we are not told why), prompting Wilson to write of him in the newly founded newspaper, the *Princetonian*: "His services have become invaluable and his loss is a real and severe misfortune. . . . Both his character and his powerful playing rendered him one of the best captains we ever saw upon the field."

Earl stood thirteenth among the 124 members of the class at graduation. He went to work for Phelps, Dodge and immediately began doing "good works" in New York. He married Emmeline Harriman, whose family summered at Riverdale, and they had a son and a daughter. All seemed to point to a fine career similar to his father's, but in the late summer of 1884, he died quite suddenly of typhoid fever. There was a general outpouring of genuine grief from all who had known this golden youth, and some years later, Cleve decided that Princeton should have a memorial. He commissioned the sculptor Daniel Chester French

"The Christian Student," by Daniel Chester French, with Murray-Dodge Hall beyond.
The Princeton University Archives

to create a statue to personify all that Earl had been and done. French hesitated for a long time, writing to Cleve that he could not seem "to successfully cope with the subject. It seems as if it ought to be an inspiring one and capable of delightful treatment," he added, "and it is with humiliation that I have to confess my apparent inability to conceive of anything."[19]

Finally, he came up with what has been known ever since as "The Christian

"The Princeton Student" leaving Stockbridge, Massachusetts, January 1987.
The Berkshire Eagle, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

Student," a larger-than-life-sized bronze portrait of Earl in football togs with an academic gown over his shoulders and several books under one arm. Unfortunately, this representation of the scholar-athlete aroused both mirth and resentment among the students of the 1920s and 1930s. Repeatedly they toppled poor Earl from his pedestal, and even dragged the statue along Nassau Street, until the university authorities gave up and hid it in the basement of the art building (given by another member of the class of 1879, Cyrus McCormick). More recently, when Daniel Chester French's summer studio in the Berkshires was made into a museum, the charitable foundation that Cleve had set up in 1917 provided the funds to move "The Christian Student" to Stockbridge. There he can be admired, unmolested.[ss]

To return to the undergraduate days of the class of 1879, Cleve Dodge did not achieve the same heights of eminence as his brother Earl. Though younger than most of his classmates, he was tall and rangy. In the year that his brother captained the football team, Cleve rowed for his class, taking part in bumping races along the Raritan Canal. Another of his accomplishments was being the first student to ride a high-wheeled "penny-farthing" bicycle on the campus.

It was the custom for each class to sponsor an evening reception with entertainment at graduation time. As they came to the end of the sophomore year, the class of 1879 decided that they would like *their* reception to include a dance. Cleve, who had done so much dancing at Williston, was naturally all for it. President McCosh was horrified at the suggestion, but some of the trustees' wives persuaded Isabella McCosh to win over her husband, and the dance, the first ever at Princeton, was a great success. It is recorded in Cleve's mother's diary that she and his father came down for the occasion with his sister May and seven other young ladies.

Cleve kept up well in his studies and had a thoroughly good time at Princeton. While everyone looked up to Earl as a paragon, all his classmates *liked* Cleve for what one of them called his "infectious spirit of enthusiasm and fun." It was a spirit he never lost.

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AFTER GRADUATION FROM PRINCETON, Earl as noted went to work for Phelps, Dodge while Cleve was assigned to the lumber business under the direction of his youngest uncle, Arthur Murray Dodge. In this connection, he went south in 1882, traveling by ship. He was pleased to find a party aboard consisting of Theodore Roosevelt's aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Gracie, Theodore's sister Bamie, and her friend Grace Parish. Grace was short in stature,

[ss] In 1987, the "Christian Student" was returned at Princeton's request. Renamed the "Princeton Student," he has been placed in the Jadwin Gymnasium.

Cleveland H. Dodge as an undergraduate.
Author's collection

small-boned and delicate in appearance, lithe and graceful. The sparkle in her blue eyes belied the firm set of her mouth, and her dry sense of humor was a foil to Cleve's more robust sense of fun. Although they had known each other off and on since childhood, Grace and Cleve became reacquainted on this voyage, a stormy one. Being among the few passengers not affected by seasickness, they

walked the decks together and discovered they had much more in common than an immunity to *mal de mer*. By the time they parted at Savannah, Cleve had made up his mind to marry Grace.

It could be said that Grace was a good sailor by inheritance, for as a child her mother, Elizabeth Wainwright Parish, had survived a terrible disaster at sea. Elizabeth's father, Benjamin Greene Wainwright, was the representative in Paris of an American mercantile firm. He and his family were returning to France from a home visit in May 1840 when their sailing ship, the *Poland*, was struck by lightning and the cotton in her hold began to smolder. The ship hove to while her crew worked to suffocate the fire. It was decided for safety's sake to transfer half of the sixty-three passengers into the ship's longboat, which was launched into the sea and attached by a long rope to the *Poland*. For two nights and a day, in pouring rain and amid increasingly angry waves, the five-year-old Elizabeth and her younger sister huddled close to their mother in the open boat. (Together with the Wainwrights in their misery, another occupant of the longboat was fifteen-year-old Alfred Pissarro, older brother of Camille, the artist.) When it seemed on the point of swamping, it was pulled back to the still-smoldering *Poland*, and the bedraggled passengers were reboarded, to face death by fire instead of death by drowning. The ship's captain decided to get under way once more, in order to get back into the regular sea lanes where a passing vessel might rescue them. There was a risk involved in this maneuver: picking up wind in the sails might cause the fire to break into flames. However, the captain thought it worth taking. A few hours later, by which time the decks were so hot people could hardly stand on them, a sail was sighted. The long ordeal ended when a Liverpool-to-New York packet came alongside and took off the unfortunate *Poland*'s passengers and crew.

Having been brought back to New York, the Wainwrights lost little time in obtaining another passage and returning to Paris. Young Elizabeth Wainwright grew up there under the regimes first of King Louis Philippe and then, after the revolution of 1848, under Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, who proclaimed himself Emperor Napoleon III in 1852. In 1855, in Paris, Elizabeth married Henry Parish, a transplanted New Yorker. Their second child (they had eight in all) was Grace, "a female child born on the eighteenth day of March Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and fifty eight, at eight o'clock in the evening at No. 11 Rue Louis leGrand in this city of Paris," according to the birth certificate signed by the United States consul there.

When Grace was still a baby, the Parishes returned to America and lived thereafter in New York. Henry Parish became a banker; he was president for many years of the New York Life Insurance and Trust Company (now known as the Bank of New York). Descended from a Royal Navy surgeon who left the sea to settle on Long Island, Henry was even more conservative than most of his con-

temporaries in a highly conservative era. He remained active in business until 1915, but would never permit a telephone or typewriter to be used in his office!

One of Grace's earliest memories was of standing at the window of her parents' house to watch Lincoln's funeral procession pass by as his casket was carried through New York on the way from Washington to Springfield, Illinois. She was brought up in that same tight little circle of New York families which included the Dodges, Pynes, and Roosevelts. Her mother died when Grace was only sixteen, and until her father remarried, she had much of the responsibility of looking after her younger sister and brothers.

Cleve courted her assiduously after their sea voyage together, and they became engaged on Good Friday, March 23, 1883. Grace left New York the next day for a five-day stay at Concord, New Hampshire (probably to visit her brother Wainwright at St. Paul's School). Before she left, she made Cleve promise not to tell anyone of their engagement except his immediate family. He wrote the news Friday night to his parents and sister May, who were spending the Easter holiday at the Brighton Hotel in Atlantic City. Then he told his sisters Grace and Alice, at home at 262 Madison Avenue, and his brother Earl and sister-in-law Emmie when they came there for dinner Saturday evening. He had not told another soul, he assured his "dear precious Grace" on Sunday evening in a letter, *except* an aunt and uncle who happened to be visiting, and Percy Pyne, who came to call just when "everyone else was wild with excitement," and Percy's sister Tina, who was so "wistful" that she simply had to be told, and his business-associate uncle, Arthur Dodge, who was "more like an older brother than an uncle." The news was just too good to be kept a secret.

The people I have told I know are safe," Cleve assured his fiancée, "and will not let a word of it leak out until the proper time." He told her that his parents' "delight came flashing over the wires last night," for they had telegraphed from Atlantic City as soon as they received his letter. On Easter Sunday, he had called on the Parish family and "was simply overcome by all their kindness and cordial reception of me." Cleve's grandfather, William E. Dodge, had died six weeks previously, so that the paper on which he wrote bore a heavy black border, but failed to dampen his spirits. He was, he said, "the happiest fellow in this big city."

All the Roosevelts were delighted when the engagement became known. Bamie wrote to Grace recalling their trip south and saying, "If ever a girl deserved all the blessings that could fall on her, you are the one." Corinne, recently married to the real estate agent Douglas Robinson, was then living next door to Theodore and his bride, Alice Lee, on Forty-fifth Street. She reported all four of them "in a state of great excitement over the delightful piece of news which reached us through the medium of Bamie this afternoon." She added, "It makes it so unspeakably nice that the *very* lucky man, instead of being only an acquaint-

Grace Parish in 1883, the year of her marriage to Cleveland H. Dodge.
The Cleveland H. Dodge Foundation, New York City

ance or perhaps a stranger, should be such an old and valued friend as Cleve. Personally I have a very weak spot in my heart for Cleve."[20]

Theodore wrote to "dear old Cleve" in his usual ebullient fashion to say that he was "perfectly delighted over the good news." His statement that "my own married life has been so very happy that I know well how fortunate you are" strikes a poignant note when one realizes that he would be a widower within a year. "Miss Parish I have known for some time; and no one can know her without holding her in the high reverence that is only paid to those as pure and as lovely as she is. And certainly I could wish her no truer or more tender lover and husband than I am sure you will make her." He signed himself "with many a warm wish for the happiness of you both, your old friend Theodore Roosevelt."[21]

Elliott, Theodore's younger brother, who had the reputation of being the most charming of all the Roosevelts, went round to the Parish house at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Nineteenth Street with a bouquet of flowers for Grace. He was about to become engaged himself, and, after serving as a groomsman in Cleve and Grace's wedding, was married two months later to Anna Hall. In 1884, he fathered Eleanor Roosevelt. There may have been a touch of prophetic melancholy in the note he gave to Grace with the flowers: "I wish you all joy and that both Cleve and yourself may never know what the sad side of anything is, from experience."

Such experience came to Elliott far too soon. His wife died in 1892, and his son and namesake the following year. Seeking escape from "the sad side," he died of alcoholism in 1894.

Cleve and Grace were married October 11, 1883, at Irvington-on-Hudson, where her father had a country home not far from Washington Irving's Sunnyside. Percy Pyne, Cleve's friend at Riverdale, at Williston, and at Princeton, was his best man. There were four bridesmaids:—Grace's sisters Edith and Julia, Cleve's sister Alice, and a young lady named Lena Thorn. The groomsmen, in addition to Elliott Roosevelt, were Grace's brother Henry Parish, Jr., Dan Kingsford, and Poultney Bigelow.

Of this wedding party, Henry Parish, Jr., the next year married Anna Hall's first cousin, Susan Ludlow. A more proper Old New York couple would be hard to imagine; they might have stepped directly from the pages of an Edith Wharton novel. Henry followed his father into the ultraconservative New York Life Insurance and Trust Company, while "Susie" became a pillar of society. They had no children of their own, but acted *in loco parentis* to Elliott and Anna's daughter, Eleanor, who had lost both father and mother before she was ten years old. It was from their house that she was married in 1905 to her distant cousin Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Poultney Bigelow, a Harvard classmate of Theodore Roosevelt, was the

brother of Flora Bigelow Dodge Guest, mother of the gallant John Dodge (see pp. 217-222).

Groomsman Dan Kingsford's first wife died, and he later married bridesmaid Edith Parish. The other Parish bridesmaid, Julia, went to Europe in the 1890s to escape the stifling life at Number 1 West Nineteenth Street and to find a husband. In Florence, she met a wealthy middle-aged bachelor from Newport, Arthur B. Emmons. She wrote to her sister Grace that "he is a little short man and not very interesting and has always lived with his mother who died last summer," but when he proposed, "I had presence of mind enough not to refuse him." Emmons is perhaps best remembered for his fine collection of French impressionist paintings, formed before most people had developed a taste for Renoir and Monet.

Cleve's sister Alice Dodge also married a discriminating art collector, William Church Osborn. He had been a few years behind Cleve at Princeton, went to Harvard Law School, and represented the firm of Phelps, Dodge in legal matters for many years. He and Cleve in their young days both liked to bicycle downtown from their Murray Hill homes to their offices. As he wheeled past the art dealer Durand-Ruel's gallery, Will Osborn found himself increasingly attracted by the pictures he saw in the windows. The famous French dealer had long been bringing Salon pictures to America when such artists as Bouguereau and Gérôme were all the rage. In 1886, he put on the first New York exhibition of Impressionist paintings and a couple of years later opened his own New York sales gallery. Will began to buy, and canvases by Manet, Monet, and the Postimpressionist Paul Gauguin hung in the Osborns' house. Many can now be seen in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, for which Will Osborn served as trustee and as president for a total of forty-seven years.

After a honeymoon in the Catskills, the bride and groom settled into a small house on Twenty-ninth Street and according to Cleve's yearly diary were "in Society more or less—several balls and good many dinners. Entertained by giving number of little dinners—and 'At Homes' Wed. afternoons."

For a number of years Cleve sang in the Oratorio Society's chorus under the direction of Dr. Leopold Damrosch (1832-1885). "Dr. Damrosch allowed me in the chorus as long as I only sang in the fortissimo parts," he wrote years later, "and he had a string tied to my leg which he pulled when he wanted particular volume."

Their first child, Elizabeth, was born at Riverdale in August 1884, and there was much family rejoicing. A month later, Cleve's brother Earl died. This sad event changed the pattern of Cleve's life. The responsibility of eldest son now came to him, and he was soon called upon to leave his uncle and the lumber business in order to take Earl's place at Phelps, Dodge. He went to work in the Cliff Street offices just after the birth of his second daughter, Julia. By this time the Copper Queen Consolidated Company had been formed at Bisbee, and the

Cleve Dodge with his eldest child, Elizabeth.
Author's collection

The twins, Cleveland Earl and Bayard, as babies.
Author's collection

firm's interest was increasingly focused on mining and the development of the American West. Cleve had loved his travels to the timberlands—particularly to Waubaushene on Georgian Bay—and he looked forward with eagerness to exploring Arizona and learning the mysteries and lore of mining. His father made his first—and only—trip west in the spring of 1888, but Cleve was prevented from accompanying him by the arrival in his household of twins.

Grace had had a normal pregnancy, and apparently no one suspected beforehand that she would have twins. The little boys—Cleveland Earl and Bayard—were born on Sunday, February 5, forty minutes apart, and weighed 6½ and 5½ pounds respectively. The surprised doctor put the babies in a bassinette with a flannel-wrapped hot brick between them for warmth, and fed them whiskey through an eyedropper as a stimulant. A few weeks later, Cleve noted with relief the coming of a second nurse: "Mrs. Oberbeck assumed charge of the twins early in March, restoring order out of chaos. Elsie and Julia kept very well under Catherine's good care and the twins flourished." Parenthetically, there is a family story that the first time Cleve went to his office after the great event, one of the clerks drew him aside and said in consoling tones: "Oh, well, Mr. Dodge, when it's twins one of them generally dies young."

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GRACE, CLEVE, AND THE FOUR "CHILLIES," as Cleve often called them, became and remained a more than ordinarily close-knit family, even when, in the course of time, they became physically separated by oceans and continents. While the children were young, the Dodges built two houses, one in the city at 90 Park Avenue, and one at Riverdale near Cleve's parents' place.

The Park Avenue house was five stories high, with its kitchen in the basement, servants' quarters and a playroom on the top floor, and all the reception and bedrooms in between. The library, with its mahogany woodwork and shelves around three sides of the room, was Cleve's pride and joy. He had always loved books, both for their contents and also for the look and feel of them. Jane Austen and Charles Dickens were among his favorite authors; he also had a first edition of *Alice in Wonderland* and a complete set of the English weekly magazine *Punch*, to which he added year by year. As his brothers-in-law collected pictures, so he put together a notable collection of fine books in handsome leather bindings.

It was Riverdale, however, that was everyone's favorite place. The house there, called Naumkeag (the Indian name for Salem, where the first American Dodges had settled in the seventeenth century), was begun in 1893 with Grace's brother Wainwright Parish as architect. Built of brick in a neo-Georgian style and situ-

"Naumkeag," the C. H. Dodge house at Riverdale.
Author's collection

ated at the crest of a hill looking across the Hudson to the Palisades, it was only a few hundred yards across lawns and gardens from Greyston, where Cleve's parents and his sister Grace summered.

Winters in town and most of the rest of the year in the country became the basic pattern of Dodge family life for the next thirty years. Cleve and his family felt the same devotion to Naumkeag and Riverdale as Theodore Roosevelt and his brood had for Sagamore Hill and Oyster Bay. Here the children had much the same kind of happy outdoor life that Cleve himself had known when he was growing up; they had dogs and ponies and could ramble through the woods that still extended from Broadway to the Hudson River. An extra attraction was added at the turn of the century: a swimming "tank," reputed to be the first outdoor swimming pool in America, and shaped exactly like a bathtub.

The family often went up to Riverdale for winter weekends, and then there would be sledding and tobogganing on the hill below the house, as well as a rudimentary form of skiing. For a few years, one of their near neighbors was Samuel Clemens—the author Mark Twain—who had rented the house of publisher William Appleton. One Christmas, when Clemens' wife was ill, his daughter Jean developed pneumonia. "The mother doesn't suspect," Clemens wrote to the

The bathtub-shaped swimming pool.
Author's collection

Dodges. "Ostensibly Jean is out skeeing and coasting and having a good time, and her mother is properly thankful. But she would go out of her mind if she knew the facts. Blessed be lying, and them that know how to do it holily and well."[22]

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THIS PATTERN OF FAMILY LIFE was often pleasantly varied or interrupted by travel to Europe and to the West, by annual visits to a "camp" they had in the Adirondack Mountains, and by cruises in a series of yachts owned by Cleve. He and Grace had always been enthusiastic sailors, and in 1895, he ordered his first boat, a "knockabout," from George Lawley's Boston yard. Christened *Kittiwake*, she was of a class described as "a satisfactory small comfortable sailing boat . . . fun to race." Four years later, he graduated to a larger yacht, a forty-six-foot Herreshoff cutter, the *Wasp*.

Cleve's first cousin Clinton Hoadley Crane was a well-known naval architect and yacht designer, as well as a superb racing skipper. He altered the *Wasp* for Cleve by adding a stateroom so that the whole family could be accommodated aboard, and he took her helm in the New York Yacht Club's races in the summer of 1900, winning four of the five they entered. However, as Crane pointed out in his reminiscenses, *Wasp* "was so lightly built that doors that would open at an-

chor could not be opened under way. In fact, if one were in a stateroom with the door shut, he had to wait until the boat came into the wind before he could get out." So Cleve sold her, and from 1902 through 1906 had a seventy-foot English composite cutter called *Hester*. According to her log book, *Hester* had a paid crew of eight: Oscar Weylin as master, three mates, five sailors, a steward, and a waiter. As with her predecessors, she raced and cruised up and down the East Coast from New York to Bar Harbor, with frequent visits to Oyster Bay, Glen Cove, New London, Newport, Vineyard Haven, and Marblehead.

Hester was succeeded by *Corona*. Clinton Crane explained that she originally had been the sloop *Colonia*, built to defend the America's Cup against the British Lord Dunraven's challenge of 1893. A syndicate of wealthy yachtsmen headed by Archibald Rogers of Standard Oil had gone to Nat Herreshoff in Bristol, Rhode Island, and asked him to build them the fastest sloop possible. A contract was signed, but Herreshoff then approached a second syndicate and guaranteed them that he would build a boat that would outsail the first one! For this underhanded reason, he refused to put a centerboard in *Colonia*, and she was duly defeated by the second boat, *Vigilant*, in the Cup Trials. The upshot of all this was that Herreshoff was never thereafter allowed to build more than one America's Cup defender at a time. *Colonia* was remodeled and renamed, becoming the centerboarded, schooner-rigged *Corona*, which Cleve owned from 1907 until his death in 1926.

"*Corona* made a very comfortable and fast cruising schooner, . . . extraordinarily fast on a reach," Crane wrote. The twins, with some Princeton friends, were the first of the family to use her, going off on a cruise after final exams in their sophomore year. When they returned, Bayard enthused: "Never have I seen anything to equal *Corona*. It is absolutely comfortable below"—he noted that it even had an organ—"and even sportier when sailing than *Hester*. The deck is very pretty and roomy, but it does not seem very large. As the rig is higher, the boat heels over even more than *Hester*. There are very comfortable seats alongside of the companionway."

Corona was a regular on the New York Yacht Club cruises thereafter. The big fleet of sailboats of all sizes used to assemble in Glen Cove harbor the night before the cruise began, each one firing a salute to the commodore as she came to anchor, and the commodore's flagship returning the salute. Next day would come the spectacle of all the boats setting off on the first day's run, the smaller ones usually out in front in the light morning breeze, and then the big schooners gathering speed and charging past them as the wind picked up.

Corona's worst mishap came during the New York Yacht Club cruise of 1909, when Cleve and Grace were aboard with Elizabeth. Their cousin Clinton Crane joined them at Vineyard Haven, expecting to take the helm for a race from there to Portland, Maine. He was quite disappointed when Cleve explained that he did

The yacht "Corona."
Author's collection

not want to hurt the feelings of Oscar Weylin, his professional skipper, by putting Crane in charge. He suggested that Crane should start the race, then hand over to Oscar and thereafter give advice on the trim of the sails.

"The breeze was blowing hard from the north west and we got an extraordinarily good start in *Corona*," Crane remembered, adding that as they charged along Vineyard Sound, Oscar Weylin was "beside himself with excitement."

"We eased sheets at Stone Horse and boiled down toward Pollock Rip light vessel at a tremendous clip," he continued. They were coming up fast on another schooner, and Weylin evidently decided that there was room for *Corona* to pass between the lightship and the schooner. Crane was busying himself with trimming the sails.

"I looked up and saw what Oscar was planning to do and also saw that Oscar had gone perfectly white, realizing that there wasn't room," he wrote. "If we continued, the side of *Corona* and the bow of the lightship would crash, and we would probably sink. I jumped from my position to the wheel, shouting 'Luff ! Luff !' helped Oscar with the wheel, and we swung the bow around."

They were thus able to avoid the full force of the blow, but *Corona*'s bowsprit went through the lightship's deckhouse. This caused both topmasts to snap—

one went over the side and the other was left dangling—and the ship's launch was smashed to bits. The mainsail was completely split, but the hull was undamaged, and they were able to limp back to Vineyard Haven with the aid of the foresail and staysail.

Grace and her daughter Elizabeth were "wonderfully calm under the circumstances," Crane noted. "The damage to the *Corona* was really much less than might have been expected. In fact, it was less than the damage to the light vessel. Cleve got a very amusing letter from the Lighthouse Department, requesting that the light vessel be repaired, saying that as far as they could learn, the light vessel had not been at fault. It was a lucky escape for all of us."[23]

Corona was repaired at Lawley's in Boston and went on to give the Dodges and their guests great pleasure for many more years. One guest who was particularly appreciative was Woodrow Wilson. "The boat is a perfect beauty," he wrote after his first trip aboard her. "She is as stately and graceful as a swan, and as comfortable as a cottage; moves in the lightest air; and is, altogether, a thing to love."[24] After the Democrats nominated Wilson for president in 1912, he used *Corona* for a week as a retreat from newspapermen, crowds, and politicians while he composed his acceptance speech.

In 1913, *Corona* celebrated her twentieth birthday by winning the New York Yacht Club's Tod Cup in a race from Vineyard Haven to Marblehead. The cup, or vase, is solid silver decorated with twining roses and nearly three feet high, shaped like an enormous champagne glass—a perfect example of the *art nouveau* style.

Corona spent World War I in mothballs but was recommissioned afterward, and Cleve continued to use her until 1926, though she never raced again. The family sold her after his death, and she was transformed once more, this time into a cargo and passenger ship. Until at least 1939, she sailed between New Bedford and the Cape Verde Islands during the summers, and in the winters was employed on the trading run from those islands to Dakar and Bathhurst in West Africa. She was apparently as fine a working boat as she had been a racing schooner.

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THE MIXTURE OF WORK AND GOOD WORKS so fruitfully combined by earlier generations of Dodges had set an example that Cleve was both ready and eager to follow. However, both business and philanthropy were becoming so much bigger and more complex that he had to work harder than his forebears had done in order to match their achievements. That he not only matched but surpassed them gives the measure of this remarkable man. Along with his inherited traits, Cleve had a highly emotional nature that was unique to himself. Once he backed an institution, he was prepared to go all the way in protecting and promoting it, and this was true also of his relationships with people. No cause and no man could possibly have had a more loyal and more generous friend than Cleve Dodge.

In the business world, he was good at seeing the whole picture, though he never got involved in day-to-day operations or technological innovations. The National City Bank and his father-in-law's New York Life Insurance and Trust Company, as well as the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company, valued his grasp of finance and his ability to get on with people, and he became a director of their enterprises. At Phelps, Dodge, he had entered the firm unexpectedly upon his older brother's death, just after his father and his cousin had made the radical decision to go into mining. Here he, like the senior partners, had to rely on "Prof" James Douglas's technical expertise. Cleve was a quick learner, however, and everything to do with mining and the West fascinated him.

He made many trips to Bisbee and Morenci and the other mining "camps" that were acquired as the years went by. His first trip was with Grace in March 1889. He sent his children an amusing series of sketches of the mines and mountains. His letters written home from subsequent expeditions tell how he was constantly looking and learning and concerning himself, not only with operations but also with the well-being of the employees and their families. On all his visits he went underground into the mines, "in & out & up & down through the ore bodies &

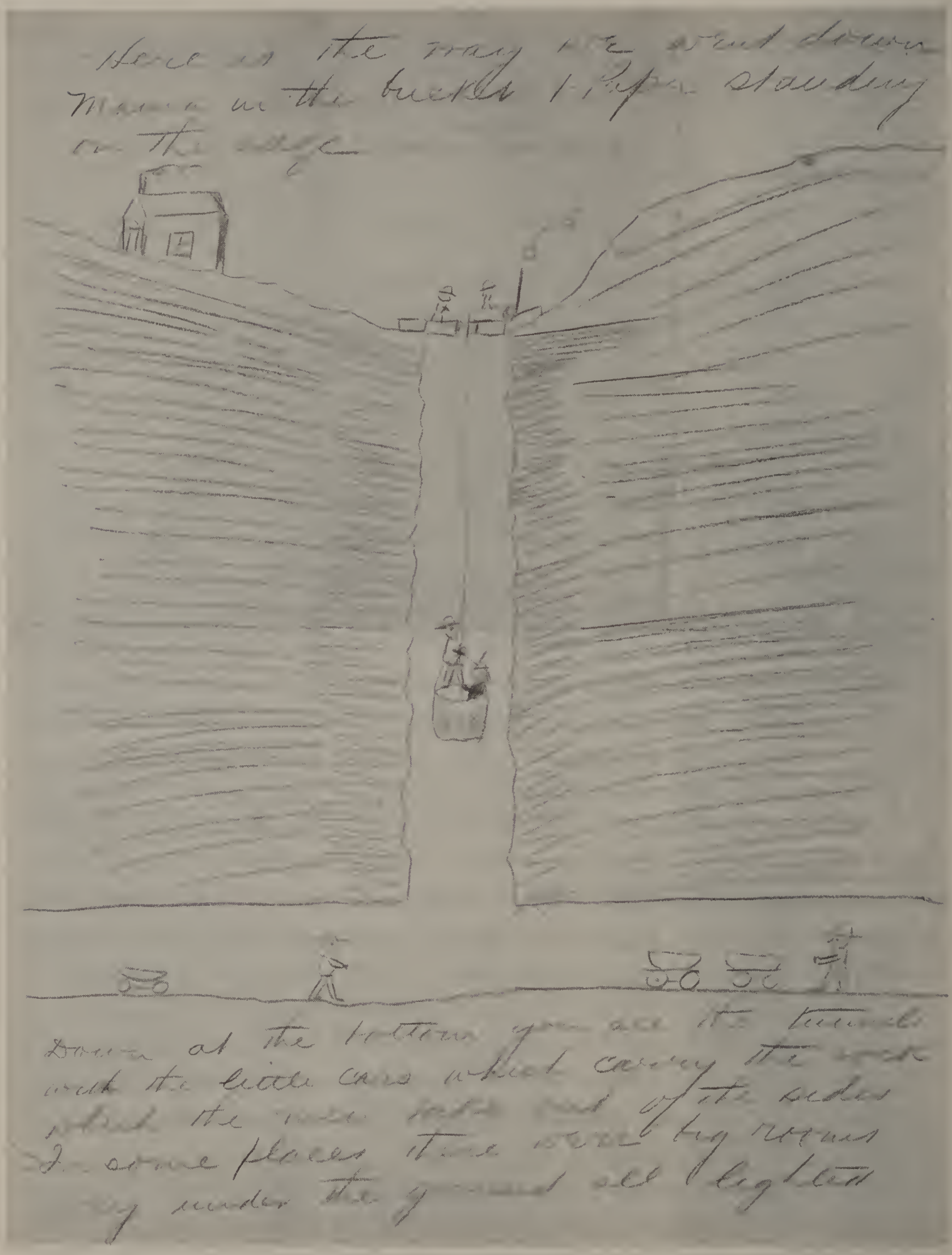
caves where they are picking out the ore," as he described it. He also went to the schools and churches of the various communities. He was often asked to speak at Sunday schools and prayer meetings. Once he recorded that he not only spoke but complied with a request to play the melodeon organ as well. All this was his version of the benevolent paternalism that Anson Phelps had practiced in the brass-manufacturing town of Ansonia and that William E. Dodge had shown in the lumber camps along Pennsylvania's Pine Creek. In the next generation, his son Cleveland would carry on the tradition, which has largely helped to mold the modern image of the Phelps Dodge Corporation in Arizona and New Mexico.

Cleve was captivated by the rugged mountains and sweeping mesas, by the mines, and by the dramatic processes of bringing ore from the ground and turning it into copper. At Bisbee in 1897, he marveled at "the wonderful sight of the enormous works at full blast in the darkness," but found the fast-growing town "awfully bleak and dreary. I haven't seen any wild flowers or trees. All the vegetation in the town has been killed by the sulphur." Cleve's grandmother, Melissa Phelps Dodge, had used almost the same words in describing her visit to a Welsh copper works in 1844: "For several miles around when the smoke settles, vegetation is entirely destroyed." To this day, the noxious effects of the sulphur fumes released by the copper-smelting process remain a problem. In the 1970s and 1980s, the Phelps Dodge Corporation has spent hundreds of millions of dollars trying to meet federal and state clean-air standards, with only partial success.

Many of Cleve's letters home from these southwestern trips describe both the delights and vicissitudes of his travels. They tell of long horseback rides near Morenci "over the steep mountains on the craziest sort of burro trails where you would hardly suppose a goat could go," ending up "in the wildest, weirdest sort of place at the head of Chase Creek Canon . . . very narrow and high and the rocks beautifully stained by iron and copper." He spoke of "glorious mountains bathed in the sunlight looming up in all directions—30 miles off—but the air is so clear that they look as if you could walk to them in half an hour"; and he noted his delight in the starry western nights: "You never saw such stars in your life. Stars of the 4th and 5th magnitude which we never see in N.Y. seemed like planets."

He never tired of the scenery, as when he wrote of the flowers coming out on the hills and of "lovely yellow-breasted wild doves and snow birds with white tails." On the way to a mine at Nacozari, some miles south of the border in Mexico, he wrote of seeing "exquisite cañons—forests of live oaks and walnuts—rolling country like an English park," and described how "a narrow gauge railroad winds and twists up the mountain to the foot of a high hill. . . . On top of this hill are four big pillars of copper ore green and red, and under these the wonderful mines, composed of rich ore deposits."

Watching the smelting process at Bisbee, Cleve told of seeing "the great con-



Cleve's sketches of mining in the Southwest, 1889.
Author's collection

THE DETROIT COPPER MINING COMPANY OF ARIZONA.

NEW YORK OFFICE, 1 CLIFF STREET

WM. CHURCH, Manager

(2)

Morenci, Arizona, 188

up with one of little [illegible] [illegible] made of rock like Church. The rock was colored blue and green and red. In the afternoon we took a long ride Papa on a big horse and Mamma on a big donkey called a mule named Billy and this is the way we looked.

We had a splendid ride and Mamma came back with [illegible] as [illegible] as little [illegible] [illegible] some times. The only trouble with the picture is that Mamma doesn't look very healthy and seems to be larger than Papa. We saw lots of cows and donkeys and pigs and we stopped at a house where there is a big yellow pussy cat with a silver

Mountain in one of the little tiny cars and saw a great many wonderful things

The cars didnt have any seats or any tops and were about as big as Julia's Crib and we sat on chairs and could look all around. I wish you had been there – it was great fun. We saw lots of little donkeys carrying big heavy loads of wood

(2)

up the side of the mountain There was one little baby donkey about as big as Uncle Henry's dog.

In the afternoon Papa went with two men down into a big mine way under the ground He had to climb down long ladders like this

verter, shaped like a big gourd, & carrying three tons of molten metal, tilted over to pour out the beautiful seething boiling red fluid into moulds. The furnaces at night are better than fireworks, & when the little locomotive trundles off the car of molten slag & dumps it on the slag heap the whole valley & the mountainsides are lit up with the most brilliant illumination like red fire."

As for the vicissitudes, Cleve wrote with good humor about long and uncomfortable train rides and even longer dusty wagon rides. On one such trip, the train stopped so that the passengers, who included a man who "had a rifle & handcuffs & was going after two Indians," could have supper. They all ate "at a funny little shanty, its walls covered with Indian blankets—Chinese cooks & waiters. Heaps of food horribly cooked, *but* excellent pie." Another time he traveled in the mail car of a train with a box of whining puppies, arrived at his destination close to midnight, had "a very decent supper at the Gem Saloon," and "slept on a door placed on soap boxes with two comforters for mattress and blanket. It was in the back part of a country store surrounded by flour barrels, vinegar, horses' harness & beer kegs, but I slept very soundly & there were so many cracks in the sides that I had lots of fresh air."

Next day, Cleve and his companions had a sixty-mile drive in a "four horse, 3-seated wagon," which he called "the longest most tedious dustiest & hottest most beautiful & interesting drive I ever took." Part of their way lay through an Apache Indian reservation, and he found "the views of Indian life & their farming & irrigation delightful." He said that the driver "got so tired that I had to drive the 4 horses at intervals to rest him, which was instructive for me but terrifying for the others."

Still another cross-Arizona trip involved a train ride from Globe to Solomonville, a stagecoach ride from Solomonville to Guthrie, another train from there to Clifton, and a second stage ride up the canyon to Morenci. Cleve missed his stage connection at Solomonville, so "hired an old rattletrap buggy & two worn-out lazy horses for the 35 mile drive. We drove steadily for 6½ hours. No lunch but a chunk of bread & cheese & some chocolate—no water for man or beast."

At Guthrie, he caught up with the passengers from the stagecoach, but found that the train for Clifton was six hours late. From this letter of Cleve's we learn that in 1900, even though stagecoaches were still in use, there were already telephones in the Wild West: "I was able to telephone to Clifton," he explained, "and for my accommodation an engine & box car was sent down & I took the whole crowd to Clifton & for the time being was the most popular man in the Territory."

It is no wonder that he once wrote: "When one gets anywhere out here it is all right, but it is the getting there that is so tedious."

Many of Cleve's letters voiced his hope that his sons would one day have a part in the Phelps, Dodge enterprises. "I want the boys to learn all about different

Bisbee, Arizona Territory.
Phelps Dodge Corp.

Morenci, Arizona, circa 1897.
Phelps Dodge Corp.

kinds of ore," one letter said. "Some day they will have the management of all these great properties & I want them to know a great deal more about the natural history of rocks than I do—so they must commence early." After his first visit to Nacozari, he struck the same note: "When the twins get a little older they will have to come out here to learn the business . . . & I think they ought to commence soon to learn Spanish so they can speak with the Mexicans. I know a little Spanish & a little chemistry & something about metals & smelting but I hope when the boys come out of college that they will be regular experts."[25]

Bayard Dodge's destiny lay in the Near East, but Cleveland Earl Dodge fulfilled all his father's hopes except for learning Spanish. After graduating from Princeton in 1909 (geology was his major) and taking a trip around the world, he began his apprenticeship at Bisbee. He started by going underground as a "mucker" to dig out ore with a pick and shovel. Later he worked in the exploration and geological departments at Bisbee, Morenci, and Globe.

His Phelps Dodge career was interrupted by service as a private with Squadron A of the New York National Guard on the Mexican border in 1916. During World War I, he held a commission in the Field Artillery and saw active service in France. He came home in the spring of 1919, married, and went west for a final year of training in Douglas, Arizona. In 1920, he came back to the New York offices of the company.

The old partnership had become a company after D. Willis James's death in 1907, and then a corporation in 1917, but until the Depression of the early 1930's, its stock remained closely held, mostly by members of the Dodge and James families. When Cleve died in 1926, Cleveland took his place as vice-president and a director. Continuing his father's tradition, he went every year to inspect the mines. His last visit was made in the spring of 1982, a few months before his death at the age of ninety-four. The lure and lore of the West remained strong.

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IN ADDITION TO and along with his business activities, Cleveland H. Dodge had what amounted to a second career in philanthropy. In this, he followed the family tradition going back to the days of Anson Phelps and his sons-in-law. Phelps, it will be remembered, had left more money to charity than any other New Yorker had done up to the time of his death in 1853. William E. Dodge and his sons, James and Caroline Stokes and their children, and Willis James and his only child had all made significant contributions for the benefit of their fellowmen at home and in the Near East. They had set examples for the newly rich tycoons of the post-Civil War era to follow. When Anson Phelps died, Andrew Carnegie was running the telegraph office in Pittsburgh, and John D. Rockefeller

was doing chores on his father's farm near Cleveland, Ohio. As they scrambled upward in the vast business expansion of that postwar era, their fortunes and those of others like them—men such as Henry Clay Frick and Russell Sage, Cyrus McCormick and E. H. Harriman—grew to astronomical proportions, far surpassing those of the Phelps, Dodge partners. It was as pioneers of giving that the Dodges and their cousins showed the way.

For twenty-six years Cleve kept a series of small notebooks in which he recorded his gifts to institutions and to individuals. Similar books kept by his parents remain to show how much and to whom they gave for the years 1889 to 1909. The entries in these little books thus cover more than a third of a century and illustrate graphically both the continuity of their giving and the innovations that came with changing times and circumstances.

The Near East colleges, the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, Teachers College, and Princeton appear again and again. The American Red Cross and many of New York City's great institutions—the Museum of Natural History, the Public Library, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Zoo, and the Botanical Garden—as well as the Neighborhood Association and library in Riverdale, are listed annually. The notebooks give dollar amounts but do not show the even more important contribution of ideas, time, and effort made by succeeding generations.

The history of the Dodge family and the history of the YMCA and YWCA are inextricably bound together. Cleve followed closely in his father's footsteps as a hard worker for and generous benefactor of many facets of YMCA work. He served as vice-president both of the Museum of Natural History and of the New York Public Library and worked for Princeton even before he became a trustee. He almost single-handedly developed the Annual Giving Program among its alumni. He and his parents gave several buildings—notably Guyot Hall for the natural sciences—and they combined with the Pyne and Russell families to build McCosh Hall, with its facilities for classrooms large and small. For years Cleve and his boyhood friend "Momo" Pyne made themselves responsible for making up any deficit in Princeton's annual operating budget.

During the Spanish-American War, Cleve was in charge of the huge distribution center set up in New York by the American Red Cross. Corinne Roosevelt Robinson, Theodore's sister, later remembered how "in that hot summer of 1898 . . . under his direction we packed boxes and barrels to be sent . . . to our soldiers at the front." He later supervised the sending of supplies to the victims of the San Francisco earthquake, and in World War I, Woodrow Wilson appointed him to the Red Cross War Council.

Gifts and service to American colleges in the Near East had begun with William E. Dodge, Sr., when he helped to found the Syrian Protestant College in Beirut in the 1860s. Will, Jr., succeeded his father as treasurer, and his clerical

Guyot Hall, given by the Dodge family.
The Princeton University Archives

McCosh Hall, given by the Dodge, Pyne, and Russell families.
The Princeton University Archives

brother D. Stuart Dodge first taught at the college under Daniel Bliss and then for years headed its board of trustees. Cleveland H. Dodge's son Bayard married Bliss' granddaughter and, in 1923, succeeded Bliss' son as president of that institution, renamed the American University of Beirut.[tt] Cleve himself served for many years as chairman of the board of Robert College in Constantinople. His daughter Elizabeth married Robert College's vice-president, the Reverend George Huntington, and lived in Turkey from 1916 to 1934, and his sister Grace Hoadley Dodge, in addition to all her other work for Teachers College and the YWCA, headed the trustees of Constantinople Women's College.

It was only natural, given this background, that Henry Morgenthau, serving as American ambassador to Turkey, should have called upon Cleveland H. Dodge for help in 1915, when the Turks began one of their periodic assaults upon the hapless Armenians living within their borders. Cleve set up what was at first called the Armenian and Syrian Relief Committee, later simply Near East Relief, to channel funds to the victims. His activities and concern for the Armenians and Syrians, growing out of his family background, comprised one of the most notable achievements of his life. His knowledge of and involvement in the Near East, combined with his friendship with Woodrow Wilson, were the elements that enabled him to play a leading role in keeping the United States from going to war with Turkey in 1917 and 1918.

Of all the thousands of donations listed in those meticulously kept notebooks of his, the ones to individuals best reflect Cleve Dodge's essential kindness and thoughtfulness. Taking the year 1922 as a random example, we find such entries as: $250 to a Dr. Levy "a/c Mrs. Derby." Patrick Derby had been the Dodge's coachman; his wife had had a serious operation. The sum of $10,008.06 went to pay "Dr. Moffatt's mortgage." Dr. Stanley Moffatt of Yonkers had been the Dodges' family physician for years. A contribution of $965 bought a car for George Duff, the new young pastor of the Riverdale Presbyterian Church. Ethel Hyde Moore, a distant cousin and the widow of a professor of gynecology at the college in Beirut received $750 per quarter in this year. Indeed, she received similar amounts in every year from 1915, when her husband died and she brought her five young children back to the United States, until Cleve's death. There are literally hundreds more such gifts penned in alongside the big contributions to the big organizations.

In the spring of 1917, when the United States entered World War I, Cleve established the Cleveland H. Dodge Foundation, with an original funding of five million dollars. It was one of the first of the smaller charitable foundations, now so numerous. Cleve's reasons for setting it up were twofold: the income tax had

[tt] The continuity did not stop there. Bayard's son David was acting president of the AUB in 1982, when he was kidnapped from the campus by Shiite Muslims during Lebanon's ongoing civil war. He was released unharmed a year later.

been introduced, meaning that he had less to give away from his personal funds; also, he was determined, as he wrote to his pastor, that he would not "burn my pockets by keeping a cent of the money coming to me from war profits."[26]

All of Cleve's good works had a way of meshing and overlapping. It was this interweaving that enabled him to serve so effectively. Because he knew their personnel and their inner workings, he could persuade the American Red Cross to cooperate with the YMCA and vice versa. He could secure help for Near East Relief from both the Red Cross and the long-established colleges in Constantinople and Syria. Because of his intimate friendship with President Wilson, he could secure favors for all these groups from the United States Government in the form of free use of naval vessels to transport supplies, as well as presidential proclamations urging citizens to give to these philanthropies.

Cleve once told an interviewer that his giving was "wild." Although he kept a careful accounting, it was certainly wild in the sense that he backed causes with total faith and enthusiasm. An apocryphal story by a columnist in the *Wall Street Journal* was published in 1926, purporting to tell of an encounter between Cleveland H. Dodge and Andrew Carnegie. According to the tale, the two men were introduced by John Insley Blair, an elderly capitalist who had once joined Anson Phelps and William E. Dodge in backing the Scranton brothers' enterprises.

" 'Now, Cleve, I'm doing you the favor of a lifetime,' " old Blair was supposed to have said. " 'This Scotch laird is a model for you; and Andy, this boy is worth your whetting up your wits on. You both have money, and you both love your fellowman—the both of you are getters of satisfaction out of handing the other fellow a lift.' "

According to the columnist, Carnegie proceeded to give young Dodge a homily on "Scientific Philanthropy," emphasizing that a man who did not plan out his charitable gifts with the same care used in making business investments was "committing a crime."

" 'Young man, don't be a young criminal,' " the older man was supposed to have concluded, and Cleve was said to have replied: " 'To me, doing something for somebody is not what you can put in a shop budget, standardize into a mechanism, reduce to a task for bookkeepers and inspectors. . . . I hope you won't blame me for running wild for a while, Mr. Carnegie.' "

This encounter may or may not have occurred; what *is* true is that when Carnegie set up his Carnegie Institution of Washington to further scientific research, he appointed Cleve Dodge one of its trustees.

PART V

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Woodrow Wilson's Faithful Friend

C. H. Dodge and Woodrow Wilson marching in a Red Cross parade, New York City, 1918.
The Cleveland H. Dodge Foundation, New York City

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THE FRIENDSHIP between Woodrow Wilson and Cleveland H. Dodge, begun when they were undergraduates at Princeton, was renewed in the 1890's when Wilson returned to his alma mater to teach. It continued thereafter until Wilson's death in 1924. Cleve's knowledge of business and his acquaintance with influential people were always at Wilson's disposal and often proved valuable to him. In return, Cleve could count on Wilson's sympathetic attention at all times, which was all he ever wanted or needed. He sought nothing for himself, but was always Wilson's to command.

Much has been written of how Wilson broke with so many of his friends: Professor John Grier Hibben of Princeton, his longtime secretary Joseph P. Tumulty, his great confidant Colonel Edward M. House. His bond with Cleveland Dodge remained to the end. Was it because Cleve never crossed him or sought favors? Was it because Cleve was so invariably approving of all Wilson did, and never criticized? Their correspondence proves that, in fact, Cleve did offer advice, did try to hold Wilson back from some of his rasher acts, and even succeeded in one instance in guiding the course of American diplomacy. The friendship lasted, apparently, because Wilson instinctively realized that although Cleve shared his own aims and ideals for the university, the nation, and the world, he had none of the other man's ambition for position and hunger for power. Therefore Wilson had nothing to fear from Dodge and a great deal to gain in the way of affectionate loyalty. His own basic conservatism led him to admire Cleve's position as the inheritor of a fine tradition. He was bound to be grateful for his friend's never-failing generosity. Finally, there was Cleve's sense of fun and enthusiasm which so often served to lighten Wilson's burdens. He summed up his feelings in a letter of 1912, when he wrote to Cleve:

"You are an ideal friend: you do everything in the best and most generous way."[1]

As a loyal alumnus, Cleve had been worried about Princeton's slipping repu-

tation in the 1890s when Wilson came back to their alma mater as a professor. Under the lax and languid administration of Francis Landey Patton, successor to the dynamic Dr. McCosh, it had declined to the point where it was considered a mere country club by comparison with Harvard and Yale. Cleve and some of his friends and classmates, including the Pyne brothers and Cyrus McCormick, wanted to see a change made, wanted to see Wilson take charge. Knowing that he was restive and might soon move on to the presidency of some other university, they joined together in 1898 to augment his salary by several thousands of dollars a year. In return, he promised not to leave Princeton for five years nor to give outside lectures that would interfere with his duties.

By 1902, Cleve and his group, together with some of the more progressive faculty members, had maneuvered the resignation of Patton and the election of Woodrow Wilson as president of Princeton. Cleve and his family went down from New York for what they called "Tommy Wilson's Coronation" that autumn. It was indeed an impressive affair. The former president Grover Cleveland, now a resident of Princeton and a trustee of the university, attended. Also present were the governor of New Jersey and such onlookers as Mark Twain and J. Pierpont Morgan, who came in a special train. From the White House, Theodore Roosevelt wrote to Cleve: "Woodrow Wilson is a perfect trump. I am overjoyed at his election."

Wilson immediately began a series of reforms and improvements that transformed Princeton for the better and gained him a national reputation. Cleve became a trustee in 1904 and backed his friend's every move with moral and financial support. Anything Princeton needed, from new hymnbooks to new buildings, it was his pleasure to give, and he persuaded other people to give as well.

The twins, Bayard and Cleveland, entered the college in 1905, and Cleve's daughters had grown to be attractive young ladies who enjoyed the social life in Princeton. Cleve bought a house at the top of Bayard Lane for the family to use whenever they visited Princeton. Nicknamed Dodge Lodge and staffed by the couple who had kept up Cleve's father's fishing camp on Long Island, it was a fine place to stay for trustees' meetings, football games, dances, reunions, and graduations. The Wilsons often went there for dinner when the Dodges were in residence. Bayard and Cleveland lived on campus, but Lizzie Leech was constantly baking for them and would send her husband, John, over to their rooms with basketsful of Dodge Lodge cakes and cookies.

Woodrow Wilson's honeymoon period at Princeton ended in 1907 when he brought forth a plan to abolish the elitist undergraduate eating clubs and to divide the university into colleges, or quadrangles, where all students would live and eat together. Trouble erupted at once. Many of the trustees and faculty, as well as alumni and undergraduates, felt that Wilson was too high-handed in pre-

Woodrow Wilson as president of Princeton University.
Professor Arthur S. Link

senting this "Quadrangle Plan" with a take-it-or-leave-it attitude. Dean Andrew Fleming West—the man whom Grace Hoadley Dodge had once sought for president of Teachers College—had a cherished plan of his own for a residential Graduate College, which he thought should have the first priority. Enraged and embittered by what he considered a double cross, he began lining up opposition to Wilson. The resulting furor came to be known as the "Quad Wrangle."

Cleve tried to warn Wilson. "Mr. Cleveland sent for me this morning," he wrote to his friend. "I found that he was a good deal worried about your plans for the development of the University into colleges, fearing that it might postpone indefinitely the interest in the Graduates' School. I assured him that all of us, and especially yourself, were deeply interested in the Graduates' School and I know that you had no intention of doing anything to injure that plan."

Wilson, however, was convinced that his proposal was "a scheme of salvation." He told Cleve: "The fight is on. . . . My heart is in it more than it has been in anything else."

Cleve once again urged compromise, suggesting that the plan could better be carried through "by evolutionary methods rather than revolutionary methods." The board of trustees at their June 1907 meeting had backed Wilson's plan, but three months later bent to the storm of opposition and asked him to withdraw it. Wilson was so furious at their action that he wanted to resign at once. It was mainly owing to Cleve's pleading that he did not do so.

"Dodge said he would never have done anything much for Princeton but for his love and faith in Woodrow—as it was he had really pledged his fortune to it," Wilson's wife, Ellen, explained in a letter to her daughter Jessie. "Of course you can see how impossible it was after that for Woodrow to leave his post."

Cleve was able to salvage some of his friend's pride by putting through a motion that the trustees would not "hinder him in any way in his purpose to convince . . . Princeton men that his plan is the true solution." In 1907, its estimated cost was $7 million. It is somewhat ironic to note that, nearly eighty years later, Wilson's "true solution" has been reintroduced and enthusiastically accepted by Princeton men (and women). In the 1980s it has cost about $325 million to fulfill Wilson's dream.

The battle over the Quads led directly into the second great struggle of Wilson's Princeton administration, his second defeat, and his entry into politics. The Graduate College controversy of 1909 and 1910 was essentially a personality clash: the lean, lantern-jawed, ascetic Woodrow Wilson versus the bulky, hearty, and luxury-loving Andrew Fleming West. Both were power-hungry men of driving ambition, and their fight split the trustees, the faculty, even the town of Princeton into two warring camps.

Everyone concerned agreed that Princeton must have a Graduate College. The basic question was whether its dean or the president of the university should control it. However, Wilson managed to disguise this fact by claiming that the real issue was its location. He wanted it at the heart of the campus; West brought in a half-million-dollar offer from a wealthy alumnus, soap king William Cooper Procter, to build a facility near the golf links at the edge of town. When the trustees voted to accept this latter offer, Wilson again threatened to resign.

Cleve wrote to him: "I am glad that you have at last taken the bull by the horns

and forced the issue. . . . Your letter will bring us all up standing & clear the air most decidedly & I think you will now sleep better. Anyhow rest assured I am with you all the time."

Early in 1910, Procter withdrew his offer. Wilson was overjoyed. In a letter to Cleve, he exulted: "At last we are free to govern the University as our judgments and consciences dictate! I have an unspeakable sense of relief."[2]

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THINKING THAT ALL WAS NOW WELL at Princeton, Cleve and Grace with their daughters departed on a long-planned trip to the Near East. Since Cleve had been recently made chairman of the board of trustees of Robert College in Constantinople, he was anxious to visit the place. He also wanted to see the college at Beirut where his good friend Howard Bliss, son of founder Daniel, had succeeded his father in the presidency. The Dodge twins, Cleveland and Bayard, had graduated from Princeton the preceding summer and were on a trip around the world with their friend Sargent Appleton, son of the publisher. The plan was for the whole family to meet in Egypt and then proceed to Palestine, Syria, Turkey, and Greece in a chartered yacht. With typical generosity, Cleve invited Sargent Appleton's father and sisters and the recently widowed Mrs. Grover Cleveland to come along on the journey.

The family reunion duly took place in Alexandria and all then went to Cairo, where they were on hand at Shepheard's Hotel to witness still another reunion. Former president Theodore Roosevelt and his son Kermit had just arrived in Egypt from a long safari in central Africa, and his wife and daughter were there to greet them. The two groups merged and went out together to see the Pyramids. Cleve and Theodore, mounted on camels, led them into the desert. Cleve later composed a word picture of this occasion, describing how, on the way out, the former president "enjoyed the experience hugely, keeping up an incessant talk about everything under the sun." When they reached the Sphinx, Roosevelt dismounted and went to stand "with folded arms under the chin of that great, silent sentinel of the centuries." Cleve was reminded of a historical painting by Gérôme of Napoleon in the same position, which led him to contrast the characters and careers of the two men. Impressed by the way Roosevelt appeared to be thinking deeply, after a few minutes' silence, Cleve called out: "Theodore, what are you thinking about?"

Instead of some appropriately profound statement, Roosevelt's disappointing reply was: "Cleve, I don't know what I'm thinking about."

The Dodge group began their cruise along the coast of Asia Minor with a visit to the Holy Land, where Howard Bliss met them and escorted them to Beirut.

Moses Taylor Pyne [*1855-1921*].
The Princeton University Archives

They were able to give him news of his daughter Mary, who was in the United States attending Vassar College and who spent her holidays with the Dodges. Four years later she would marry Bayard, the younger Dodge twin. When they reached the Syrian Protestant College, Cleve made a great hit by promising to give the money to build a YMCA student center on the campus. At Robert College in Constantinople, the staff and faculty gave the visitors a warm welcome. Elizabeth Dodge was quite taken by the head of the school's preparatory depart-

Andrew Fleming West [*1853-1930*].
The Princeton University Archives

ment, George Huntington, although she did not realize at the time that she was meeting her future husband.

Once the college visits were over and they were back at sea, Cleve's thoughts turned again to the controversy at Princeton. He was in the Aegean Sea en route to Patmos on the day of the April trustees' meeting and was moved to write to his friend and fellow trustee Henry B. Thompson that he felt sorry for them all.

"I have just told Mrs. Cleveland that I would like to have the entire Board on the yacht & first give their heads a good soaking & then land them on Patmos & leave them there to fight it out for a week."

Frances Folsom Cleveland had at first declined Cleve's invitation to the yacht cruise because of the Princeton feuding, knowing that he was pro-Wilson whereas her late husband had been pro-West. When the factionalism had extended from the trustees and faculty to their wives and thus into the town itself, Mrs. Cleveland in her own spirited way had taken up the cudgels for West. But because she knew from her long and pleasant friendship with them what kind and gracious people the Dodges were, she had allowed herself to be persuaded to come along.

"We have carefully avoided any vexed subjects until yesterday," Cleve explained to Thompson, "when she unburdened her soul. . . . She has now heard from me a good many things which she didn't know before & will go back in May inclined to be more charitable & forebearing & peaceful."[3]

When Cleve returned from his near eastern trip, he learned that the pro-West forces had won a decisive victory. In May, an aged alumnus, Isaac Wyman, had died and left his entire fortune—allegedly some two million dollars—to Princeton for a Graduate College along the lines that West had advocated. West had been named the executor of the estate and so would be able to build and to run the place in accordance with his own ideas. Wilson tried to accept defeat with good grace, but his opponents seemed out to humiliate him, and his thoughts turned toward accepting the Democratic nomination for the governorship of New Jersey. The politicos were offering it to him with no visible strings attached and were holding out the prospect that if he won handily and did well in office, he would be a strong candidate for the presidential nomination in 1912.

Cleve had been aware for some time of this possibility. He had hoped that Wilson would stay on at Princeton, for Princeton's sake. When Wilson consulted him on the subject, however, he replied that although he deeply regretted "the great loss to Princeton, & to those of us who have worked & fought with you," he nevertheless had "a sneaking feeling that you are answering a bigger call which may result in untold good to the country."

Wilson was nominated for governor in September, resigned as president of Princeton in October, and was elected—by a landslide—in November. Cleve's congratulatory letter positively bubbled. "Dear Governor," it began, "HOORAY! Isn't it perfectly bully. I never was happier than last night when each succeeding 'bullyton' made your majority larger than the one before." As a postscript, he put "now for 1912" and added facetiously, "Had I better write Mr. Reid to engage Dorchester House for me 1913-17?"[uu]

[uu] Whitelaw Reid (1837-1912) was then serving as United States ambassador to Great Britain and was living in Dorchester House, Park Lane, London.

The haggling over who his successor would be continued for more than a year after Wilson left Princeton for the governorship. Cleve's friend from boyhood, Moses Taylor Pyne, continued to serve as chairman of the board of trustees. He had been a backer of Dean West in the Graduate College controversy and now favored the election as president of the university of Wilson's former intimate, philosophy professor John Grier Hibben. Cleve and the other Wilsonians were for Henry B. Fine, dean of the faculty and professor of mathematics. In June 1911, Wilson wrote to Cleve from his vacation home at Lyme, Connecticut, that Hibben's election "ought to be prevented at all hazards," adding grimly, "I know Hibben thoroughly, and know him (alas!) to be hopelessly weak and utterly in love with what could ruin the place—viz, the Pyne-West standards and ideals." He and Hibben had been best friends and next-door neighbors for many years, but once Hibben opposed him over the Quadrangle scheme, Wilson would have nothing more to do with him.

At the time Wilson wrote—June 1911—Cleve was temporarily occupied with an important domestic matter: the marriage of his younger daughter Julia to Princeton alumnus James Childs Rea of Pittsburgh. It was a happy and festive occasion, the first wedding of the new generation of Dodges. The yacht *Corona*, with newly installed electric lighting, was brought round from her usual berth at City Island to anchor in the Hudson at the foot of the Dodge place for Jim's bachelor dinner. On the wedding day, the bride with her father drove to the Riverdale Presbyterian Church in an open carriage; afterward the reception was held on the "piazza" and the rolling lawns overlooking the Hudson and the Palisades.

Wilson's wife, Ellen, had also had the occasion on her mind. She had preceded Woodrow to Lyme and from there had scribbled him a note: "I forgot in my haste to mention one little matter of importance, and that is Julia Dodge's wedding. You will want to write to Cleve—possibly you may be able to go to Riverdale on the 8th." Ellen told him that she had sent a present—"a little picture by Van Laer, a *beauty*!"—adding, "it seemed silly to get silver for those millionaires."[4]

By October and the next trustees' meeting, Cleve felt so frustrated at the Princeton deadlock that he sent in his resignation. He paid off his remaining monetary pledges, but never thereafter contributed significantly to the university. Dodge Lodge on Bayard Lane was given to the local Visiting Nurse Association, and so far as can be determined Cleve never set foot in Princeton again except to attend the dedication of the "Christian Student" statue. Hibben became president of the university and ran it very well, binding up most of the old wounds, but to the end of their lives both Cleveland H. Dodge and Woodrow Wilson felt bitter about all that had happened.

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JUST AS THE POLITICIANS HAD PREDICTED, Woodrow Wilson received the Democratic nomination for president in 1912. The election that year became a three-way contest when former president Theodore Roosevelt became disillusioned with his handpicked Republic successor, William Howard Taft. The Progressive, or Bull Moose, party met after the regular Republicans had renominated Taft for a second term. They chose the flamboyant "TR" as their candidate.

During the campaign preceding the Democratic convention at Baltimore, Cleve Dodge was Wilson's largest financial backer. He not only gave $27,000 of his own money but collected large amounts from members of the class of 1879 and from sympathetic Princeton trustees. He said later: "Every friend I had in New York was calling me a damn fool for supporting Wilson," but he was not deterred.

Wilson waited out the convention at the New Jersey governor's summer residence in Sea Girt, surrounded by reporters who camped on the lawn while the Baltimore balloting went on for a solid week. He was finally nominated on the forty-sixth ballot. A couple of weeks later, he slipped away from the crowds of well-wishers and interviewers and, at Atlantic Highlands, went aboard *Corona*, which Cleve had put at his disposal. She sailed up and down Long Island Sound while Wilson wrote his acceptance speech. When he returned to shore, the reporters were on hand to greet him, and he joked about his uncertain sea legs and gave them a limerick:

> I wish that my room had a floor,
> I don't care so much for a door;
> But this walking around
> Without touching the ground
> Is getting to be a damned bore.[5]

In the early autumn, a Senate subcommittee decided to investigate prenomination campaign contributions. A minor sensation occurred when it came out that Cleve had enlisted the help of George W. Perkins, his Riverdale neighbor and close friend, who was Theodore Roosevelt's campaign manager. Perkins and Dodge together had given financial aid to a strongly pro-Wilson newspaper in Trenton, New Jersey. Senator Moses E. Clapp, the subcommittee chairman, was a Roosevelt backer and too embarrassed by this revelation to probe very deeply, so it was soon dropped. Wilson in his turn was embarrassed by a $12,500 contribution from his classmate Cyrus McCormick, solicited by Cleve. The Democratic candidate in speech after speech was lambasting "Big Business" and "the Trusts," while at the same time he appeared willing to accept this donation from the head of the giant International Harvester Company. To make matters worse, International Harvester was just then fighting an antitrust suit in federal court. Cleve saw the awkwardness of the situation and returned McCormick's money, allowing Wilson to announce that this had happened, although not at his request. With obvious relief, he stated that "it was done upon the initiative of Mr. Dodge and Mr. McCormick themselves. It was characteristic of them. . . . They have always tried to act in such a way as to help me and yet leave me free."[6]

Cleve himself appeared before the Clapp subcommittee in Washington. His testimony has a Rover Boy ring in it to modern ears: "This is my first experience in politics, and I have found the political game the most interesting sport I ever had anything to do with." He made it clear that he deplored the mudslinging aspects of the campaign. "I would like to say in this connection that Governor Wilson, who was manager of the baseball nine when he was in college, and who as President of the University had always taken an active interest in athletics, is a lover of good, clean sport. These attacks on the characters of his opponents have not come from him."[7]

Rover Boy it may sound, but it was a true expression of his feelings. His lifelong friendship with Theodore Roosevelt was heavily strained but not broken by politics. "Come over here and see me," Roosevelt wrote to him once, "even though I am on the wrong side of the political fence." Cleve and George Perkins also could joke about their political differences. They had worked together in many good causes, one of which was the Palisades Interstate Park. Cleve's daughter Elizabeth remembered how, at one stage of the election campaign, Perkins said to her father: "Well, Cleve, I think the only way we can settle this problem about the Presidency is for you and me to go over to the Palisades and fight a duel!"[8]

The Clapp committee's revelations, such as they were, were soon forgotten as Wilson's campaign rolled on, fueled in part by another $73,650 from C. H. Dodge. Its climax came a few days before election day with a huge rally at Madison Square Garden. The cheering and applause began when Cleve and other

leading Democrats made their way to the speakers' platform, and reached a crescendo when Wilson himself arrived. His ovation went on for an hour and four minutes before he could make himself heard. When victory came on November 5, it was by a huge majority in the electoral college and by a plurality of two million votes over Roosevelt and three million over Taft. Possibly Cleve was even happier than the president-elect.

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WHEN WILSON WAS MAKING DIPLOMATIC APPOINTMENTS—"trying to get the finest men in the country to serve me at foreign posts," as he put it—he frequently turned to Cleve for advice or help. "I would value more than I can tell you any suggestions from you as to men who ought to be considered," he wrote, adding that "it is fine to feel that we are working together again in great business."[9]

Many of Cleve's friends, such as Nettie Fowler McCormick (his classmate Cyrus's mother and the widow of the inventor of the reaper) and Oscar S. Straus, who had twice served as American minister to Turkey, suggested Cleve himself for a cabinet or ambassadorial post. But Cleve had made it clear both publicly and privately that he wanted no such position. "I have no axe to grind, either business or political, and have no favors to ask of any description," he had stated during the campaign.[10] He stuck to his resolve throughout both of Wilson's terms.

"I have been all winter literally besieged by requests from all sorts of people that I tell you how to conduct the affairs of government," he told Wilson after the latter's first year in office," but I have religiously refrained from making any comments, as I am perfectly confident that you know what to do much better than anybody else."[11]

In the 1916 campaign for reelection, Cleve was again Wilson's heaviest financial backer, contributing nearly $100,000 to the Democratic National Committee. As the campaign heated up, this fact, plus the public knowledge that he was an intimate friend of the president, brought several scurrilous attacks on his name and activities. A pamphlet called *Woodrow Wilson and Co.* was published in August 1916. It described Cleve as a "contemptible Princeton worm" who had insinuated himself "within the shadows of the presidential chair, silent, unostentatious, secretive, sly and subtle," masterminding Wilson's every move. A noisy Republican congressman, William Rodenberg of Illinois, spoke on the floor of the House of Representatives the following month. His charges against Cleve were much the same as those leveled back in 1914 by the anti-Wilson Hearst newspapers.

When the Mexican Revolution—one of the first and thorniest problems of Wilson's presidency—had begun to cause trouble on the southwestern border of the United States, Hearst's *New York American* had inveighed against Cleveland H. Dodge as a director and large shareholder of the Remington Arms Company. It had accused him of ordering one of Phelps Dodge's company stores in Arizona to ship Remington cartridges to the fractious Mexicans, who, it was said, then used them to kill American soldiers.

The same accusations resurfaced in *Woodrow Wilson and Co.* and in Representative Rodenberg's harangue. All of the attackers apparently took no notice of Cleve's prompt public denial that he had ever been a director of or a stockholder in his cousin Marcellus Hartley Dodge's firm. They also chose to overlook the fact that, although the Phelps Dodge Mercantile Company had been indicted for shipping cartridges to Mexico, the indictment had been summarily dismissed. Rodenberg ended his speech in true partisan fashion by shouting, "God have mercy on any political party that will allow a campaign contributor to recoup himself at the expense of the lives of our soldiers."[12]

God seemed at first to be withholding His mercy from the Democrats that November when the election returns began to be counted. Without radio and television, computers and voting machines, it took two days before the results were all in and Wilson was known to have gained a narrow victory over Republican Charles Evans Hughes.

During the next five months, the president tried even more earnestly than he had before to keep the country from going to war. He was convinced that he had the God-given duty and the ability to gather the belligerent European powers around a table and there dictate to them such peace terms as would be acceptable to them all. He found it increasingly annoying and upsetting that his chosen ambassador to Great Britain, Walter Hines Page, was so certain of the moral righteousness of the Allies' cause that he believed the United States should enter the war on their side.

Page had, at one time, been one of Wilson's favorites. "He . . . speaks my mind and my point of view to the ministers over there as I am sure no one else could speak them," he had told Cleve a bare fortnight before World War I erupted. At that time, Page had to spend about $25,000 annually over and above his government salary and allowances. He had indicated to Wilson that this was beyond his private means. "He must come home unless I can find the money for him," the president had written to Cleve. "I would not know what to do if I were obliged to part with him. . . . Will you forgive me and understand me, if I turn to you?"

Cleve of course replied that he could "attend to this little matter without embarrassment" and agreed to extend to Page "$25,000 per annum until he leaves his present post." He specified that it be done anonymously so that Page would

not know who was underwriting him, and the secret was so well guarded that Page never did learn who his benefactor was.

Wilson's disenchantment with Page began shortly after the outbreak of World War I and increased in direct proportion to his own efforts to keep the United States neutral. The ambassador made no secret of his conviction that America belonged at the side of the Allies. In his embarrassment at having to represent Wilson's policies to the British government, he often seemed to soften their edges. The president had frequently discussed his dissatisfaction over Page with his confidant and adviser, Colonel House. In May 1916, House had written to the president: "I believe Cleve Dodge would be an excellent substitute for Page. He is loyal and has good sense, and that is all you want in an ambassador."[13]

After the election, Page offered to resign but received no immediate answer from the president. According to Colonel House's *Diary*, he and Wilson talked the matter over several times in December and January, wondering whether or not to replace the ambassador. House recorded that the president "changes his views often. For instance, the last time I was here and suggested Cleveland H. Dodge for England, he thought it would not do. This time he suggested it himself."

In the upshot, Wilson did two conflicting things: when pressed for an answer, he told Page to stay on and, at the same time, offered Cleve Page's post. His method of making the offer was rather oblique: "I wonder, my dear Cleve, whether, if a change was made at London it would be possible for you to consider taking the Ambassadorship there?"

Cleve was as unaware of Wilson's displeasure with Page as Page was of the offer to Cleve. His immediate reaction was that Page was again worried about the cost of staying in London. He replied to his "dear Friend and President" that he was "glad to see by the morning paper that Mr. Page has consented to stay on, & trust that he will remain for a long time. If the economic question still worries him I hope we can relieve his mind of any anxiety."

With regard to taking the post himself, Cleve politely but firmly declined. In so doing, he eloquently summed up his conception of the Wilson-Dodge relationship:

> When I hitched my wagon to your star, long ago, I did so, as you well know, purely from love of you & my country, without any thought or desire for personal advantage. Four years ago I made a solemn vow that I would never ask or accept anything from you, except your friendship—that you have accorded me in rich measure, and it has been & is a priceless possession. Although I have been publicly assailed & charged with having bought special privileges by my campaign contributions, it has been a source of peculiar pride and satisfaction to know that I have kept my vow

and that I can look anyone in the eyes. If you should offer me the richest plum in your gift, and I should accept it, the bloom would all disappear, and the genial critics would have the time of their lives, with *apparent* justification for anything they might say. Even if I were willing to stand the racket for myself, I could not consent to you being subjected to the kind of abuse which you would surely receive and which many righteous souls would feel that you justly deserved. Just think what I would have to live down if I should go to St. James's (not to mention my bad golf).

No, my dear old friend, I will do anything in my power to help you in these critical times, but I can help you better in other ways than this. . . . If I could only bear some of your awful burdens I should be happy, but I can at least stand on the side lines & cheer you on.[14]

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IT HAS ALREADY BEEN MENTIONED that Cleveland Hoadley Dodge, through his friendship with Woodrow Wilson and his connections with the Near East, succeeded in changing the course of American diplomatic history. When the United States government finally abandoned neutrality and declared war on Germany, Cleveland Dodge made sure that the United States did not also go to war against Germany's ally, Turkey. He was able to do this because he was trusted by the president, who believed that Cleve knew more about near eastern conditions than any of his advisers or critics.

For years Cleve had been in constant communication with President Caleb F. Gates of Robert College at Constantinople and with President Howard S. Bliss at the Beirut college. He had visited the Near East himself in 1910. His son Bayard had married Bliss's daughter Mary in Beirut in 1914 and had been living there since, acting as head of West Hall, the building that Cleve had given to the college for a YMCA. Cleve's daughter Elizabeth had also married; she and her husband, George Huntington, were at Robert College.

In the autumn of 1915, Henry Morgenthau, United States ambassador to Turkey, cabled the State Department, asking them to contact "Cleveland Dodge, Charles R. Crane, John R. Mott, Stephen Wise and others to form a committee to raise funds and provide means to save some of the Armenians."[vv] Turkey had joined the war the previous year on the side of Germany and Austria-Hungary. So long as the United States remained neutral the Turkish government was willing to look upon the American colleges, schools, and missionary stations with a wary but relatively benevolent eye, allowing them to remain open and letting supplies and money and people pass in without much trouble. Their attitude to-

[vv] Charles Richard "Bathtub" Crane of Chicago was head of the large plumbing firm that bore his name, a philanthropist, and a backer of Wilson; John R. Mott had recently become executive director of the YMCA; and Stephen S. Wise (1874-1949) was rabbi of the Free Synagogue in New York.

ward the Armenians within their borders was not so lenient, however. The Turks had for centuries envied and hated these people, whose longing for independence from Ottoman rule was well known. Allied pressure in the Dardanelles, the blockading of Turkish ports, and the threat from Russia gave the government of Enver Pasha the excuse to start mass deportations and what practically amounted to genocide of the Armenian people.

By the time Morgenthau cabled, mentioning "terrible tortures, wholesale expulsions and deportations,"[15] famine was rampant in the Turkish province of Syria. Bad harvests, a plague of locusts, and the expropriation of food for the Turkish armies had created a bad situation. When thousands of fleeing Armenian women and children—most of the men had been murdered—descended upon Syria, the shortage of food became even worse.

Cleve lost no time in setting up the Armenian and Syrian Relief Committee. Although he was already more than busy working to get staff and supplies to the colleges, he went to work for the committee with his usual practical zeal. He hired offices at his own expense, recruited personnel, and acted as treasurer of a nationwide fund-raising campaign conducted through schools and churches. He arranged to get help from the Red Cross and later from Herbert Hoover's American Relief Administration. He got President Wilson to put out proclamations urging all citizens to give for "the starving Armenians." Eventually the organization secured a charter from Congress as Near East Relief.

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BECAUSE HE WAS SO INVOLVED in near eastern affairs, the fear that war with Germany would mean war with Turkey as well was never far from Cleve's mind in the anxious months leading up to April 1917. So far as he was concerned, the consequences did not bear thinking about. All the investment of money, time, and caring that had gone into the colleges, the mission schools, and the relief work would be wiped out. Worse still would be the plight of the dedicated Americans out there who had stuck to their posts throughout the difficult years since 1914. They would be liable to internment, possibly even death. Naturally Cleve and Grace worried about Elizabeth and George in Constantinople and Bayard and Mary with their two little daughters in Beirut.

In February 1917, Germany announced that it was resuming unrestricted submarine warfare. At the same time, it was revealed that the German foreign minister, Arthur Zimmermann, had sent a telegram to the president of Mexico offering German aid to regain long-lost Mexican territory in Texas, New Mexico and Arizona. People all over the country were shocked at the realization that the Germans wanted to sink United States ships and would help with an invasion of

Near East Relief poster, 1916.
Author's collection

United States territory. Public opinion swung around to the idea that war was becoming inevitable. As the clamor and excitement built from a simmer to a boil, Wilson wrote to Cleve: "I have thought more than once of your dear ones in Turkey with a pang of apprehension that was very deep. . . . I hope with all my heart that we can manage things so prudently that there will be no danger to the lives of our people abroad. Still, I know how very anxious you must be and my heart is with you."[16]

On April 2, the president went before a joint session of Congress to ask for a declaration of war. His was a stirring speech, calling on all Americans to join a crusade to "make the world safe for democracy." But he asked for war with Germany only, not with Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria or Turkey.

A fortnight later, Turkey broke diplomatic relations with the United States. After a period of uncertainty, the Turkish government decided to allow Robert College and the college at Beirut to stay open. The Americans who remained were neither molested nor interned. Roundabout ways were used to get funds through, as well as letters to and from Constantinople. Although they could not communicate directly with home, Mary and Bayard could write to Elizabeth, and she relayed news to and from them. At the end of summer, 1917, Cleve was able to write to President Wilson that "we have good news of Bayard & his family at Beirut & of Elizabeth at Constantinople," although "all the recent reports from Turkey & Syria indicate that the sufferings of the peoples there are indescribably awful." He added that "the Turks are treating the Americans very well."

Wilson replied: "It cheers me to hear that your loved ones are safe. I think of them very often and am grateful to God that at least some element of prudence towards America has been planted in the heart of the Turk."[17]

However, in America, war fever was making the press and the people steadily more belligerent. If we were at war with Germany, why did we not go to war with her allies? The question began to be asked all over the country. Congress was to meet in early December 1917, and it appeared that the senators and representatives would go along with these urgings. Cleve grew increasingly worried. Finally, on the eve of the president's forthcoming message to the Congress, he sat down in his library at Riverdale and wrote a long letter to his friend.

"I hesitate to butt in on matters of state," he began, and admitted that he was "biassed by personal considerations" but felt that this particular matter was of overriding importance. He then asked Wilson to do all in his power to keep the United States from declaring war on Turkey and Bulgaria. It is the only recorded instance of Dodge asking something of Wilson.

Two days later, the president got back to Cleve with "just a line to say I sympathize with every word of your letter . . . about war with Turkey and am trying to hold the Congress back from following the inclination to include all the allies

of Germany in a declaration of a state of war. I hope with all my heart that I can succeed."[18]

That same day, he asked Congress to declare war on Austria-Hungary only. He said that Bulgaria and Turkey were "mere tools" of Germany and did not "stand in the direct path of our military action." He also said—without explanation—that there were "certain controlling reasons" against war with these two countries.[19] Although there was some grumbling, especially on the part of Republicans, Congress went along with the president's request. In 1916, the slogan of Wilson's reelection campaign had been "He kept us out of war." In 1917-18, it could truthfully have been said of Cleve Dodge: "He kept us out of war with Turkey and Bulgaria."

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CLEVE HAD DESCRIBED HIMSELF to Woodrow Wilson as a cheerleader from the sidelines. Wilson's loudest sideline opponent was Theodore Roosevelt, who publicly and constantly blasted him for what he considered deadly sins, both of commission and omission. He was often vociferous in demanding war with Turkey, to the point where Cleve felt he must step in. Accordingly, he wrote another long letter, this time to his old friend.

He started it, as he had to his other friend, by acknowledging the fact that having six members of his immediate family in Turkey made him "somewhat biassed"; he then went on to outline all the reasons why he believed war was undesirable. Cleve thought there was no real reason to declare war on Turkey since there was no possibility that American soldiers would actually go there to fight. As matters stood, the Turks were treating the Americans "with great consideration" and were allowing the work of the colleges to continue. American missionaries and educators were doing a "beautiful and Christlike work" amongst the Armenian, Syrian and Greek refugees, distributing relief supplies bought with the millions raised by Cleve's committee. They were also exerting a beneficent influence on the Ottoman government by offsetting German propaganda.

If war were to be declared, twenty million dollars' worth of property and seventy years of tireless work would be lost, while the missionary and educational personnel "would either be interned or suffer serious danger."

"As I think of the awful possibilities involved," Cleve concluded, "I want to appeal to you with all my heart to reconsider the views which you have publicly expressed, and even if you cannot come to my view of the situation, at least to cease your efforts to bring this country into war with Bulgaria and Turkey."

The appeal fell on deaf ears. The Colonel wrote to Cleve in reply a few days later, completely rejecting all of his arguments. "Any Americans in Turkey who

now suffer will suffer purely from their own fault, and if they plead their presence in Turkey, after the ample warning they have had, as a reason why this nation should not do its duty, they are guilty of grave moral dereliction."

"To allow the Turks to massacre the Armenians," he stormed, "and then solicit permission to help the survivors, and then to allege the fact that we are helping the survivors as a reason why we should not follow the only policy that will permanently put a stop to such massacres, is both foolish and odious."

Roosevelt felt that a declaration of war upon Turkey was necessary even if the United States did not send troops there because "it will enable us to render service of permanent value for the future . . . because the failure to deal radically with the Turkish horror means that all talk of guaranteeing the future peace of the world is mischievous nonsense, and because when we now refuse to go to war with Turkey we show that our announcement that we meant to 'make the world safe for democracy' was insincere claptrap."

Theodore ended his letter "with regret, my dear Cleve, that I must so radically and so fundamentally disagree with you."[20]

And so the matter rested between the two old friends. Roosevelt's rebuttal was a strong one and, looked at dispassionately, a telling one. But he was merely raging from the sidelines, while Wilson was in control and able to keep the Congress from any such declaration. Had the war dragged on, the president might have had more difficulty holding them back because the Republicans won control of both the House and Senate in the election in November 1918. As it was, the Bulgarians and the Turks were the first of the Central Powers to surrender—the former in late September and the latter in October—and Cleve could write to the president of his happiness and his gratitude for Wilson's "wise and patient course of action—or nonaction."[21]

To prove that there was no lasting break between Theodore Roosevelt and Cleveland Dodge, we have Cleve's account of the last time they met before Roosevelt's untimely death in early January 1919. It took place only a few weeks after their exchange of letters, at the funeral on July 11, 1918, of John Purroy Mitchel, the young former mayor of New York, who had been killed during flight training in the army. He had been a brilliant young man, Catholic but anti-Tammany Hall, who had had the backing of all reform-minded New Yorkers (and of Woodrow Wilson) when he was elected mayor on the Fusionist ticket in 1913. However, the Tammany candidate John Hylan defeated him in 1917, and Mitchel promptly joined the Aviation Section of the army.

Cleve and the Colonel were both pallbearers at the military funeral. As Cleve described it in a memorandum and a letter, they met at City Hall, "where there was a large crowd of prominent citizens, city politicians, and policemen." Roosevelt had once been New York City's police commissioner, and everyone crowded around him to greet him. "He shook hands with nearly everybody, and

it was interesting to watch him, with his cordial manner and marvelous memory, calling each by name."

"As we walked out of the Hall I said to him, 'Theodore, I suppose you have shaken hands with more people than anyone who ever lived.' He smiled his great smile and said, 'No, Cleve, there is one man who has beaten me, and that is William Jennings Bryan,' blurting out the 'Jennings' with much emphasis."

Cleve told of how he and Roosevelt—wearing identical morning coats, striped trousers, and black silk toppers, with Cleve, tall and spare, towering over the rather dumpy former president—marched together directly behind the gun carriage with its flag-draped coffin, all the way from City Hall to St. Patrick's Cathedral. "The sidewalks along the route were packed with tens of thousands of people, who instantly recognized the well-known figure of Mr. Roosevelt. They started everywhere spontaneously to cheer him, and it was all he could do, with threatening gestures, to prevent their applauding."

Six weeks previously, Cleve had marched *down* Fifth Avenue at the side of President Wilson "through a howling mob" during a Red Cross fund-raising parade; now he was processing in the opposite direction with the former president, and he said that "it was very impressive marching up through the crowded streets, which were absolutely silent."

"It was a long walk," Cleve's memorandum continued, and he noted that Roosevelt "was not in very fit condition, and he ran the risk of overtaxing his strength, but he made no complaint, and seemed glad to show, by his presence, his appreciation of the noble character and spirit of John Purroy Mitchel."

At St. Patrick's, the two men were given places in the front pew, which Cleve said was "embarrassing" for Roosevelt, since everyone was watching him and "as the beautiful High Mass was offered, he did not know what to do, when to stand, and when to kneel, and was obliged to continually look around to see what others were doing."

"After the service we separated," Cleve concluded, "but I shall never forget that wonderful figure with the adoring multitude and his rapt and deeply spiritual gaze as he took part in that beautiful service."

In the descriptive letter to his daughter Elizabeth, Cleve had remarked that despite his physical condition, Roosevelt had been "in fine fettle and very proud of his four sons [in the army in France], all of whom have done very well." A few days after the Mitchel funeral, Roosevelt was to learn that his aviator son, Quentin, had been shot down and killed behind the German lines. Less than six months later, Theodore himself was dead.

Cleve was greatly saddened by his sudden death. Again to Elizabeth in Constantinople he wrote, "I have felt his death as a personal loss, as I was deeply attached to him in spite of all our political differences."[22]

C. H. Dodge and Theodore Roosevelt at New York mayor John Purroy Mitchel's funeral, 1918.
The Cleveland H. Dodge Foundation, New York City

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THE GREAT WAR CAME TO A CLOSE more rapidly than many had expected. The president came to New York for a big war-bond rally and parade over Columbus Day weekend, and on that Saturday, word reached him that Germany had sent a note that said it was willing to accept peace on the basis of Wilson's own Fourteen Points, promulgated in January 1918, and of his subsequent war speeches.

On that Sunday, he and Mrs. Wilson drove up to Riverdale to lunch with the Cleve Dodges. After the meal the two men retired to Cleve's library, a large rectangular paneled room lined with books, affording at one end a wide view of the Hudson and the Palisades and furnished with comfortable leather arm chairs. They settled down for a long, intimate talk, in the course of which Wilson described the German note and discussed the reply that he was preparing. Some years afterward, Cleve had Tiffany's make a small bronze plaque which he attached to the chair in which Wilson sat that afternoon. "It seems sort of silly," he wrote at the time, "but I suppose a hundred years from now it will add very much to the interest of the chair." The chair is now in the Woodrow Wilson Room of Princeton University's Firestone Library, and the plaque reads:

> On Sunday afternoon, October 13, 1918, in the library of Cleveland H. Dodge, Riverdale-on-Hudson, New York, President Wilson sat in this chair and prepared his reply to the telegram received the night before from Germany, asking for terms of an armistice, and what he here formulated, with slight modifications, were the final terms signed by all the powers, November 11, 1918, ending the Great War.

Diplomatic notes concerning the "slight modifications" sped back and forth for nearly another month, while from the sidelines the irrepressible Theodore Roosevelt thundered that peace should be dictated "by the hammering of guns,"

not "the clacking of typewriters." On November 11, the guns at last fell silent as the Armistice was signed in a railway carriage at Compiègne. Shortly afterward, President Wilson left America for Europe and the Paris Peace Conference.

"In spite of all the senseless opposition of stupid or shortsighted people I am sure you are doing the right thing in going overseas," Cleve wrote to him, "and I simply want to wish you 'Bon Voyage' and a successful and prosperous trip." Wilson responded that "it always helps me mightily to get an approving note from you when all sorts of discordant voices are in the air. . . . Goodbye and God bless you all."[23]

Although he was heavily involved in arrangements to send personnel and supplies to the Beirut and Constantinople colleges and to the Near East Relief (NER), Cleve kept a close eye on what was happening at the peace conference. NER's activities had not ceased with the Armistice—indeed as the old Ottoman Empire broke up, there was more work than ever for their organization to do. The colleges, too, had barely survived the war. Their deficits were large, their staffs weary, their supplies of everything that made life bearable depleted.

At Cleve's urging, both President Caleb Gates of Robert College and Howard Bliss of Beirut went to Paris to present the treaty makers with their ideas of what should be done in their part of the world. It was universally assumed at the time that the United States would join the League of Nations, which Wilson looked upon as the chief fruit of the "war to end all wars." Under the League's aegis there was to be a system of mandates, whereby the more developed countries would shepherd their lesser brethren toward democratic self-government. Thanks to the fact that Americans had not participated in the war against Turkey, and thanks also to all their good works over the years, there was a strong feeling that the United States should take mandates for all or parts of the Turkish lands, especially for Armenia.

Unfortunately, the necessity for concluding a treaty with Germany as speedily as possible pushed the problems of the Near East into the background at the Paris conference. Indeed, it would be another four years before the Treaty of Lausanne at least temporarily settled the destiny of that part of the world. By then, the Senate had shattered both Woodrow Wilson and his dreams, the United States had not joined the League of Nations, and all hope of American mandates had been destroyed.

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CLEVE'S CONCERNS AND RESPONSIBILITIES were perhaps greater in the years 1919-22 than they had been during the war. Amid the confusion of conflicting aims and ambitions, the Greeks invaded Asia Minor and were bloodily

repulsed by the Nationalist Turks under Kemal. Near East Relief then had to succor a vast number of Greek refugees in addition to the uprooted Armenians. Thousands of Armenian children were still being looked after in orphanages in Syria and Palestine. They had to be trained for useful lives. Older people had to be fed, taught trades, given jobs. Funds to carry on the work began to dry up as a postwar depression and a new wave of isolationism settled over the United States. Cleve's letters tell of the struggle to send out supplies and people to staff the agency in the field, and of anxious executive committee meetings, when he had to put up large amounts of collateral in order to borrow money to keep the agency going until the next fund drive paid off.

In all his undertakings, he had always emphasized the need for people to help themselves. In a letter to his children, all of whom worked for NER in one capacity or another, he said: "There must come a time when the suffering people in Europe and Asia will have to take care of themselves, and not depend on the generosity of the American people. There is great danger . . . that if we are not careful they will get to depend upon us entirely and to be more or less pauperized." And he told a newspaperman in 1920, "if we cannot teach the people we help to go on with the work unaided, we shall have wasted our time and money."

By 1926, the year of Cleve's death, NER, thanks to his perseverance and ability to inspire others, could claim that it had saved a million lives. Once the stage of acute need had passed, NER transformed itself into the Near East Foundation and, in collaboration with the American University of Beirut, moved into supporting agricultural and community development programs. Both of Cleve's sons played a large part in this work, helping to carry on their father's clear-sighted hopes for the area.

Another ongoing concern of Cleve's in the postwar years had to do with finding a new president for the American University of Beirut. His dear friend Howard Bliss died in May 1920, a victim of the stress of the war years. Almost immediately there began to be talk that Cleve's son Bayard—Bliss' son-in-law—should be his successor. He had been connected with the college for some seven years, had learned Arabic, and in the course of carrying on relief work, had gained the respect and affection of Syrians, Armenians, and the other Americans of the faculty and staff.

Cleve at first was very much against it. "If Bayard were ten years older and had had more experience, he would undoubtedly make a very good President, but I certainly would not permit it if I have anything to say about it," he wrote emphatically. "There is some talk of making him vice-president," he told his son-in-law George Huntington, who was already vice-president of Robert College, "but I hope that will not be done, as it would make too much 'Dodge' in both Colleges, and people would think they were little private affairs of mine."

At least half a dozen distinguished men were canvassed by the board of trus-

tees, whose chairman was Cleve's uncle D. Stuart Dodge and its vice-chairman his cousin Arthur Curtiss James. Even among the potential candidates it was hard to get away from the family connection: Dr. Stanley N. White of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions and Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr., then acting as secretary of Yale University, were both cousins.

As these and other men were being looked over, Cleve suggested to Bayard, "We might put an advertisement in the paper stating that a President was wanted for a large University in the Near East, who thoroughly understood Arabic and was a master of French, a diplomat, a statesman, with a profound knowledge of international law, a great educator, a man of great tact and commanding personality, a successful money raiser, and above all a trained and experienced executive. That is about what is needed, and if you can get a man with 25% of all those qualifications, you will be doing well."

The search went on, but none of the candidates seemed to be available or well enough qualified. The field grew narrower, and Cleve wrote rather gloomily, "I fear Mr. James and the others will make a dead set for Bayard." He was right. On August 22, 1922, Bayard was unanimously elected to succeed Daniel Bliss and Howard Bliss as third president of the institution and first president of it as a university. After a trip to the United States to consult with the trustees and a few months of intensive French language study near Versailles, he was inaugurated in June of the following year.

His father soon became reconciled to his selection and was indeed very proud of him. Just a fortnight before he died, Cleve dictated a letter to John H. Finley, then editor of the *New York Times*, in which he said: "Bayard has a great opportunity before him. He commands one of the strategic positions in the world, and I think he is going to be equal to the job." Before very many years had passed, Bayard was fulfilling at least 95 percent of the qualifications posited in his father's "advertisement."

Cleve was also proud of his other son, Cleveland. "The trouble with Cleveland is he does such good work that they want him for everything and it is very hard for him to say no," he wrote at one point. The elder twin, as noted before, had begun to work for Phelps Dodge a year after his graduation from Princeton. After war service, marriage, and a final year's training in the West, he had come to live in Riverdale. Greyston, the house that William E. Dodge, Jr., had built, was available (after Grace Hoadley Dodge's death, it had been briefly occupied by Grace Parish Dodge's father and then had been used as a rest home for army nurses until mid-1919). Cleveland and Polly Dodge moved in just before their first child was born in the summer of 1920. Having them as neighbors was both a joy and a great help to Cleve and Grace. As his health began to give way, Cleve came to depend more and more upon Cleveland for assistance in both business and philanthropic affairs. After their father's death, the twin brothers were able

to work together for the benefit of all the peoples of the Near East, while Cleveland also carried on many of Cleve's projects in New York and throughout the nation.

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WHEN PRESIDENT WILSON RETURNED from France in the summer of 1919, he presented both the Treaty of Versailles and the covenant of the League of Nations to the Senate for its consent to ratification. Republican senator Henry Cabot Lodge and influential isolationist senators such as William E. Borah of Idaho and Hiram W. Johnson of California gave them a frosty reception, and Wilson soon decided he would have to take his cause directly to the American people. He set out September 3 on his cross-country train trip. On September 25, his health broke down, and he was forced to return to Washington. A few days later, he suffered a paralyzing stroke, which marked the end of his effectiveness both as president and as a man.

Edith Bolling Wilson, the president's second wife, was so determined that no issues or personalities should disturb her "dear Patient" that even old and trusted friends like Cleve could not get to see or communicate with him. All sorts of rumors began to circulate about his condition. It was said that he was completely insane and that she was running the country. Actually, the effects of his stroke seem to have brought to the fore Wilson's more unpleasant qualities: stubbornness, personal rancor, and grudge holding. He came to hate Henry Cabot Lodge in the same way that he had hated Dean West in the Princeton battles. Cleve Dodge could see the need for compromise, for introducing some reservations into the League covenant to assure the maintenance of American control of its own affairs. But there was no way he could get to his friend. To Wilson, the issue became simply that Lodge was for reservations, therefore he was against them. He so instructed the Senate Democratic leader and thereby assured the ensuing negative votes on ratification.

As the presidential election year 1920 opened, Wilson sent a message to a traditional Democratic gathering—the annual Jackson Day dinner—on January 8, 1920. In it, he proposed that the upcoming election should be a referendum on America's membership in the League. Cleve wrote to Joseph P. Tumulty, the president's secretary, to express his disapproval of that idea. "The difficulty of carrying the matter into the Presidential campaign is very great," he opined, "as there will be so many other issues that it will be almost impossible to get a fair referendum."[24] He still thought that if Wilson would accede to some reservations, milder than those of Lodge, senators of both parties would see their clear duty to approve the treaty.

A couple of weeks later, Cleve heard directly from the president for the first time since his breakdown. Wilson wrote to him on an unexpected topic. "I have set my heart on seeing this Government accept the mandate for Armenia," he began, and asked Cleve to crank up Near East Relief's propaganda machine. "I would be very much pleased to see some kind of legitimate propaganda started which would have the proper effect on Congress." He was realistic enough to express fear that, "at first blush," Congress would be "shy about accepting any mandate at all," but apparently considered the effort worthwhile.

Although privately doubtful that anything could be achieved, Cleve was so pleased at hearing from his old friend that he did not like to discourage him. He replied that he thought they could "exert considerable pressure without very much fuss and with a minimum of expense." At the same time, he took the opportunity to press upon the president directly the need for mild reservations if America was ever to join the League. "If you will consent to accepting a reasonable modification of the Lodge reservations," he urged, "some such scheme [of propaganda] as is proposed might be effective."[25]

To his children he wrote: "Unfortunately . . . the opposition to the President in the Republican Congress is so great, the excitement all over the country in view of the presidential campaign is so fervid that I do not think it will be possible to get the approval of Congress to accepting the mandate. On many accounts I can sympathize with those who do not want a mandate, as it would involve us in much trouble, especially if we only had a mandate for a small Armenia. The people would hail us at first but . . . would soon be clamoring for complete independence, and larger territory, and I fear we would have the same kind of trouble that England is having with Ireland."

Late in May, the president sent his message to Congress asking for the Armenian mandate. Just as Cleve expected, it was peremptorily rejected.

The attention of the country became riveted on the Republican and Democratic political conventions and the choice of candidates. For some time, Cleve thought that Herbert Hoover, whom he greatly respected for his outstanding relief work in Europe and his close cooperation with Near East Relief in Asia, would be the Republican choice. He noted that "the popular sentiment is strongly in favor of Mr. Hoover but the politicians are against him." Sure enough, the politicians chose one of their own, Senator Warren G. Harding of Ohio.

With regard to the Democrats, Cleve told his children that "President Wilson is keeping everybody guessing, and although he has not definitely stated that he would not run for a third term, his friends realize it would be perfectly impossible with his present condition of health." Cleve had just recently received a straightforward account of Wilson's condition from his physician, Admiral Cary

T. Grayson, and therefore could speak with authority of the impossibility of Wilson's running again.

"This is the first letter which I have written covering the details of his case," Grayson had explained to Cleve. He began by detailing the improvement in his patient's condition, emphasizing gains in weight and facial appearance, but the ensuing account of his daily routine made it clear that Wilson could not possibly carry on for another term. Grayson described how the president spent an hour and a half to two hours working in the mornings, then took a rolling-chair ride in the White House gardens, followed by a film show in the East Room, lunch, and a nap in bed. "After that he attends to such official matters as are brought to his attention," Grayson continued. "Occasionally he motors in the afternoon for an hour or so. . . . I do not feel at liberty to absent myself even for a day, because he frequently calls for me here during the night. I am constantly on tap."

The little-known James M. Cox eventually became the Democratic candidate, with Franklin Delano Roosevelt as his running mate. They were overwhelmingly defeated by Harding and Calvin Coolidge, and thereafter Cleve took little interest in politics. His main concern in that line was for the comfort and financial security of Woodrow Wilson in his retirement. A month after the elections, Cleve went to Washington and saw his friend for the first time since his devastating stroke. Of this, his last visit to the White House, he told his children: "Unfortunately it was one of the nights when the President had his masseur, and he took his dinner upstairs early, but as I went early I had a good hour with him before I went down to dinner, and was perfectly delighted to find him in such good form. His voice was clear and natural, and his face looks fuller. He had some new limericks and good stories and was generally in good spirits and cursed out his enemies in grand form."[26]

It may be noted here that Cleve often encouraged his friend in this unpleasant practice. After the Princeton tribulations, Cleve seemed to relish passing on derogatory gossip about Dean West and Professor Hibben; and on the subject of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, he could be positively virulent. When Edward W. Bok, the publisher, put up a "Peace Prize," Cleve wrote to Wilson: "One of the 22000 plans submitted for the Bok Peace prize is the one that I shall vote for if there is a referendum. It consists of only two words: 'Assassinate Lodge.' Brilliant inspiration!"[27] And when the historian Ray Stannard Baker was beginning his definitive biography of Wilson, Cleve addressed him emphatically. "I trust . . . you will thoroughly lambast the memory of that scurrilous man, Cabot Lodge."[28]

After the White House dinner, Admiral Grayson walked back with Cleve to his hotel and on the way told him that the Wilsons had decided to continue to live in the capital and were looking for a suitable house for his retirement. Edith Bolling Wilson soon found what she considered the perfect place, a neo-Georgian

house at 2340 "S" Street. Its price was high—$150,000—so Cleve joined with several old Princetonian friends such as Cyrus McCormick and Thomas D. Jones and some of Wilson's newer friends, including Jesse Jones and Bernard M. Baruch, to contribute two thirds of that amount. Wilson's biographers have said that ten men put up $10,000 each, but Cleve's contributions notebooks show that he gave $20,000.[ww]

As the date for his departure from the White House drew near, Wilson expressed a wish that he might keep the presidential Pierce-Arrow car that he had been using for his afternoon drives. It had been especially adapted for his physical limitations. Cleve corresponded with Grayson, who in turn got in touch with the Pierce-Arrow Company. They agreed to let the car go for $3500, "a great bargain" in Grayson's estimation. Cleve sent the company his check in payment and received $2800 back from those who joined him in making the gift. "Again you and my other warm friends have overwhelmed me with an act of the highest generosity," Wilson wrote to him two days before leaving office.[29]

Shortly thereafter, a movement began to establish the Woodrow Wilson Foundation. Cleve joined it enthusiastically and with his usual generosity. "On Tuesday we had a meeting at the Biltmore to organize a committee to raise a large fund as a testimony to Mr. Wilson," he reported to his children. He explained that the income from the fund would be used to award annual prizes to people who had "done most in the cause of peace and humanity generally."

"I do not think we will have the least difficulty in raising a million dollars," he went on, "and it will be delightful to have this fund raised and in operation during Mr. Wilson's lifetime." He mentioned that John Drinkwater, author of the deservedly popular biographical play *Abraham Lincoln*, although "not a particularly prepossessing looking man," had made "the most beautiful little talk I almost ever heard. It was a perfect literary gem and aroused a great enthusiasm. . . . Jessie Sayre, Nellie McAdoo and Miss Bones were there, and were perfectly delighted with everything that was said."[xx]

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CLEVE WAS TO SEE WOODROW WILSON only one more time before his death. In December 1921, he and Grace went to Washington for the Carnegie Institution's annual meeting and stayed several days. One morning, Edith Bolling Wilson took them in the Pierce-Arrow on a sight-seeing tour, and among other

[ww] The relevant entries show that he sent Grayson $50,000 "for W.W. house" and that Grayson returned $30,000.

[xx] Jessie Sayre and Nellie McAdoo were Woodrow Wilson's daughters, and Miss Helen Bones was his cousin. Elizabeth Dodge Huntington and Jessie Wilson Sayre were particularly close friends as they had worked together for the YWCA.

things, they looked at "the impressive new amphitheatre" at Arlington, containing the Unknown Soldier's tomb, and the newly erected Lincoln Memorial. In her account of the tour written to her daughter, Grace asked Elizabeth whether she remembered seeing the model of the statue of Lincoln in Daniel Chester French's studio. "It is very strong and inspiring and I cannot describe my sensation in seeing it in its wonderful surroundings."

"Yesterday Papa and I lunched with the Wilsons," she continued, "being honored by having Mr. Wilson at table with us for the first time when there have been guests. He looks well, can feed himself with his right hand and walks with a cane. His left hand is still useless, but he takes a keen interest in all that is going on, laughs heartily at anything [that] amuses him, and asked specially about you. Prof. Axson and Mr. Bolling were also there.[yy]

"After lunch Mr. Wilson took Papa up to his room for a quiet talk, while I was shown the numerous presents received from crowned heads and then Mrs. Wilson showed me the whole house, a beautiful one with a lovely terraced garden in the rear. I have never seen any house quite like it and admire it very much.

"Mr. and Mrs. Wilson insisted on taking us when they went for their customary motor ride at three o'clock," Grace concluded, saying it was "particularly interesting and one we shall long remember, but you will have a full description from Papa in his next letter."

"Papa's next letter" told of how they drove down into Virginia, "almost to Mount Vernon. There was a delightful little episode when we picked up a young soldier walking along the road on two crutches." Cleve explained that the soldier had been "an Ace in France and had brought down a German aeroplane, but was very badly injured. . . . He had come to Alexandria to meet his sister, but she had not turned up, and he had no money. We provided him with a little cash, and finally left him at the railroad station very happy. He was a garrulous young man and his conversation with Mr. Wilson was delightful."

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ALTHOUGH THEY DID NOT MEET AGAIN, Cleve and Wilson corresponded frequently. When Cleve first wrote to him as the former president and addressed him as "My dear Woodrow," he added, "This is the first time for eight years that I have called you anything but President and it seems rather funny."

A whimsical letter to Woodrow from Cleve illustrates his love of books as well as the love he bore his friend. Having expressed his feeling that a resurgence of approval for Wilson and his ideals was occurring, he described what he called "an

[yy] Stockton Axson was brother of the first Mrs. Wilson, and John Randolph Bolling brother of the second Mrs. Wilson.

interesting experience the other evening. I had been reading so many new books about the war and the Peace Treaty and everything else that I realized I was neglecting my old friends, and I walked around amongst my books looking to see what I could read, and the first thing I struck was a volume of essays written by a young Princeton professor many years ago entitled *Mere Literature*. I had not read the essays for years, and I had the keenest enjoyment, especially in the essay on the 'Literary Politician.' Then that suggested my Walter Bagehot, and I spent two or three delightful evenings with him. So you see even your old works are coming back!"

Woodrow replied, "I am heartily glad to find that you are turning to Bagehot for stimulation. I do not know where else you can get it in such delightful form. It pleases me to think that I should have had the good fortune to introduce you to him, and it also makes me happy to think of you as looking for and finding enjoyment."[30]

Cleve was very ill with pneumonia and heart complications in the spring of 1922. When Mrs. Wilson heard the news, she wrote promptly to Grace. "Bring him down here and let us try to cure him," she urged. "He and Woodrow can have good lazy times together—I will read Detective Stories to them." Later, Wilson himself wrote, asking for further news of Cleve's progress. "For myself, I am still emulating the snail in my progress," he said, "but even the snail does move a little and so do I, and I am managing not to lose heart." He went on to comment on his successor in office, Warren G. Harding, saying "it is heartbreaking to be so near as we are to a fool of a President. . . . We seem to be passing through an endless desert."

Cleve, in answering, compared *his* progress to "that of the tortoise who you remember got there finally. For the first time in my life I have had to learn how to be idle, and I assure you it is hard work." In response to Wilson's comment on Harding, he said: "You must have a lot of grim enjoyment out of the troubles of your successor. He is a pretty weak brother."

Cleve had also remarked that "Washington must be trying this hot weather and I long to get you off on *Corona*. Couldn't you manage it? She has been a life saver for me this summer."[31] Woodrow thanked him for the invitation but explained, "I have been on boats enough to know that I could not enjoy even your delightful yacht so long as my present lameness hampers and limits my movements." He added, "Happily the summer here has been very pleasant indeed, . . . even August has been less truculent than usual. . . . Your affection helps me more than any sort of weather or tonic could help, and I bless you for it."[32]

They continued to write back and forth to each other about current events and their hopes for the future of the Democratic party. When the party ran strongly in the midterm elections of 1922, Wilson evidently felt the old political ambitions stirring once more despite his ailments. "It cheers me to think that when the time

for action comes you and I shall have new grounds for comradeship and mutual trust and confidence," he wrote to Cleve. "I pray God I may have the physical strength to play my full part in the contest and victory."[33]

But it was not to be. Wilson's last public appearance was at Harding's funeral after that lamentable president's unexpected death in August 1923. It was clear from newspaper photographs of the occasion that the former president was near death himself. And Cleve was worried about Wilson's financial condition as well as the state of his health. The government in those days gave neither pension nor retirement pay to former presidents, and Wilson had been unable to fulfill his hope of earning money through writing and practicing law. After numerous conversations and correspondence with Wilson's daughter Margaret, Admiral Grayson, and the ubiquitous Jesse Jones, Cleve made some arrangements and, on October 3, sent a carefully worded letter to his old friend:

> MY DEAR WOODROW:
>
> There are all sorts of memorial funds going around for distinguished old statesmen like Jefferson, and while I take more or less interest in those, I would much rather establish a memorial for the biggest man of the bunch while he is living.
>
> Aside from my warm personal affection for you, you know how deeply I appreciate the wonderful service which you have done for mankind, which is bearing rich fruit already, and is bound to bear richer in the future. With two or three of your other personal friends, I want to feel that for the rest of your life you are on "Easy Street" and not have to worry for a moment about financial matters. I have had several talks lately with your personal friend, Mr. Jesse H. Jones, and he has sent you a letter signed by himself and myself, telling you what we propose to do. Cyrus [McCormick] is on his way back from Paris, but has written me that he will be mortally offended if he is not allowed to come in on this fund, and when it is finally arranged, there will be three or possibly four men of our ilk who have no axes to grind, and who are simply establishing this little trust of which Mr. Jones writes you, to show our appreciation of what you have done for mankind, as you might say, a little memorial to the living.

Jones' letter outlined the fact that the men had "created a trust that will provide an income to you throughout the remainder of your life, of ten thousand dollars a year."[34] He and Cleve had worried that Wilson might be too proud to accept their money; instead, he was touched and pleased. He replied the very next day to Cleve, saying:

> Surely no other man was ever blessed with so true, so unselfish, so thoughtful, so helpful a friend as you are and always have been to me! My heart is full to overflowing with gratitude and affection.
>
> The letters I have just received from you and Jesse Jones have made me feel very humble indeed because I cannot believe that I have in fact earned or deserved such benefits as you propose. I know of no adequate means of expressing my gratitude or the pride that I feel in having such friends. Thanks of any kind would be thin and pale as compared with the subject of thanks. I can only pray that God will enable me to prove in some degree worthy of such trust and affection.

Wilson reiterated his hope that he could regain enough strength to participate once more in affairs of state. "As I see it the greatest fight of all lies immediately ahead of the liberal forces of this country and of the world—the fight to conquer selfishness and greed and establish the rule of justice and fair play and universal cooperation." He urged Cleve to take care of himself: "I hope and pray that with care—such as I am exercising—that there may be soon a restoration of the wonderful vigor that has always characterized you. . . . It is clear to me it is the duty of both of us to get and keep fully fit for the great tasks awaiting us."[35]

An arrangement was set up whereby the annuity would be sent to the Wilsons in quarterly installments, Cleve himself giving half the total and Jesse Jones one quarter of it. Cyrus McCormick and Thomas Jones agreed to divide the remaining quarter. Jesse Jones wrote to Cleve that "you have been an inspiration to me little less than the good and great man whom we have been scheming and conniving to assist." Wilson only lived to receive two payments, but the donors insisted on sending two more to Mrs. Wilson, who was duly grateful.

The same quartet of friends made one final gift to Woodrow Wilson. They knew that the old Pierce-Arrow that they had given to him when he left the White House was wearing out, and so they decided to present him with a new car for his sixty-seventh birthday on December 28, 1923. A specially constructed Rolls-Royce touring car was ordered, at a cost of $12,782.55, with Cleve again paying the largest share. It was black with a thin Princeton orange stripe round the body and "WW" on the doors.

"It took my breath away," Wilson said in his letter of thanks to Cleve, adding, "If the Democratic party had the perfect coordination and harmonious force which that car has, it might alter and dominate the political action of the world." Unfortunately, after one ride in it, on the afternoon of his birthday, Wilson was unable to leave his house again. The last letter that Cleve received from him was written a month before he died, thanking him for the second annuity payment. It ended:

I need not assure you, my dear Fellow, of my warm love and complete trust in you, and I am sure that you know that I am and always shall be

Your Devoted Friend,

WOODROW WILSON[36]

When Wilson died, on February 3, 1924, Cleve and Grace were wintering at Nassau, in the Bahamas. Their son Cleveland, at home in Riverdale, received the telegram from Mrs. Wilson's brother announcing the death. He immediately repeated it in a cable to his parents, and Grace said in a letter to Elizabeth, "I am glad Papa heard the sad news in that way first, before it was known here." She added that, the next day, Cleve had received another message asking him to be a pallbearer, and wrote that "our being far away is perhaps fortunate, as he might have felt it his duty to go to Washington if we had been at home, and the strain would be too much for him."

Cleve himself agreed. "Although I was more or less prepared for it the news of Mr. Wilson's death was a distinct shock," he noted, "as I had hoped he would live long enough to see this country in the League of Nations. I was sorry to be away for many reasons but perhaps it was better as I should have found it very difficult."

He summed up his feelings for Woodrow Wilson with simple eloquence: "My long and intimate friendship with him all these years has been one of the greatest joys and inspirations of my life and I have wonderful memories of him. Taking him all in all he was the greatest man of a great era, and his fame and influence will grow greater year by year as time rolls on."

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CLEVE OUTLIVED HIS DEAR FRIEND by twenty-eight months—months of increasing withdrawal from great affairs, of increasing weariness and weakness as his great vitality ebbed away. His children always felt that he was as much a victim of the stress of the war years as were Theodore Roosevelt, Howard Bliss, and Woodrow Wilson.

In the spring of 1924, the Dodges sold their town house at 90 Park Avenue to a developer and thereafter lived entirely at Naumkeag, in Riverdale. For a while, Cleve continued to go to his office at 99 John Street three or four days a week, but as his health declined, he went to town less frequently. He was able, however, to supervise two final big events, one business oriented, the other philanthropic. In 1924, he and Arthur Curtiss James were instrumental in bringing about the sale of the El Paso and South Western, the railroad that the Phelps, Dodge partners had built through the years since 1886, to the Southern Pacific Company for $64 million. Cleve got equal satisfaction from the successful completion a year later of a combined drive to raise $2.5 million for the Near Eastern colleges. Bayard wrote to "congratulate Dad for getting the fund assured. . . . Our colleges could never have lived through these difficult years of readjustment if it had not been for him."

Living in the country did not keep relatives and friends from coming to see the Dodges. Their daughter Julia and son-in-law Jim Rea by 1925 had produced seven lively children, and they came frequently from Pittsburgh for long or short visits. After a Naumkeag party for little Mary Childs Rea in September 1925, Cleve wrote to Mary and Bayard in Beirut: "I never thought that I would, in my old age, be obliged to play jazz music at a children's party for 'Going to Jerusalem,' but I played 'Marching Through Georgia' with great effect."

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson "dropped in," and Franklin Delano Roosevelt came one Sunday with financier Norman H. Davis to ask Cleve for more money for the Woodrow Wilson Foundation. After Ray Stannard Baker had been chosen to

write the Wilson biography, he also came to spend an afternoon with Cleve. "He is a very fine man," was Cleve's approving comment. "He was at the Versailles Conference, and knew Mr. Wilson intimately, and wrote probably the best account of the Conference. I had a good talk with him, and gave him a good deal of information which he wanted."

Cleve and Grace had remained on much better terms with Colonel and Mrs. House than had the Wilsons. They came out to lunch at Riverdale, "charming as ever," Grace noted. Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, widow of the publisher and diplomat, came to tea, bringing an ear trumpet she had found in Paris for Grace. Cleve, who had worried for years over Grace's increasingly impenetrable deafness, said that she found it "quite useful to use sometimes in place of the more bulky electrical apparatus, although it is not quite so clear." Her handicap was a source of distress to them both, but he faced it and she bore it with such loving courage that it never came between them.

They spent six weeks of winter in Nassau again in 1925 and 1926. Their last visit began badly, as Cleve had been unable to shake off a bad cold which made him extremely hoarse. To make matters worse, the Bahamas were, as Cleve described it, in a "regular panic" because there was a smallpox epidemic in Florida, "so that a man can't even go from Miami to New York and take steamer for here without being deported." Cleve had brought with him a male nurse, a Mr. Collins, who was accompanied by his wife and his daughter Peggy. They all sailed down from New York, and on the morning of their arrival, "alas, Peggy Collins came down with measles, and another child with chicken pox. When the health officer came aboard there was great excitement. The whole Colonial Government sat on the case."

Cleve told how the authorities at first wanted to send the ship with all its passengers back to New York. "For three hours nothing was unloaded. Then they decided to send the Collins family and ourselves and the chicken pox back. Then they said Collins and Dearest and I could land but Mrs. Collins and Peggy must stay on board. At last by 7.30 they agreed that Peggy could land next day if Collins could get a house where she could be quarantined. He was able to do this and Peggy and her mother came on shore. The poor chicken pox family had to go back. . . . The whole performance is like Opera Bouffe." As for his hoarseness, he said, "The truth is that I swore so much . . . the day we arrived that it is no wonder I have trouble talking."

The Nassau weather was not very good and gave Cleve "rheumatic twinges," but he remained hopeful that he would soon lose his "Don Quixote lantern-jawed look." His spirits picked up considerably when Julia arrived with the two eldest Rea boys. She brought him Colonel House's newly published memoirs. "I was prepared not to like them," Cleve admitted, "but was rather favorably dis-

appointed. The books are absorbingly interesting and especially so to me who knew the Colonel so well. To a careless reader they at first give the impression that Wilson was only a dummy and Colonel House the whole thing but that impression does not last. Colonel House knew politics so well that he was a great help to Wilson especially in the beginning and he was so loyal and disinterested that Wilson depended on his judgment. The account of all the attempts at bringing about peace is particularly thrilling. Wilson when he sent House abroad gave him great latitude. He did all any man could but failure was inevitable and as one reads about it now it seems as if Colonel House was altogether too ambitious, and let his wishes carry him too far, and if he had not urged Wilson to try so much it would have been better."

The Dodges returned to New York to mean cold weather and a retarded spring. Cleve had several infected teeth pulled, followed by a sudden bad flare-up of prostate trouble. He was taken to Roosevelt Hospital for an emergency operation, seemed to come through it without problems, and was allowed to go home toward the end of April. His doctors wanted to build up his strength so that they could then do a more definitive operation which they expected would put him right.

At first, Cleve himself was quite optimistic. "The doctors are very much encouraged about me," he wrote to Elizabeth, "and think there is a good time coming and it is almost here." He was pleased at being in Riverdale where from his bedroom windows he could look out on the Hudson and the Palisades. "The country is perfectly exuberant in its glorious covering of green. It is a great joy for me to sit in bed or in my easy chair in the corner of the room, looking out on everything."

But he grew steadily weaker despite the best of care. At the beginning of June, he wrote, "The doctor, as usual, is very much encouraged about me, although I do not feel so optimistic—in fact, I, from being one of the most optimistic men in the world, have become a confirmed pessimist." Cleveland cabled Elizabeth in Constantinople suggesting that she plan to come home in July, and Julia made a quick trip to New York from Pittsburgh, reporting to her sister that "Dad is very weak and emaciated, but sleeps well and doesn't have much pain. He is happy and contented with his books, solitaire, and two nice nurses, and only wants to see us for a few minutes at a time."

Cleve dictated one of his last letters to Mary and Bayard in mid-June. "Personally I am getting on pretty well. . . . I sleep a good deal and read more or less, but I am so weak I have to read light novels, and confine myself to Trollope and Mrs. Gaskell.

"We had a wonderful call yesterday from Mrs. Corinne Robinson, who was perfectly beaming. Poor dear! Six months ago they thought she would be totally

blind, but Dr. Wilmer's[zz] operation was a very remarkable one and now she can see well enough to distinguish people and things, and is getting on very well considering." He added, "As she much prefers talking to reading, she probably will get on pretty well."

His old friend Corinne Roosevelt Robinson, Theodore's sister, was the last nonfamily member to see Cleve. On Thursday evening, June 24, according to Cleveland's cable to his sister, "after failing rapidly last two days Father died peacefully."

Mrs. Robinson, who had herself been widowed a few years before, wrote immediately to Grace from the Johns Hopkins, where she was again being treated by Dr. Wilmer. She thanked Grace for "giving me the joy of that little interview with my beloved friend" and said, "I shall never forget his expression as he kissed me goodbye." Her tribute to Cleve was heartfelt and a wonderful summation of all that he had meant to her and to many others all over the world:

> I cannot tell you how deep a feeling of sorrow is in my heart, sorrow first of all for you, the most devoted and unselfish wife I have ever known; secondly sorrow for his children, for to lose such a Father is grief indeed; thirdly, sorrow for his state, city, and country, for no more public-spirited citizen existed than he—and lastly, sorrow for myself, for I loved Cleve dearly, and admired him greatly and was proud of his loyal friendship, and leaned upon it.
>
> All my life long I have happy memories of intercourse with Cleve, gay childhood days, days of buoyant youth, and the inspiration of later years, when I worked with him in the Red Cross or read books he advised me to read and talked with him about them.
>
> I cannot bear to think of the loss our country sustains in the death of so noble a son. The world seems much poorer for his going and I cannot help wondering why the splendid ones, like Douglas [her husband], and Theodore, and Cleve must go before what seems the allotted time of man.
>
> I suppose it is because all three gave of themselves so freely, that even their vigor could not counteract the exhaustion of the perpetual outpouring. . . . I told him I thought, that of all of us who began life together, he had had the most useful, most efficient, and the happiest life; the happiest because he had never lost wife or child and because wife and children had fulfilled his highest ideals. He smiled so sweetly when I said this and replied that it was absolutely true.

[zz] A distinguished opthalmologist at the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore.

Woodrow Wilson's daughter Jessie Wilson Sayre wrote to the Dodges that "it is the biggest blow to us all since our dear father went away. . . . Since we were children I have loved him, loved his hearty smile and handclasp, long before we knew more of him than that. I imagine all children must have loved him."[37]

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THE WILL OF CLEVELAND HOADLEY DODGE was admitted to probate and published at the end of July. Having set up and endowed the C. H. Dodge Foundation nine years before, he made only one charitable bequest, leaving the rest of his estate to his wife and children. The single bequest followed the tradition begun three generations earlier by Anson Phelps (see p. 134):

> Whereas my honored and revered great-grandfather, Anson G. Phelps, bequeathed to my father, William E. Dodge [Jr.], as one of his grandchildren, $5,000 . . . to be invested, and the income therefrom to be devoted to the Gospel and to promote the Redeemer's kingdom on earth, and to be transmitted unimpaired to his descendants, . . . I hereby give and bequeath the said sum . . . to my son, Cleveland Earl Dodge, . . . trusting that [he] will faithfully appropriate the income thereof . . . and will perpetuate the principal to his . . . descendants for the like purposes and objects.

Cleve's will also explained why he had chosen to leave the remainder to the family: "Following the example of my dear father and believing it wiser to give liberally during my life to religious and charitable objects, I make no bequests of that character, knowing the hearty sympathy of my dear wife and children in such objects, and feeling sure that they will use the property intrusted to them liberally for humane and benevolent purposes."[38]

He made no mistake in believing that the family tradition would be carried on. For the rest of her long life—she died at the age of ninety-one in 1949—Grace Parish Dodge continued her husband's philanthropies with a generosity so well concealed by her unostentatious ways that the world heard almost nothing about them. She maintained the house at Riverdale as the heart and center of the family, and as she had been "Dearest" to her husband and children, she became "Gaga" to her grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Neither her deafness, which eventually became total, nor the crippling effects of two broken hips could dim her courage, her dry wit, or her interest in life. She watched with quiet pride as her children capably followed their parents' example. Elizabeth devoted herself to Robert College even after she and her polio-stricken husband had to return to the

United States. Julia, despite the time and effort involved in raising eight children, took part in many enterprises for good in Pittsburgh. Under Bayard's leadership, the American University of Beirut became the leading modern educational institution in the Near East. Cleveland, stepping the most directly into his father's shoes, became one of the outstanding philanthropists as well as one of the most respected businessmen in New York City.

Continuity and adaptability to change have been the constant themes of these pages. Those prayer meetings of the 1820s at Anson Phelps' house in Cliff Street, where his daughters met their husbands, were a continuation of the Puritan credo of their New England ancestors. Their faith has been nurtured, acted upon, and handed down to each succeeding generation, much as the form of it may have changed. Young William Dodge, Daniel James, and James Stokes knew as well as their common father-in-law how to seize commercial opportunities; between them, they assured the successful growth of their metals-trading partnership. Their sons adapted to change in turning the focus of the business from east to west, from importing to mining. Their grandsons transformed it into a great modern corporation. And from the day in 1653 when the immigrant Richard Dodge subscribed seven shillings for the betterment of Harvard College, the four families have, as one anonymous writer put it, "threaded history with benevolences."

When the first William E. Dodge died, one eulogist compared him to a banyan tree, and Henry Morgenthau once likened Cleve to an oil gusher. More appropriate than these similes are the words of the editor of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, written in 1926: "Heredity counts for more than some cynics are willing to believe. . . . Possibly no American family has for so long a time and in so many phases participated in philanthropic activities on a large scale. . . . Always . . . enterprise was checked by caution and held in restraint by the ethical traditions of Puritanism. . . . There was no slow paralysis of conscience, no advancing atrophy of standards." The writer then spoke of Cleve Dodge as "a God-fearing gentleman not ashamed of money-making, nor arrogant because of his success." He concluded: "The head of the family passes over, but the family must still be a great factor in the best sort of American and world progress toward the ideals which are everlasting and unchangeable."[39]

THE END

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3. The Dodge Family Papers: Letters, diaries, wills, memoranda, clippings, etc., relating to the Phelps, Dodge, and James families in the author's possession at Pownal, Vermont. Included are excerpts from Anson Phelps' diary (a microfilm of the original is in the New York Public Library); Sarah Hoadley Dodge's diary (annual entries); Cleveland Hoadley Dodge's diary (semi-annual entries); and the "Contributions" journals of William E. Dodge, Jr., Sarah H. Dodge, and Cleveland H. Dodge.

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33. *A Memorial of Anson G. Phelps, Jr.*, by Henry B. Smith, p. 10.
34. Ibid., pages 12-13.
35. A. G. Phelps, Jr.'s leaving certificate is in The Hatch Papers.
36. A. G. Phelps, Jr.'s letters home in 1840-1841 are in The Hatch Papers.
37. Stokes: *Records*, Vol. I, pt. 2, pages 151-152.
38. *Memorial of A. G. Phelps, Jr.*, pages 110-111.
39. Stokes: *Records*, Vol. I, pt. 2, p. 130.
40. Ibid., Vol. I, pt. 2, pages 131 and 142.
41. *Memories*, pages 306-307.
42. Stokes: *Records*, Vol. I, pt. 2, p. 145.
43. All quotes on pages 95-102 are from Stokes: *Records*, and *Memories*, passim.

44. Pamphlet: *The Stokes Will Case before Hon. Daniel G. Rollins, Surrogate, 1884. Argument for Contestant, by Theron Strong.* The Hatch Papers.

45. *The Elegant Auctioneers*, by Wesley Towner, pages 201 and 259.

46. *Hawthorne in England*, ed. Cushing Strout, p. 33.

47. *The Jerome Connexion*, by Seymour Leslie, p. 52.

48. *The Last Country Houses*, by Clive Aslet, p. 18.

49. The ballad is quoted in *Edward VII*, by Philip Magnus, at p. 268.

50. The quotes on page 112 are from *The Windsor Story*, by J. Bryan III and Charles J. V. Murphy, p. 75.

51. *Where Is He Now?* by Philip Purser, p. 24.

52. *Legendary Yachts*, by Bill Robinson, p. 121.

53. *Swans Reflecting Elephants*, by Edward James, p. 166.

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55. Porter quoted in ibid., p. 14.

56. All quotes from this trip are from letters written by Melissa Phelps Dodge to Wm. E. Dodge, Jr. during the summer of 1844. The DFP.

57. Helen Louisa Phelps Stokes, quoted in Stokes: *Records*, Vol. I, pt. 2, pages 192-193.

58. Accounts of Anson Phelps's funeral, character, and will are from newspaper cuttings in The DFP.

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1. Emily Dickinson quoted in *The Letters of Emily Dickinson*, ed. by Thomas H. Johnson, p. 171.

2. All quotes re the founding of the Syrian Protestant College are from *That They May Have Life*, by Stephen Penrose, passim.

3. Letters about A.G.P. Dodge from Wm. E. Dodge, Jr. and Melissa P. Dodge are in The DFP.

4. Daniel James' letters to Wm. E. Dodge re A.G.P. Dodge are in The Phelps Dodge Papers in the N.Y. Public Library.

5. The account of A.G.P. Dodge's business and political ventures in Canada is compiled from information provided by Prof. James T. Angus, Lakehead Univ., Thunder Bay, Ont.

6. Newspaper account reproduced in *Old Mill Days*, compiled by Abbie Fuller Graham.

7. Percival Dodge to Eugenia Price, June 27th, 1963. Copy in The DFP.

8. All letters in this section are in The DFP.

9. Helen Louisa Phelps Stokes quoted in Stokes: *Records*, Vol. I, pt. 2, pages 197-198.

10. Wm. E. Dodge, Jr.'s letters describing his trip are in The DFP.

11. Daniel James to Wm. E. Dodge, Dec. 1, 1860 and Jan. 30, 1861. Quoted in Lowitt, *Merchant Prince*, pages 246-247.

12. The exchange between Lincoln and Wm. E. Dodge is in Carl Sandburg's *Lincoln: The War Years*, Vol. I, pages 89-90.

13. Account of Stokes family's trip south is from *Memories*, pages 321-322.

14. Letter of May 10, 1861 quoted in *Memorials of WED*, p. 248.

15. Daniel James to Wm. E. Dodge, May 8, 1861, quoted in *Merchant Prince*, p. 248.

16. W. E. Dodge to Melissa, quoted in *Memorials of WED*, p. 83.

17. All letters on pages 177-180 are in The DFP.
18. Daniel James' letters re the Civil War are quoted in *Merchant Prince*, pages 251 and 253.
19. *Memorials of WED*, pages 87-88.
20. Wm. E. Dodge's and Gen. Dix's letters are quoted in *Merchant Prince*, pages 218-219.
21. Ibid., p. 253.
22. James re the Relief Committee is quoted in ibid., p. 255.
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24. *Memorials of WED*, pages 115-116.
25. Wm. E. Dodge's congressional speeches quoted in ibid., pages 130 and 133.
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27. Stokes: *Records*, Vol. I, pt. 2, pages 209-211.
28. *Congress and Phelps Dodge*, by David A. Wells, p. 266.
29. Wm. E. Dodge's account of the scandal: ibid., pages 12, 13, 24, 28.
30. Reprinted in ibid., pages 137-139.
31. Samuel A. Babcock, quoted in *Merchant Prince*, p. 348.
32. Account of Golden Wedding: *Memorials of WED*, pages 286, 289-290.
33. The Rev. Dr. T. L. Cuyler, quoted in ibid., pages 324-325.
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36. Wm. Denis Browne, quoted in *A Biography of Edward Marsh*, by Christopher Hassall, p. 311.
37. *Remington Arms in American History*, by Alden Hatch, p. 22.

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2. *Merchants and Masterpieces*, by Calvin Tomkins, p. 17.
3. Quoted in *Federal Council Bulletin*, April 1932, p. 16.
4. Theodore Roosevelt's letter to Wm. E. Dodge, Jr., Jan. 16, 1897, is in The DFP.
5. Dodge's letter to Wilson and Wilson's reply are in *The Papers of Woodrow Wilson (Papers of WW)*, Vol. 14, pages 392-393.
6. *James Douglas, a Memoir*, by H. H. Langton, p. 41.
7. Ibid., p. 63.
8. *Grace H. Dodge, Merchant of Dreams*, by Abbie Graham, pages 26-27.
9. *My Brother, Theodore Roosevelt*, by Corinne Roosevelt Robinson, pages 51-52.
10. Quoted from a manuscript by Lucetta Daniell in Teachers College Archives.
11. Quoted in *Merchant of Dreams*, p. 18.
12. Quoted in "Grace H. Dodge, Women and the Emerging Metropolis," a Ph.D. dissertation by Esther Katz, pages 75 and 85.
13. Both quotes in ibid., p. 187.
14. Ibid., p. 199.
15. Morgan's tribute is in *Eight Women of the YWCA*, p. 13, and Roosevelt's letter is in The DFP.

16. Lutyens' letters re the cruise are in the library of the Royal Institute of British Architects, London.

17. Quoted in *Krishnamurti: The Years of Awakening*, by Mary Lutyens, p. 244.

18. Quotes on pages 266-269 are from *My Lives*, by Francis Meynell.

19. French's letters to C. H. Dodge re the statue are in The DFP.

20. The letters re the engagement are in The DFP.

21. Theodore Roosevelt's letter is in The Bayard Dodge papers.

22. Samuel Clemens to Wm. E. Dodge, Jr., dated "Xmas '02." The DFP.

23. Quotes on pages 286-289 are from *Clinton Crane's Yachting Memories*.

24. Woodrow Wilson to Mary Allen Hulbert Peck, 6 Aug. 1910. *Papers of WW*, Vol. 21, p. 38.

25. C. H. Dodge's letters from the mining camps are in The DFP.

26. C. H. Dodge's letter to the Rev. Dr. Robert Mackenzie, Mar. 31, 1919, The DFP.

PART V

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2. All quotes on pages 306-307 are from *The Papers of WW*, Vols. 16, 17, 19, 20, and 40.

3. Dodge's letter to Thompson is in ibid., Vol. 20, p. 359.

4. All quotes on pages 310-311 from ibid., Vols. 20, 21, and 23.

5. The limerick is in *The Political Education of Woodrow Wilson*, by James Kerney, pages 239-240.

6. *The Papers of WW*, Vol. 25, pages 459-460.

7. The *New York Times*, Oct. 16, 1912.

8. *The Joy of Service*, by Elizabeth Clarke, p. 31.

9. *The Papers of WW*, Vol. 27, p. 263.

10. C. H. Dodge to Wm. F. McCombs, quoted in The *New York Times*, Oct. 15, 1912.

11. *The Papers of WW*, Vol. 27, p. 263.

12. Rodenberg's speech is quoted in The *New York Times*, Aug. 5, 1916.

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22. C. H. Dodge's memorandum and letter re his last meeting with Roosevelt are in The DFP.

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37. All letters quoted on pages 338-343 are in The DFP.

38. Copy of C. H. Dodge's will is in The DFP.

39. Editorial from the *Brooklyn Eagle* is in The DFP.

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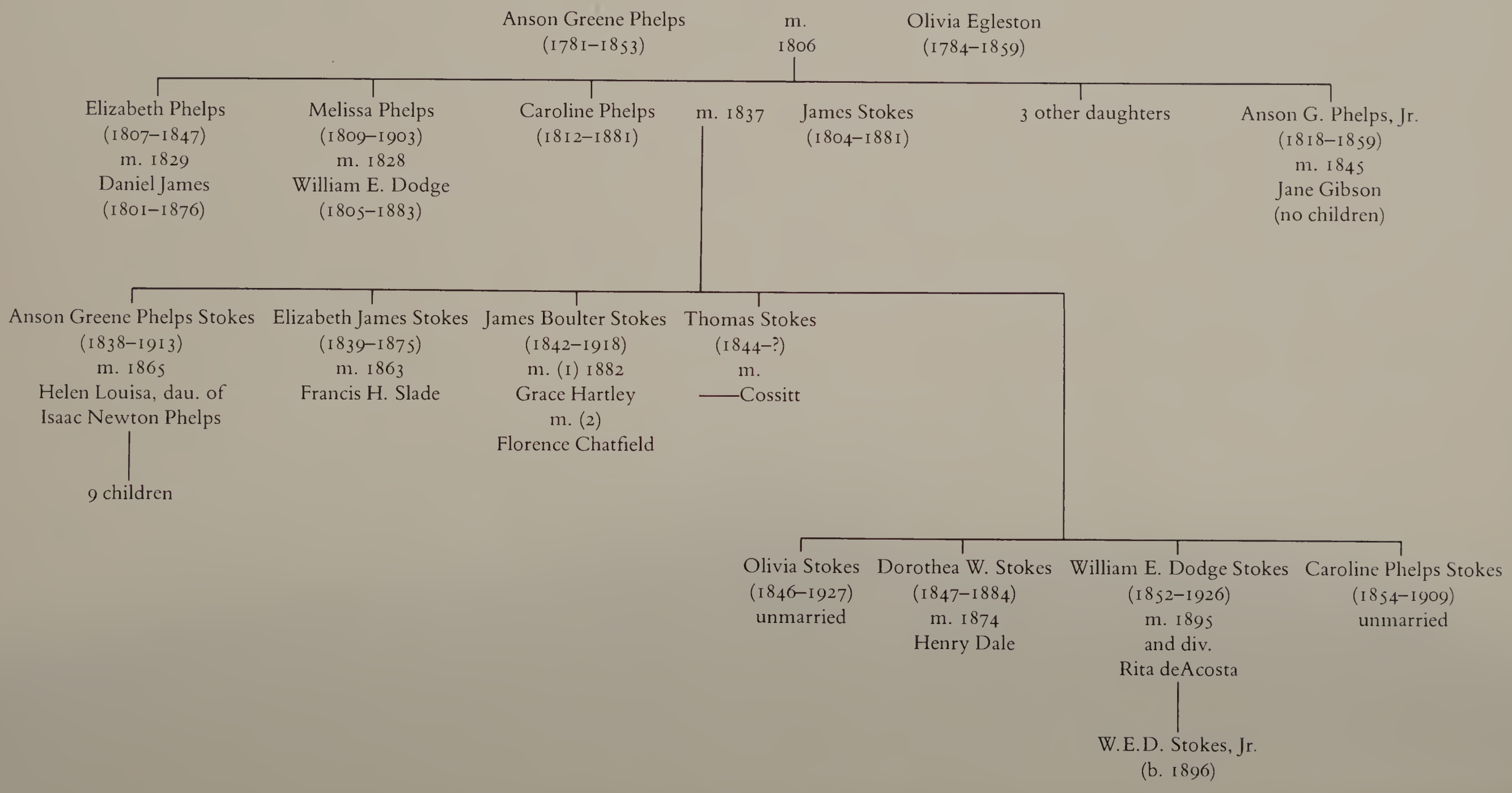

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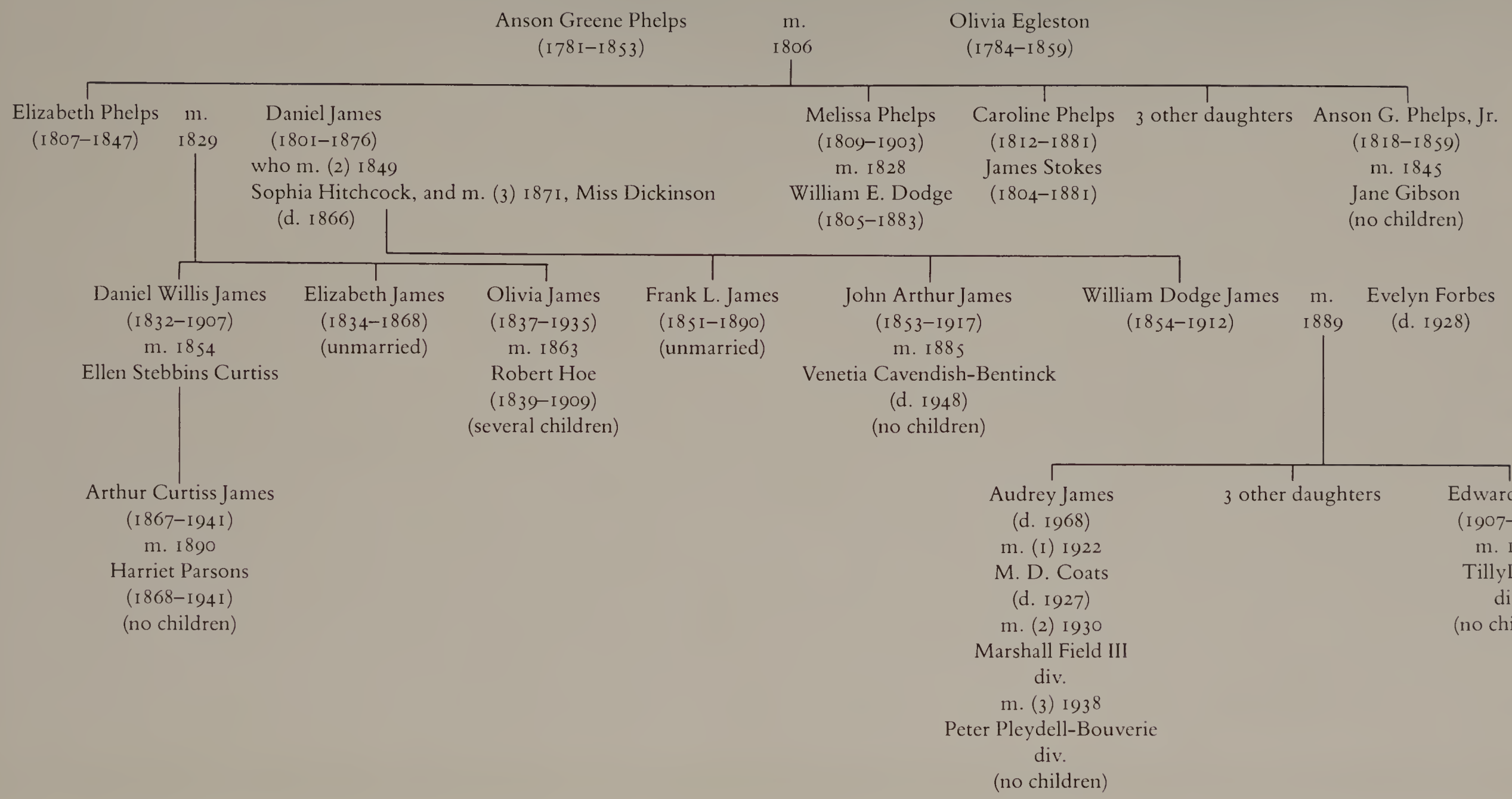

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